



THOMAS CREECH.

Handwritten signature or initials, possibly 'C.C.C.'



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And: 1th Edition
THE
ODES,
SATIRES,
AND
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

Done into English by Mr. CREECH.

*Qui cupit optatam Cursu contingere metam,
Multa Tulit fecitque Puer.-----*

THE THIRD EDITION.

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the Strand. MDCCLXI.



To the very much Esteemed
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

TIS pretended by every one that chuses a Patron, that either the Worth or good Nature of the Person has determin'd him to that Choice; He professes that he has very mean Thoughts of his own Performance, and so stands in need of a Protector: He begs a Name whose Lustre might shed some Reputation on his Work, or else hath been oblig'd, and bound in Gratitude to make this publick Acknowledgment of the Goodness of the Man. How eminently You, Sir, are endow'd with the first Qualification of a Patron every one knows too well to need Information; and where can this Trifle find a Corner that hath not been fill'd with Mr. Dryden's Name? 'Tis You, Sir, that have advanc'd our Dramatick to its Height, and shew'd that Epick Poetry is not confin'd to *Italy* and *Greece*: That You are honour'd by the best, and envy'd by others, proclaims Excellency and Worth; For true Honour is built only upon Perfection: And Envy, as it is as sharp sighted, so 'tis as soaring as an Eagle, and who ever saw it stoop at a Sparrow or a Wren? And that Candor and Goodness have the greatest Share in your Composition, I dare appeal to every one whom You have any way favour'd.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

with Your Conversation; these so fill your Mind, that there is no Room left for Pride, or any dis- obliging Quality: This appears from the Encourage- ment You are ready to give any tolerable Attempts, and reach out a helping Hand to all those who en- deavour to climb that Height where You are al- ready seated: Ev'n this owes its Completion to those Smiles which You condescended to bestow up- on some Parts of it, and now ventures to appear a Second time, where at first it found a favourable Entertainment. 'Tis *Horace*, Sir, whom You have thought worthy Your Study and Imitation, that flies to You for Protection, and perhaps will beg it against the Injuries I my self have done him; You, Sir, are best acquainted with; the Difficulties of the Undertaking, can most easily discover, and as easily pardon the Defects of,

S I R,

Oxon. *All Souls*
Coll. May 25,
1684.

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

THOMAS CREECH.

P R E F A C E.

Quintillian, in the first Book of his Institutions, instructs the Young Orator what to Read, and, after Homer and Virgil are chiefly commended to his Study, he tells him, That considerable Improvement may be made from the Lyrick Poets, but there is great Care to be taken in the Choice, some select parts only out of each Author to be permitted Youths: And he says particularly of Horace, That he wou'd not have all in him Interpreted: What he means by Interpretation, is evident to every one that understands the Extent of the Word, and the Ancients Method of Instructing; and why this Caution is restrain'd to the Odes, and not apply'd to the Satyrs as well, since the reason upon which he fixes it seems common to both, must be taken from the design and subject Matter of the Poems; to describe and reform a vicious Man, necessarily requires some Expressions which an Ode can never want: The Paint which an Artist uses must be agreeable to the Piece which he Designs; Satyr is to instruct, and that supposeth a Knowledge and Discovery of the Crime, while Odes are made only to delight and please, and therefore every thing in them that justly offends is unpardonable. In our Common Schools this Rule of Quintillian is grievously neglected, all is permitted to every Eye, and laid open to the dullest sight by the most shameful Notes that can be penn'd: You may see a Grammarian with a de-

ture

P R E F A C E.

mure Mouth cry out, O *Fœdum*! at a loose Expression, and yet presently fill a Page with a more fulsome Explication; and the design of all his Pains is only to indulge a petulant Humour, or assist the lazy Ignorance of the common Instructors of our Youth: If any should reckon this amongst the considerable Causes of the Corruptions of our Manners, certainly all those would assent, who see that a Stream will be foul when the Fountain it self is muddy: Nor is this a single Opinion, as is evident from their happy Industry, who have corrected some of our Authors, and sent them abroad Naked, and uncorrupted with Foreign Notes; this Method as it spares the Modesty of the Youth, so it must be a considerable Improvement to his Parts, since his Mind and Memory, and not only his Eye, must be employ'd. I am bound thankfully to acknowledge the Pious Care of Mr. Thomas Curganven, now of Shixburn in Dorsetshire, in this matter, he did not want, or if he had, his Virtue and Industry had contemn'd, such Helps, having search'd into the Secrets of the Classics, and being an excellent Example of unwearied Diligence, and regular Carriage to all under his Tuition: To his Instruction I owe what at present I understand of these Books, and to his Rules my hopes of future Attainments: The same Principles made me Cautious of some Odes, tho' I have pass'd by three more upon a different Account,

This just Debt being paid to my Honoured Instructor, the Part that concerns my self, Reader, will give thee little Trouble. I cannot chuse but smile now and then to think that I who have not Musick enough to understand one Note, and too little ill Nature (for that is commonly thought a necessary Ingredient) to be a Satyrist, should venture upon Horace: 'Tis certain our Language is not capable of the Numbers of the Poet,

and

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and therefore if the Sense of the Author is deliver'd, the Variety of Expression kept, (which I must despair of, after Quintillian hath assur'd us that he is most happily bold in his Words) and his Fancy not debas'd, (for I cannot think my self able to improve Horace) 'tis all that can be expected from a Version: This the admirable Cowley consider'd when he undertook Pindar, and hath drawn a short and full Apology for the like Undertakings: "We must consider, says he, the great Difference of Time betwixt his Age, and ours, which changes, as in Pictures, at least the Colours of Poetry; the no less Difference betwixt the Religions and Customs of our Countries, a thousand Particularities of Places, Persons and Manners, which do but considerably appear to our Eyes at this Distance; and lastly (which were enough alone for my Purpose) we must consider that our Ears are Strangers to the Musick of his Numbers, which sometimes, (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent Poet: 'Tis true he improves this Consideration, and urges it as concluding against all strict and faithful Versions: in which I must beg leave to dissent, thinking it better to convey down the Learning of the Ancients, than their empty Sound suited to the present Times, and show the Age their whole Substance, rather than their thin Ghost imbody'd with some light Air of my own.

As for ill Nature, Horace requires none, nay disclaims it in a Saryrist; his sharpest Touches, if we believe both himself, and those that best understood him, are innocent Wagery, *Admissus circum praeordia ludit*. He endeavours to laugh Men out of their Vices, and doth not lance or cauterize the Sores, but tickles 'till he heals; and how much this Method surpasses the rougher handling,

P R E F A C E.

handling, every one may imagine who knows that 'tis more grievous to any Man to be Ridicul'd than Beaten; and who is there that would not rather appear in Company with a black Eye, than a smutted Face? Some few advis'd me to turn the Satyrs to our own Times, they said that Rome was now rivall'd in her Vices, and Parallels for Hypocrisie, Profaneness, Avarice and the like were easie to be found; But those Crimes are much out of my Acquaintance, and since the Character is the same whoever the Person is, I am not so fond of being-hated as to make any disobliging Applications: Such pains would look like an impertinent labour to find a Dung-hil, only that I might satisfie an unaccountable humour of dirting one Man's Face, and bespattering another: Some have taken this way, and the Ill-nature of the World hath conspir'd to think their Rudeness Wit; all their Smartness proceeds from a sharp Humor in their Body, which falls into their Pen, and if it drops upon a Man's Reputation that is as bright and solid as polish'd Steel, it sullies it presently, and extrotho'. Such are never lov'd, or prais'd, but shun'd and fear'd, like Mad-Dogs, for their Teeth and Foam; and are excellently represented by Lucan's Basilisk,

Who drives all other Serpents from the Plains,
And all alone in the vast Desert reigns.

What I have borrow'd from others, if ever I have stock enough, I will honestly endeavour to repay; But the Debt which I have contracted from my Lord Roscommon is so vast, that I shall never be able to discharge; to his admirable Version I must gratefully acknowledge, that I owe the Sense, and the best Lines in the Art of Poetry,

T H E

William H. H. 3 July 1886

THE
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

The FIRST BOOK.

ODE I. To MECÆNAS.

*Several Men have several Delights,
Lyrick Poetry is his.*

M ECÆNAS born of Royal Blood,
My Joy, my Guard, and sweetest Good;
Some love with rapid Wheels to raise
Olympian Dust, and gather Praise;
Where Races won, and Palms bestow'd,
Do lift a King into a God:
And some in high Commands are proud,
That great Preferment of the Crowd;

B

Blown

2 H O R A C E ' s B O O K I.

Blown by their breath the Bubble flies,
 Gaz'd at a while; then breaks and dies:
 Another ploughs his Father's Fields,
 His Barn holds all that *Lybia* yields;
 And hopes of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,
 Shall never tempt him from the Plain;
 Or draw his fearful Soul to ride
 In feeble Ships, and stem the Tide:
 The Merchants tost in angry Seas,
 That praise their Fields, and quiet Ease,
 Yet rigg their tatter'd Ships once more,
 Untaught, unable to be poor:
 Some underneath a Myrtle Shade,
 Or by smooth Springs supinely laid,
 With Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,
 Contract the business of the Day:
 Shrill Trumpets sounds and noisy Wars,
 That Mothers hate, please other Ears:
 The Hunter doth his Ease forgoe,
 He lies abroad in Frost, in Snow;
 He soon forgets his pleasing Wife,
 And all the soft delights of Life,
 Whilst faithful Hounds a Deer pursue,
 Or have a raging Boar in-view:
 The purling Streams and shady Grove
 The Nymphs and Satyrs dance, and love,
 Green Ivy Crowns that only spread
 Fresh Honours round a learned Head,

Shall raise my Name above the Crowd,
 And lift me up into a God;
 If Muses kind shall string my Lyre,
 Or Tune my Pipe, and Heats inspire:
 If You, my Lord, approve my Vein,
 And count me 'mongst the *Lyrick* Train,
 Secure from Death I'll proudly rise,
 And hide my Head in lofty Skies.

ODE II. To AUGUSTUS.

*Rome hath smarted for killing Cæsar, and
 all their Hopes are in Augustus.*

Enough of Thunder, mighty Jove,
 Enough thy flaming Arm has thrown,
 Enough hath torn the sacred Grove,
 Enough amaz'd the frighted Town:

Left *Pyrrha's* Age return'd they fear'd,
 Strange Age, when from the former Floods
 Old *Protens* drove his scaly Herd
 To visit Hills, and glide in Woods:

The Fishes hung on lofty Boughs,
 Those Seats well known to Doves before,
 The spreading Waves snatcht trembling Does,
 They swam, and look'd in vain for Shore.

4 *H O R A C E's* B O O K I.

We saw swoln *Tiber* backward flow,
And from the *Tuscan* Waves retire;
The Monuments of Kings o'erthrow,
And hiss in *Vesta's* sacred Fire:

Whilst He, too too Uxorious Flood,
Swoln big with fury, cuts along
The left-hand Banks, though *Jove* withstood,
To right Complaining *Ilia's* wrong.

The Youth shall hear that impious Steel
Against our selves we madly drew,
Which better haughty *Medes* should feel,
The Youth our faults have left but few.

What God to prop the falling State
Shall we invoke with earnest Prayers?
How shall our Virgins soften Fate,
And weary *Vesta's* deafned Ears?

And whom to expiate *Cesar's* Blood
Will *Jove* appoint? *Apollo* come,
O'er thy bright Shoulders cast a Cloud,
And kindly succour guilty *Rome*.

Or *Venus* fair, whom Joys attend,
Whom Youth flies round, and smiling Grace;
Or Father *Mars* at last descend,
And pity thy decaying Race.

BOOK I. ODES.

5

Oh long, too long, thy fierce delight
Hath glutted Thee, whom Wars do please
With Darts and Spears, and stern in Fight
The frightful *Moors* unlearn'd in Ease.

Or whether chang'd to Mortal Eyes
You seem a Youth, kind winged God,
Nor dost the friendly Name despise
Of the Avenger of our *Cesar's* Blood.

Oh late may You return to *Jove*,
May quiet Days extend thy Reign,
Nor vex at Us in haste remove
To visit happy Seats again.

Our Empire's Father, Prince, and Guide,
In Triumphs live; Nor let the *Medes*,
Proud in our Spoils, unpunish'd ride,
Whilst Mighty *Cesar* bravely leads.

ODE III. To VIRGIL,
Taking a Voyage to Athens.

SO may kind *Venus* guide thy Sails,
So *Helen's* Brothers shining Stars,
Secure thee from thy fears:
So *Eol* loose the Southern Gales,

6 *H O R A C E*'s Book I.

And all the other Winds controul;
As Thou dost waft my *Virgil* o'er,
And land him on the *Attick* Shore;
Preserving half my Soul.

His Heart was Brass, who first did dare
In feeble Ships to stem the Seas,
Who weeping *Hyades*
And Monsters saw, nor fear'd to bear.

Who saw the headlong Whirlwinds fight,
And South-winds rage, that best can raise
Or smooth the *Adriatick* Seas,
Nor dy'd at such a fight.

What Face of Death can move his fears,
That saw with an undaunted Eye
Vast Rocks, and Waves as high;
And could restrain his flowing Tears?

In vain the Gods design'd, in vain,
In vain they did the Lands divide
By an unfriendly Tide,
If impious Ships can cross the Main.

Man forc'd by an imperious Will,
Do's make all haste to be undone,
And very eagerly rush on
To court forbidden Ill.

BOOK I. ODES.

7

Prometheus brought Celestial Fire,
Which first by wicked Arts He stole,
To give his Clay a Soul,
And kindle this absurd Desire.

But Vengeance soon pursu'd Deceit,
For thence began unknown Disease,
Thence cruel Feavers first did seize,
And took their fatal Heat.

Then lazy Death did mend her pace,
Our Life contracted to a span,
Death came in haste on Man,
And stop't his yet unfinish'd Race.

With Wings which Nature's Laws deny,
First *Dadalus* did boldly dare
To beat the Empty Air,
And wander thro' the liquid Sky.

Thro' Hell the fierce *Alcides* ran,
He scorn'd the stubborn chains of Fate,
And rudely broke the Brazen Gate;
Nought is too hard for Man.

Grown Giants in Impiety,
Our Impious Folly dares the Sky,
We dare assault *Jove's* glorious Throne,

Nor, still averse to his Command,
Will we permit his lifted Hand
To lay his Thunder down.

O D E IV.

He adviseth his Friend to live merrily.

SHarp Winter melts, *Favonius* spreads his Wing,
A pleasing change, and bears the Spring:
Dry Ships drawn down from stocks now plow the Main
And spread their greedy Sails again:
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clowns delight,
And Fields have lost their hoary white:
The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd thro' flowry Meads
By Moon-light dance, and *Venus* leads:
Whilst labouring *Cyclops* furious *Vulcan* tires,
And heats their Forge with raging Fires:
Now crown'd with Myrtle, crown'd with rising
Flow'rs
From loosen'd Fields, drive easie Hours;
A Lamb to *Faunus*, if he most approves
A Kid, a Kid must stain the Groves:
With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate:
Life's span forbids Thee to extend thy Cares,
And stretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:
Night

Night soon will seize, and, You must quickly go
To story'd Ghosts, and *Pluto's* House below,
Where once arriv'd, adieu to Wine and Love,
And all the soft Delights above:
No Feasts, where Thee the happy Lot may place
The Just Disposer of the Glass:
No *Lycidas*, no fair surprizing Boy,
Or to admire, or to enjoy:
No *Lycidas*, who now our Youth do's Charm,
And soon shall all our Virgins warm.

ODE V.

*He rejoices at his Deliverance from his
bewitching Mistress.*

WHAT tender Youth upon a Rosy Bed
With Odours flowing round his Head
Shall ruffle Thee, and loose a Heart?
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair.
And spread Charms neat without the help of Art?

How oft unhappy shall he grieve to find
The fickle Baseness of your Mind?
When he that ne'er felt Storms before,

B 5

Shall

Shall see black Heav'n spread o'er with Clouds,
 And threatning Tempests rols the Floods,
 Whilst Helpless He in vain looks back for Shore.

Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,
 He wartons in thy pleasing Arms,
 And boasts his Happiness Compleat:
 He thinks that you will always prove
 As fair, and constant to his Love; [Cheat.
 And knows not how, how soon those Smiles may

Ah! wretched those who Love, yet ne'er did try
 The smiling Treachery of thy Eye!
 But I'm secure, my Danger's o'er,
 My Table shows the Cloaths I vow'd
 When midst the Storm, to please the God
 I have hung up, and now am safe on Shore.

ODE VI. To AGRIPPA.

*Varius may Record his great Actions,
 but Love must be the Subject of his
 Songs.*

THEE great in Arms shall *Varius* sing,
 In Conduct wise, and bold in Fight;
 What Conquests under your Command,

The

The Legions wan by Sea and Land,
The fame shall boldly write
With Quills that drop'd from lofty *Homer's* Wing:

My tender Verse must Wars refuse;
Spears, Trophies, and the armed Field,
The fierce *Pelides* haughty Rage
That still prest forward to engage,
And knew not how to yield,
Are things too weighty for my feeble Muse:

Strict Modesty confines my Tongue,
And Shame forbids me to disgrace
A Subject high, so near Divine
As mighty *Cesar's* Praise and thine,
And your great Names debase
By the officious meanness of a Song:

For who in worthy Strains can write
Mars dreadful in his Iron Coat?
Or show the black *Merione*
In *Trojan* Dust severely gay?
Or how *Tydides* fought
By *Pallas* Aid, and match'd the Gods in fight?

I sing soft Boys and Virgins Wars,
How soon they smile, how angry soon
With close par'd Nails, and tender Tooth

They

They all invade the ruffling Youth;
 Thus urge my Frolick on,
 And bid Farewel, a long Farewel to Cares.

ODE VII.

He commends Plancus his Seat, and advises him to enjoy his Life.

SOME *Mytlen*, or famous *Rhodes* will praise,
 Or two-sea'd *Corinth's* Honour raise;
 Some *Thebes* for *Bacchus* fam'd in sounding Strains,
 Or flowry *Tempe's* open Plains:
 Some fill their lasting Verse with high renown
 Of Virgin *Pallas* learned Town;
 And whilst they studiously their Praise bestow,
 To All prefer the Olive Bough:
 To Honour *Junio*, *Argos* some proclaim,
 Or raise *Mycene* high in Fame;
 Not patient *Sparta*, *Tempe's* fruitful Fields,
 Nor all that fat *Larissa* yields,
 Can raise my Fancy; no, I all contemn
 Compar'd to fair *Albunea's* Stream;
 My water'd Orchards headlong, *Anio's* Flood,
 Or quiet *Tibur's* shady Wood:
 As fair South-Winds will brush the Clouds away,
 Nor always brood a rainy Day,

So *Plancus*, You, what ever Life you lead,
Or play at home in *Tibur's* Shade,
Or fill the shining Camp, and lead the War,
With Wine still wisely end thy Care:
When *Teucer* fled distress'd by angry Fate,
His Country, and his Father's Hate,
With Poplar Crowns He grac'd his drunken Head,
And thus to drooping Friends he said,
Whatever Chance the kinder Parent sends,
We'll bravely bear, my noble Friends:
Adieu fond Care, despairing Fears be gone
Whilst *Teucer* guides, and leads you on:
Unerring *Phæbus* says our hands shall raise
A City in another place,
Another *Salamis* : Cheer, rouse your force,
For We have often suffer'd worse:
Drink briskly round, dispel all cloudy Sorrow,
Drink round, we'll plow the Deep to morrow.

ODE VIII. TO LYDIA.

Who had made Lybaris Effeminate.

TELL me, *Lydia*, tell me this,
By all the Gods I do conjure Thee tell
Why Thou wilt Ruin *Lybaris*,
By loving of the Youth too well?

Why

Why doth He hate the Plain
That can endure the fury of the Skies,
The burning Sun, the Wind and Rain:
By Nature fitted for the Prize?

Why now refuse to ride
Amidst his Equals, and with graceful force
The fury of his Courser guide,
And bravely sit the manag'd Horse?

Why Yellow Tyber's Stream
Doth He now hate? Why fear to touch the Flood,
And why the shining Oyl contemn
With greater care than Viper's Blood?

Why do his Arms no more
Look black with blows and honourable scars,
Which once with just Applause He bore,
When Fame attended on his Wars?

So justly prais'd for Art, [Throng
So fam'd for Strength, when through the wondring
Beyond the bounds he threw the Dart,
Which swiftly bore his Praise along.

Why doth he now lye hid,
As once, complying with his Mother's fears,
The Great, the Brave Achilles did,
Left Manly dress should force him on to Wars?

O D E IX.

He adviseth his Friend to live merrily.

SEE how the Hills are white with Snow,
The Seas are rough, the Woods are tost,
The Trees beneath their burthen bow,
And purling Streams are bound in Frost.

Dissolve the Cold with noble Wine,
Dear Friend, and make a rowzing Fire,
'Gainst Cold without, and Care within,
Let both with equal force conspire.

With all things else, come, trust the Gods,
Who when they shall a Calm restore,
And still the Storms that toss the Floods;
Old Oaks, and Ashes shake no more.

All Cares and Fears are fond and vain,
Fly vexing Thoughts of dark to-morrow;
What Chance scores up, count perfect gain,
And banish Business, banish Sorrow.

Whilst Thou art Green, and Gay, and Young,
E'er dull Age comes, and Strength decays,
Let Mirth, and Humour, Dance, and Song
Be all the Trouble of thy Days.

16 *H O R A C E's* · BOOK I.

The Court, the Mall, the Park, and Stage,
 With eager Thoughts of Love pursue;
 Gay Evening whispers fit thy Age,
 And be to Affignation true.

Now love to hear the hiding Maid,
 Whom Youth hath fir'd, and Beauty charms,
 By her own tittering Laugh betray'd,
 And forc'd into her Lover's Arms.

Go dally with thy wanton Miss,
 And from the Willing seeming Coy,
 Or force a Ring, or steal a Kifs;
 For Age will come, and then farewell to Joy.

O D E X.

In Praise of MERCURY.

Sweet smooth-Tongu'd God, wise *Atlas* Son,
 Whose Voice did mould Mens flinry Hearts,
 Just risen from their Parent Stone,
 By softning Musick, and instructing Arts.

Thee, Thee my Muse shall gladly sing,
 Thee Post of Heav'n, and Guard of Hell;
 First Mover of the charming String;
 By waggish Thievery cunning to conceal.

Unless

Unless you would restore the Cows
 Whilst with his Voice He dar'd the Child,
 And threatned with his angry Brows,
 Now He had lost his Bow, *Apollo* smil'd.

Rich *Priam* with a Pious haste,
 Whilst You did guide his trembling Feet,
Thessalian Fires securely past,
 The Camp, and proud *Atrides* haughty Fleet.

You gently guide the Pious Souls
 To happy Seats ; Your Golden Rod
 The fitting Troop controuls ;
 O lov'd, Above, Below, by every God.

O D E XI.

*He adviseth his Friend to live merrily,
 and take no Care for To-Morrow.*

AH do not strive too much to know,
 My dear *Luconoe*,
 What the kind Gods design to do
 With Me and Thee.

Ah do not You consult the Stars,
 Contented bear thy Doom,
 Rather than thus increase thy Fears
 For what will come :

18 *H O R A C E's* B O O K I.

Whether they'll give one Winter more,
Or else make this thy last;
Which breaks the Waves on *Tyrrhene* Shore
With many a Blast.

Be Wise, and Drink; cut off long Cares
From thy contracted Span,
Nor stretch extensive hopes and fears
Beyond a Man:

E'en whilst we speak the Envious Time
Doth make swift haste away,
Then seize the Present, use thy Prime,
Nor trust another Day.

O D E XII. T O A U G U S T U S.

W H A T Man, what *Hero*, stately Muse,
Wilt thou deliver down to Fame?
What God for thy great Subject chuse?
And make the wanton *Eccho* sport his Name

O'er *Helicon's* resounding Grove,
O'er *Pindus*, or cold *Hemus* Hill?
Whence list'ning Woods did gladly move,
And throng'd to hear sweet *Orpheus* wondrous Quill.

He

He by his Mother's Art could bind
The headlong fury of the Floods ;
Allay rough Storms, appease the Wind,
And loose from their fixt Roots the dancing Woods.

Whom first? shall I creating *Jove*
With pious Duty gladly sing,
That guides below, and rules above,
The great Disposer, and the mighty King?

Than He none greater, next him none
That can be, is, or was :
Supreme he singly fills the Throne ;
Yet *Pallas* is allow'd the nearest place.

Thy Praises, *Bacchus*, bold in War,
My willing Muse will gladly show,
And, Virgin, Thee whom *Tygers* fear ;
And *Phœbus* dreadful for unerring Bow.

Alcides Acts my Muse must write,
And *Leda's* Sons ; one fam'd for Horse,
And one in close and handy Fight
Of haughty Bravery, and of noble Force.

When both their Stars at once appear,
The Winds are hush'd, they rage no more ;
(It is their Will) the Skies are clear,
And Waves roul softly by the quiet Shore.

Shall

Shall *Romulus* stand next to These?
 Or furious *Tarquin's* haughty Reign?
 Or, *Numa's* Laws and pious Peace?
 Or *Cato's* noble Fall, and fierce Disdain?

The *Scauri* next, the Great, the Good?
 Or *Regulus* his constant Truth?
 Or *Paulus* prodigal of his Blood
 When *Hannibal* o'erthrew the *Roman* Youth?

Or shall I sing in lasting Verse
Fabricius Mind, too great for Gold?
 Or else rough *Curius* Praise rehearse,
 In Conduct prudent, and in Action bold?

Him and *Camillus* fam'd for War,
 In a poor House, and mean Estate,
 Want poorly bred on hardy fare,
 And made them strong to prop *Rome's* sinking Fate.

Marcellus like an Oak doth rise,
 And *Julius Caesar's* Light appears,
 As in fair Nights and smiling Skies
 The beauteous Moon amidst the meaner Stars.

Great *Saturn's* Off-spring, mighty *Jove*,
 Whose greatest Care is *Cesar's* Fate;
 Serenely You may reign above,
 Whilst here *Augustus* keeps the second State.

And whether He in triumph leads
The *Parthians* that on *Latium* prest;
Or beats the *Indians* and the *Medes*,
And spoils the distant Nations of the *East*:

He less than Thou, rules all below,
Whilst Thy hot Wheels may shake the Clouds,
And dreadful Thunder fiercely throw
On Groves prophane'd, and on unhallow'd Woods.

O D E XIII.

His Jealousie occasions his Disquiet.

W HEN *Lydia* praises *Damon's* Charms,
His rosy Neck, and waxen Arms,
His Air, and rowling Eye;
My Mind scarce thinks on what it does,
My sickly Colour comes and goes;
I rage, I burn, I dye:

I lose my former vital Grace,
And Tears steal softly down my Face;
Cold feeble Sweats begin,
Cold feeble Sweats that plainly show
How fierce the Flame, and yet how slow
That melts my Soul within:

I rage to see thy Shoulder stain'd,
 Or snowy Breast, by drunken Hand
 Too lovingly unkind;
 Or when the ruffling Am'rous Youth
 Hath prest thy Lips with eager Tooth,
 And left a Mark behind:

Coy *Lydia*, all thy hopes are vain
 Still to endure the pleasing pain
 Of a surprizing Kiss,
 Which *Venus* doth in Nectar steep,
 And hang upon the balmy Lip,
 To draw us on to Bliss.

Thrice happy They, that free from strife
 Maintain a Love as long as Life;
 Whose fixt and binding Vows,
 No intervening Jealousie,
 No Fears and no Debates untye;
 And Death alone can loose.

O D E X I V .

*To the Common-wealth, which was now
 ready to engage in another Civil War.*

AND shall the raging Waves again
 Bear Thee back into the Main!
 Oh what dost do! put close to Shore,
 And never trust the Ocean more:

Thy

Thy Oars are gone, and Southern Blasts
Have rent thy Sails, and torn thy Masts;
Nor without Tackling can'st thou brave
The violent fury of the Wave:
Thy Stern is gone, thy Gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy Cry,
When thou on dangerous Shelves art tost,
When Billows rage, and Winds are high:
Tho' thou art built of noble Wood,
And gay as ever cut the Flood;
Alas! 'tis but an empty Name,
Nor will the Seas regard thy Fame:
What fearful Seaman dares rely
On gilded Sterns when Winds are high?
Vain show, not fit to sail but please,
An easie prey to angry Seas:
Tho' often Thou hast safely past,
Thou ow'st a sport to Winds at last:
Oh lately Thou my Grief and Fear,
And now my fresh and present Care,
Take heed, and fly the flattering Seas
Between the shining *Cyclades*.



O D E X V.

Nereus *sings the Fall of Troy, occasion'd
by Paris's Rape of Helen.*

W HEN faithless *Paris* stole away,
And carry'd *Helen* thro' the Sea;
Then *Nereus* still'd the Wind:

He quieted the angry Seas,
And lull'd the Billows into ease,
Ease to the Lovers haste unkind.

Whilst thus he sang, Thou carry'st home
Thine own, false Youth, and Country's doom;
Whom *Greeks* shall fetch again
With all their force; and all combine
To break that wicked Match of thine,
And Ancient *Priam's* noble Reign.

What Labour, ah! what Dust and Heat!
And how the Men and Horses sweat!

Ah *Troy* what Fates engage!
E'en furious *Pallas* now prepares
Her Helmet and her Shield for Wars;
Her dreadful Chariot, and her Rage.

In vain shalt thou thy Safety place
In *Venus* Aid, and paint thy Face;
In vain adorn thy Hair;

In vain thy feeble Harp shalt move,
And sing soft Tales of easie Love,
To please the wanton and the fair.

In vain shalt Thou avoid thy Foe,
The winged Dart, and *Cretan* Bow,
Things grievous to thy Joys:
In vain with grief shalt fear to view
Stout *Ajax* eager to pursue,
And strive to fly the hated noise.

But ah too late, ah much too late
Thou shalt endure the stroak of Fate,
And find the Gods are just:
Too late Thou shalt deserv'dly feel
The force of the revenging Steel,
And soil th' Adulterous Locks in Dust.

Dost Thou not see grave *Nestor's* Age,
And fierce *Ulysses* wilely Rage,
The ruin of thy State?
Nor *Tenace's* brave undaunted Force
Nor *Sthenelus* that drives his Horse
As furious and as fast as Fate?

Ah Thou shalt see *Merione*
In *Trojan* Dust severely gay;
And fierce *Tydides* rave,

C

Look

Look how he frowns, and roves about
 To find the Feeble *Paris* out;
Tydidēs, as his Father brave.

These feeble *Paris* thou shalt fly,
 As trembling Does whose Fears espy
 A Lion in a Grove;
 They leave their Herbs, with panting Breath,
 They strive to shun pursuing Death;
 Was this thy Promise to thy Love!

Achilles angry for a Wrong
 Shall *Troy*'s approaching Fate prolong;
 But after certain Years
Theſſalian Flames and *Grecian* Fire
 Shall o'er the proudest Piles aspire,
 And fill the Matrons Eyes with Tears.

O D E X V I .

*A Recantation for a Copy of Iambicks
 written on a young Lady.*

O H Daughter fair, of greater Charms
 Than those with which thy Mother warms,
 My guilty Verses how you please
 Destroy, in Flames (tho' scarce so hot
 As that fierce Rage with which I wrote)
 Or in the angry Seas.

Not *Cybele* such Heat inspires,
Ne'er *Phæbus* with such raging Fires

His Prophet's Soul possess'd,
Not *Bacchus* self can raise a Man
Half so much as Anger can

When once it burns the Breast:

Not Tears nor Kindness can assuage,
Nor Force nor Danger curb the Rage,

It ventures boldly on;
It scorns to be confin'd by *Jove*,
Or all the Thund'ring Powers above,
But by its boundless self alone.

When bold *Prometheus* first began,
As Story goes, to make a Man,

From every thing He snatcht a part
To Furnish out his Clay,
And to compleat his rude Essay,
And plac'd a Lion's fury in the Heart.

'Twas Rage that made the Brothers hate,
Rage wrought *Thyestes* wond'rous Fate;

'Twas Rage that kill'd the Child;
That fed the Father with the Son,
And when it saw the mighty Mischief done,
Stood by, and (what was strange) it smil'd.

'Tis that that raises all our Wars,
And brings our Dangers and our Fears,
When the insulting Foe,
Whilst Anger burns, and Rage prevails,
O'er Town and Cities ruin'd Walls
Doth draw the heavy Plough.

Then curb thy Anger, charming Maid,
That once my heedless Youth betray'd,
It rais'd a deadly Flame;
And hurry'd on my thoughtless Muse
In swift *Iambicks* to abuse
And wanton with thy Fame.

But now I do repent the wrong,
And now compose a softer Song
To make Thee just amends:
Recant the Errors of my Youth,
And swear those Scandals were not Truth;
So You and I be Friends.



O D E XVII.

He Commends his Country Seat, and invites his Mistress thither.

Swift Faunus oft *Lyceum* leaves behind,
And to my pleasing Farm retreats;
And from the Summer Heats
Defends my Goats, and from the rainy Wind.

O'er Vales, o'er craggy Rocks, and Hills they stray,
Seek flowry Thyme, and safely brouze
And wanton in the Boughs;
Nor fear an angry Serpent in the way.

No lurking Venom swells the harmless Mould,
The Kids are safe, the tender Lambs
Lie bleating by their Dams,
Nor hear the Evening Wolves grin round the Fold.

Soft rural Lays thro' every Vally sound;
By low *Ustica's* purling Spring
The Shepherds pipe and sing,
Whilst from the even Rocks the Tunes rebound.

Kind Heav'n defends my soft Abodes,
I live the Gods peculiar Care,
Secure and free from Fear;
My Songs and my Devotion please the Gods.

Here naked Truth, Love, Peace, good Nature reign,
And here to Thee shall Plenty flow,
And all her Riches show,
To raise the Honour of the quiet Plain.

Here crooked Vales afford a cool Retreat;
Or underneath an Arbor's Shade
For Love and Pleasure made,
Thou shalt avoid the Dog-Star's raging Heat;

And sweetly sing the harmless Wars of Love,
How chaste *Penelope's* Desires,
And wanton *Circe's* Fires,
With various Heats for one *Ulysses* strove:

At Noon with Wine the fiery Beams assuage
Beneath a Shade on Beds of Grass;
And take a Chirping Glass,
But never drink till Mirth boils up to Rage.

Ne'er fear thy old Gallant, He's far away,
He shall not see, nor seize, nor tear
Thy Chaplet from thy Hair;
We shall have leisure, and have room to play.

O D E XVIII.

*Wine moderately taken cheers the Mind,
but too much makes Men mad.*

DE A R *Varus* urge thy wise Design,
And chiefly plant the noble Vine
In *Tibur's* fertile Shade,
Or round *Catilles* Wall,
The sober *Dotards* Cares invade,
And numerous *Mischiefs* wait on all.

Pale Cares are rude,
And must intrude
Until forgetful Cups go round;
And who in drink doth prate of Wars,
Of Want, or State Affairs?
Each Head is free, and busie Thoughts are drown'd;
But Mirth, and Women, Sport, and Play
Is all the trouble of the Day.

But lest thy growing Mirth surpass
The moderate freedom of a merry Glass,
Think on the *Centaur's* Blood;
Think how those Beasts did fight,
With Wine and Gore their Tables flow'd;
And then command thy Appetite.

What wild Desires,
What Madness fires
The *Thracian* Bruits ; how fierce a God,
When Drunken They all Right and Just
Do measure by their Lust,
And eagerly rush on to Brawls and Blood?
Attending Death strikes every Guest,
And none survive the fatal Feast.

Submitting to thy easie Yoke
I'll freely use, but ne'er provoke
Thy Rage, obliging God ;
Nor shall my Tongue reveal
To the prophane and common Crowd
The Mysteries thy Boughs conceal :

Preserve my Age
From drunken Rage,
Which blind Self-love does still attend,
With Vanity, which loves to spread
Her Plumes, and raise her Head
Above the Common level of her Friend ;
With these with an uneven Pace
Walks broaken Faith, which lets all Secrets pass,
Much more transparent than a Glass.

ODE XIX. To GLYCERA.

He confesseth his Love.

THE cruel Mother of Desires
And wanton Youth, reproves,
And bids me, rais'd by *Bacchus* Fires,
Restore my self to my forsaken Loves:

Fair *Glycera* my Wish provokes,
More white than polish'd Marble Stone;
Inviting, coy and slippery Looks,
Coy Looks, too slippery to be gaz'd upon.

Now *Venus* leaves her *Cyprian* Seats,
And fills my Soul with all her Heats;
Bids me not mind the *Parthian* Force,
When dreadful on his Flying Horse
He makes his proud and conquering Retreats.

All that I think on must be Love;
Bring Wine, my Boys, an Altar rear,
A tender Lamb perhaps may move,
And make the angry Goddess less severe.

ODE XX.

*He invites Mecænas to take a Bottle of
Wine at his House.*

POOR Sabine Wine, in Cups as poor,
Is all my present store;
'Twas bottled then, when You, my Lord,
In crowded Theaters ador'd
Smooth Tyber's Banks around
Return'd the joyful Sound,
And babling Echo's the glad shouts restor'd.

Rich Casks from the Colenian Vine,
Or smooth Cæcubian Wine
Your Cellar store; but meaner Juice
Contented I must humbly use;
My Cups the Formian Hill
Nor the Falernian fill;
'Tis Wealth's great privilege to be profuse.



O D E XXI.

*He exhorts the Boys and Maids to sing
Apollo's and Diana's Praise.*

YE tender Maids, *Dianna* sing;
 Apollo Praise, Ye rising Boys,
And both to equal Honours bring;
 Latona too, whom mighty *Jove*
 Did deeply love,
And show the pious Duty of your Joys.

Diana sing, *Diana* loves
The purling Springs that softly flow,
The pleasing Woods and quiet Groves
That shady *Erymanthus* bears,
 Or *Cragis* rears,
Or in cold *Algidum* but slowly grow.

Ye Males with equal Songs rehearse
The flowry *Tempe*'s open Air,
Or sing with an immortal Verse
Fair *Delos* Isle, the happy Earth
 That gave him Birth:
His charming Harp, his Bow, and graceful Hair.

He

He by your Pious Vows o'ercome
 Pale Famine, and rough Wars shall drive
 From *Cæsar*, and his happy *Rome*,
 And make those raging Plagues infect
 The distant West:
 Whilst we in wanton Peace and Plenty live.

ODE XXII.

*Nothing will hurt a good innocent Man,
 and a faithful Lover.*

A Man unstain'd, and pure from Sin,
 No Quiver fraught with poyson'd Heads,
 No *Africk* Javelin needs,
 He has a Guard and Arms within:

Whether o'er *Syrtes* wandring Sands,
 Or bruitish *Caucasus* he goes,
 Or where *Hydaspes* flows
 And swiftly cuts the savage Lands:

Of late, when Cares forsook my Head,
 I stray'd and Sang i'th' *Sabine* Grove
 My *Lalage*, my Love,
 A Wolf saw me unarm'd, and fled:

A Beast so large did never roar
I'th' *Dannian* Woods, and fright the Swains,
Nor in her burning Plains
The Lyons Dry-Nurse *Africk* bore :

So place me where no Sun appears,
Or wrapt in Clouds or drown'd in Tears;
Where Woods with whirling Tempests tost:
Where no relieving Summers Breeze
Does murmur thro' the Trees,
But all lyes bound and fixt in Frost.

Or place me where the scorching Sun,
With Beams too near, doth burn the Zone,
Yet fearless there I'll gladly rove,
Let frowning, or let smiling Fate
Or Curse, or Bless my State,
Sweet smiling *Lafage* I'll always love.

O D E XXIII.

*He tells his young Mistress that she is now
of Age, and need not be afraid of him.*

YOU fly me, Maid, as tender Fawns
Seek absent Dams in deep Despair;
O'er craggy Rocks, o'er Woods and Lawns,
And idly fear at every breath of Air.

if

If Winds do whistle thro' the Grove,
 Or ruffle Vines, they quickly start;
 If, *Lizzards* in a Bramble move,
 An Icy trembling runs thro' every Part.

Not *Tyger* I or angry *Bore*
 Pursue Thee, *Chloë*, to destroy;
 Attend thy Mother's Heels no more,
 Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

O D E XXIV.

*He comforts Virgil, Mourning for the
 Death of his Friend.*

[shall end

AND who can grieve too much? what time
 Our Mourning for so dear a Friend?
Melpomene whom *Jove* hath blest
 With melting Voice, and mournful Tongue,
 And with a Harp above the rest
 Hath grac'd; begin the 'Melancholly Song.

And doth eternal Sleep close *Varus* Eyes?
 How soon our Pride and Glory dyes!
 And where will equal Justice find,
 Where steady Faith and naked Truth
 So generous, and so great a Mind?
 And where an Equal to the falling Youth?

To be bewail'd by all the Good, the Just,
He fell; by you, dear *Virgil*, most;
By you, who now dost mourn in vain,
By Pious you, who idly pray
To have thy *Varn* back again;
He was not lent Thee for a longer stay.

Could you with softer touch than *Orpheus* move
The Harp that drew the list'ning Grove,
The Grove that danc'd to Tunes he play'd;
Yet Blood and Bones would scarce return,
Nor Flesh to cloath the empty Shade,
The Shade that once lay naked in the Urn.

Which *Mercury*, a hard uneasy God
To open Fate, with frightful Rod
Hath driven thro' the gloomy Air,
And shut amongst the Shades of Night:
'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,
Enduring Patience makes the Burthen light.

ODE XXV.

*He insults over his Mistress Lydia, now
grown Old.*

HA, Ha! Thy Trade at last is done,
And all thy wanton Lovers gone!
No sighing Youths attend thy State,

There's

There's no such rattling at thy Door
As heretofore :

And now thy Threshold loves thy quiet Gate.

Now you may rest secure from Noise,
And sadly dream of former Joys;
You seldom hear despairing Sighs,
My *Lydia* rests in soft Delight
All the long Night,
Whilst here her faithful Lover pines, and dies.

Now, now 'tis thine, they turn to moan
The haughty Wantons all alone:
Now to a shady Grove retire,
Whilst Winds as cold as thy dull Age
Do fiercely rage,
And soo the poor remainders of thy Fire.

When Lust, as fierce as Mares Desires,
Thy ulcerous Heart and Liver fires,
Then thou shalt mourn, but mourn in vain,
That wanton Youth seeks blooming Charms,
And greener Arms;
Whilst longing Age still meets with cold Disdain.

Then thou shalt think on Sweets before,
And die at the despairing Thought, No more.

O D E XXVI.

*He desires his Muse to commend his
Friend Lamia.*

I, the Muses merry Friend,
Deliver all my busie Cares
Unto the wanton Wind;
What Tyrant of the North
Leads dreadful Armies forth
Secure alone, and laugh at others fears.

Sweet Muse, that dost delight to sing
In Strains to Roman Ears unknown,
And taste the Virgin Spring;
Trace o'er the shady Bowers,
And gather sweetest Flowers;
And wreath my *Lamia*, wreath a noble Crown.

What Honours I without thy Aid
Bestow to grace my Friends, are vain;
My Crowns will quickly fade:
You, Muse, and all the Nine should raise
In new Alcaicks *Lamia's* Praise,
And make him live in an unusual Strain.

O D E

ODE XXVII.

*He adviseth his Friends not to quarrel in
their Drink.*

A Midst our Cups for Mirth design'd,
To fight and quarrel, suits
Rough *Thracian* Brutes;
But not the sober Temper of a Friend.

This Savage Humour, Sirs, forbear,
And free the modest God
From Brawls and Blood;
And let your Humour, as your Wine, be clear.

How Cups and Swords do disagree!
Then give your fighting o're,
And brawl no more;
But sit, and keep your Elbows down like me.

If you will have the Glafs go round,
Then tell from what fair Eyes
The Arrow flies;
What Beauty makes Thee Happy in a Wound.

Not tell ! nay then the Glafs remove :
Whatever Charms enſnare
Thy Heart, are fair;
You never ſin in a diſhoneſt Love.

Tell boldly, tell thy generous Flame;
This is no leaky Ear,
Nor what I hear
ſhall my looſe Tongue pour out to common Fame.

Unhappy Youth ! doſt She ſurprize?
And have her Flames poſſeſs'd
Thy burning Breſt?
Thou didſt deſerve a Dart from kinder Eyes.

Undone ! for no *Theſſalian* Charms
Nor e'en the winged Hoſe
Can break her force,
And free Thee from this ſtrange *Chimera's* Arms.



O D E XXVIII.

Architas, a Mathematician, being Shipwrack'd, is represented begging a Stranger to Bury him, and denouncing Vengeance on him if he neglects his Request.

A Narrow Grave by the *Marinian* Shore (mon-
 Confines thee now, and thou can'st have no
 Ah learn'd *Architas*, ah how small for Thee
 Whose wond'rous Mind could measure Earth and Sea
 What Sands make up the Shore minutely teach,
 And count as far as Number's self could reach!
 What did it profit that thy nimble Soul
 Had travell'd Heav'n, and oft ran round the Pole,
 Pursu'd the motions of the rowling Light
 When Death came on, and spread a gloomy Night
 Wise *Tantalus* the Guest of Gods is dead,
 And on strange Wings the chang'd *Tithonus* fled:
Jove's Friend, just *Minos*, hath resign'd his Breath,
 And Wise *Pythagoras* felt a second Death;
 Altho' his *Trojan* Shield, and former State
 Did prove his Soul above the Force of Fate; (Haud
 Withdrew the Mind from Death's black conquering
 And left but Skin and Bones at Fate's Command
 In thy Opinion he did most excell,
 Discover'd Truth, and follow'd Nature well:

once o'er all long Night her shades will spread,
and all must walk the Valleys of the Dead:
Rage spurs on, and Death attends in Wars;
The Sea destroys the greedy Mariners:
The Young and Old confus'd by Numbers fall,
and Death with equal hand doth strike at all:
A boisterous Storm my feeble Tackling tore,
and left one naked on th' *Illyrian* Shore:
O, Seaman, pray be just, put near the Land,
bestow a Grave, and hide my Limbs in Sand:
O may the threat'ning East Winds spare the Floods,
and idly spend their Rage on Hills and Woods;
Whilst you ride safely; so from every Shore
May Gain flow in, and feed thy growing Store:
May *Jove* and *Neptune*, soft *Tarentum's* Guard,
Conspire to Bless, and joyn in one Reward:
Perhaps you scorn, and are design'dly base,
thy Crime shall Damn thy undeserving Race;
Thy Pride, vain Man, shall on thy self return,
Thou naked lie, and be the Publick Scorn:
My Prayers shall mount, and pull just Vengeance down,
No Offerings shall release, no Vows atone:
Tho' hasty now, driv'n by a prosperous Gale,
'Tis quickly done) thrice strew the Sand, and Sail.

O D E XXIX. To ICCIUS,
*A Philosopher, who had left his Study,
and was resolv'd to go to War.*

YOU envy, *Iccius*, the *Arabian's* Store,
Their precious Gums, and Ivory Beds,
And art resolv'd for War;
For fierce *Sabean* Kings ne'er fought before,
And dreadful *Medes*
Your Scourges knit, and *Roman* Chains prepare.

What lovely Virgin when her Lover's kill'd
Shall wait on Thee, and call Thee Lord?
What perfum'd Royal Boy,
To shoot in's Father's Bow exactly skill'd,
Attend thy Board;
And serve thy Pleasure in another Joy?

Who now dares say that Streams must flow
From Mountains tops to Vales below,
And not to th' Springs return?
Or who deny but *Tyber's* wondrous Stream
May Hills contemn,
And swiftly rowl back to his lofty Urn?

When

When you can change for Shield, and Sword, and Dart,
And the base Drudgery of Wars,
What e'er Contentment brings
Minus Works, thy costly Books of Art,
And Plato's Cares;
Who' once I'm sure you promis'd better things.

O D E XXX.

*He begs Venus to come to the Temple
which his Glycera had prepar'd.*

And *Venus* leave the *Paphian* Isle,
And live with *Glycera* a while;
The noble Temple she prepares,
With Incense sweet thine Altars smokes,
Thy Presence numerous Vows invoke;
She calls thee with a thousand Prayers.

The Graces with their Zones unloos'd,
The Nymphs their Beauties all expos'd
From every Spring, and every Plain;
Thy powerful, hot, and winged Boy,
And Youth that's dull without thy Joy,
And *Mercury* compose thy Train.

ODE XXXI.

The Poet's Wish.

What will the Poet beg to day
From *Phæbus* in his hallow'd Shrine,
For what doth he design to Pray,
Whilst thus he pours his Holy Wine?

Not fat *Sardinia's* fruitful Crops,
Nor Flocks that hot *Calabria* feeds,
Nor Gold, nor Ivory raise his Hopes;
Those Toys he neither loves, nor needs.

Not those rich Fields where *Liris* runs
With quiet Streams, and wanton play,
The smoothest of the Ocean's Sons,
And gently eats his easie way.

Let him that has one, Prune his Vine,
The Merchant now come safe to Land
In golden Gobblers quaff the Wine
His *Syrian* Wares and Voyage gain'd.

He chiefeft Darling of the Gods,
For twice a Year he plows the Main,
He rides the Proud *Atlantick* Floods,
And yet makes safe Returns again!

Me *Chicory* and *Olives* feed,
 Me loos'ning *Mallows* nobly feast,
 They give what Nature's Wants can need,
 And kindly fill the easie Guest.

A Mind to use my present Store
 With Health and Life, but not so long
 As brings Contempt, or cramps my Song;
 Grant this, *Apollo*, and I ask no more.

ODE XXXII.

To his Harp, whose Assistance he desires.

IF underneath a Myrtle Shade,
 When free from Business, I have play'd
 What may this Year, and more command;
 Begin, sweet Harp, a *Roman* Strain,
 Those Measures and those Tunes maintain
 First struck by great *Alceus* noble Hand.

He fierce in Arms, yet midst his Cares,
 When Dangers press'd, and noisie Wars,
 And stain'd his charming Harp with Blood;
 Or when he stem'd the angry Seas,
 Or when arriv'd he sat at Ease,
 And laugh'd at all the Fury of the Flood:

The Muses he in sounding Verse
 Would Sing, and *Venus* Praise rehearse,
 With her attending wanton Boy :
 Or *Lyco's* Face, surprizing fair,
 With lovely Eyes, and Auburn Hair,
 By Nature fitted to entice to Joy.

Great *Phæbus* Glory, *Phæbus* Love,
 And welcome to the Feasts of *Jove*;
 Thou great Reliever of my Care;
 When e'er I beg thy Aid, attend;
 Assist the Verses of thy Friend,
 And tune my Songs for Mighty *Cæsar's* Ear.

ODE XXXIII.

He Comforts his Friend, who had ill Success in his Amours.

Come dry thine Eyes, and cease to mourn
 Think not too much on *Glycera's* Scorn
 Let no complaining Songs proclaim,
 That she, regardless of her Vows,
 Her wanton Smiles bestows
 Upon a later, and a meaner Flame.

Fair *Lycoris* for *Cyrus* burns,
 She loves, but meets no kind returns;
 Ill-natur'd *Pholoe* *Cyrus* Charms:
 But sooner shall the Lambs agree
 With cruel Wolves, than she
 Shall take so base a Wanton in her Arms.

Thus *Venus* sports, the Rich, the Base,
 Unlike in Fortune, and in Face,
 To disagreeing Love provokes;
 When cruelly jocose
 She ties the fatal Noose,
 And binds Unequals to the brazen Yokes,

This is the Fate that all must prove,
 The sure Unhappiness of Love;
 Whilst fairer Virgins did adore
 And courted me, I *Myrtale* woo'd
 As rough as *Adria's* Flood,
 That bends the Creeks of the *Calabrian* Shore.



O D E XXXIV.

*He resolves to be religious, and follow
Epicurus's Philosophy no more.*

I That but seldom did adore,
I that no God but Pleasure knew,
Whilst mad Philosophy did blind,
And Epicurus fool'd my Mind;
Must keep that impious Course no more;
But turn my Sails, and steer anew.

For Angry Jove with mighty force,
Whilst all the Skies were bright and clear,
Shot thro' the Heav'n with pointed flame,
And shook the Universal Frame;
He lately drove his thund'ring Horse
And flaming Chariot thro' the Air.

This shook the Earth and wandering Streams,
This Noise disturb'd the quiet Dead;
Thro' muddy Styx, thro' all beneath,
And thro' the shady Walks of Death
Quick Lightning shot unusual Beams;
The Ghosts beheld the Light, and fled.

He brings the most Obscure to Light;
 And robs the Glorious of a Crown;
 Now tumbles down the mighty Proud,
 And makes them know there is a God;
 Now kicks the lofty into Night,
 And seats the Peasant in a Throne.

ODE XXXV.

To Fortune, *whom he Celebrates,* and
begs to preserve Cæsar.

Great Goddess, *Antium's* Guardian Pow'r,
 Whose Force is strong and quick to raise
 The lowest to the highest place;
 Or with a wond'rous fall,
 To bring the haughty lower;
 And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral.

The labouring Swain thy Aid implores,
 His Pray'rs are mixt of Fear and Hope
 On thee depending for his Crop;
 The Merchants thee confess,
 When far remov'd from Shores,
 And bow to thee the Mistress of the Seas.

To thee their Vows rough *Germans* pay,
 To thee the wandering *Seythians* bend,
 Thrice mighty *Rome* proclaims a Friend:
 And for their Tyrant Sons
 The barbarous Mothers pray
 To thee, the greatest Guardian of their Thrones:

They bend, they vow, and still they fear
 Lest you should kick their Empire down
 And cloud the glory of their Crown;
 They fear that you would raise
 The lazy Crowd to War,
 And break their Empire, or confine their Praise.

Necessity still stalks before,
 And leads the way with poy's'nous Breath,
 And all the Instruments of Death;
 Sharp Swords, and Wheels and Racks
 That flow with purrid Gore
 Her brazen Hand to fright the Nations shakes.

Sure Hope, and Friendship cloath'd in white
 Attend on thee, they still remain
 The chiefest Glories of thy Train;
 Tho' you inrag'd retreat,
 And with a hasty flight,
 Thy Garment chang'd, forsake the falling Great.

But the base Crowd, the Perjur'd Whore,
 And when the Casks of Wine are dry,
 The false Pretenders quickly fly;
 They all refuse to bend
 With the declining Poor,
 And take the heavy Yoke to ease their Friend.

Preserve Great *Cesar*, *Cesar* leads
 To distant *Britain*, guide his Fate,
 And keep the Glory of our State,
 The Youth that must infect
 With Arms the haughty *Medes*;
 And scatter Fears and Slavery thro' the East.

I blush at the dishonest show,
 I die to see the Wounds and Scars,
 Those Glories of our Civil Wars;
 What Sins, a Cursed Age,
 Were we afraid to do,
 And what hath escap'd the fury of our Rage?

What dread of Heav'n, or fears of Hell
 Could stop the Impious daring Hand?
 And was not every Shrine profan'd!
 Oh wouldst thou quickly whet
 Our impious blunted Steel,
 To fight the bold *Arabian*, and the *Gete*.

ODE XXXVI.

A Welcome to his dear Friend Lamia.

TIS pious Duty now to praise
With Incense, Songs and sacred Lays,
And with a promis'd Heifer's Blood,
My *Numida's* kind Guardian God:
Who safely now return'd again
From the remotest Parts of *Spain*,
To thronging Friends on every side
A thousand Kisses does divide;
But Dearest *Lamia* most receives,
And takes as gladly as he gives:
Their equal Love at School began,
Both the same Race of Virtue ran;
And both at once grew up to Man:
Be every Head with Garlands Crown'd,
And let the flowing Bowl go round:
Let fading Lillies and the Rose
Their Beauty and their Smells disclose,
Let long-liv'd Parsly grace the Feast,
And gently cool the heated Guest:
Then all on Beauteous *Damalis*
Shall lose their gloating wanton Eyes;
But her no Charms no Nods shall move,
And none divide her from her Love;

She shall imbrace her young Gallant
As twining Ivy clasps the growing Plant.

ODE XXXVII.

*On Cæsar's Victory over Antony and
Cleopatra.*

NOW now 'tis time to dance and play,
And drink, and frolick all the Day;
'Tis time, my Friends, to banish Care;
And costly Feasts
With thankful Hearts prepare
In hallow'd Shrines, and make the Gods your Guests:
'Twas Treason once to Sport a Flask,
And Sin to Pierce the Noble Cask,
Whilst nought but boading Fears were seen
For Ills to come,
When Egypt's haughty Queen
With wither'd Eunuchs threaten'd mighty Rome:

A Woman vain, whose Hopes could rise
To such Impossibilities!
A Woman Drunk with sweet success;
Whom smiling Fate
Had brought to dare no less
Than Cæsar's Fortune, and the Roman State,

But soon her Pride to Fears retir'd,
 When all her Ships were sunk or fir'd;
 And real dread possess'd her Mind,

When *Cæsar's* Oars
 Did press so close behind,
 And bore his Navy to the frighted Shores,

(As Hawks pursue the trembling Doves,
 Thro' open Fields or shady Groves;
 Or as swift Huntsmen chase the Deer
 Thro' *Thracian* Plains,
 That fly as wing'd with fear)
 To bring the fatal Monster into Chains.

But She design'd a Nobler Fate,
 And falling would appear as great
 As when She singly fill'd the Throne;
 No fears betray'd,
 Nor fled to Coasts unknown
 To live secure, or meanly beg for Aid.

Her falling Throne with smiling look
 She boldly saw; she dar'd provoke
 Fierce Serpents rough with Poys' nous Trains,
 To dart their Tongue,
 And fill her dying Veins;
 Grown furious now on Death resolv'd so long:

The stout *Liburnian* Ships, the Fame
And lasting glory of her Shame,
She envy'd; she, a Soul too Proud,
Too haughty to be seen
Amongst the private Crowd,
And grace a Triumph less than *Egypt's* Queen.

ODE XXXVIII.

*He tells his Boy that he should not take
too much care about his Entertainments.*

I Mate, my Boy, I deeply hate
The useless *Persian* Pomp and State:
Crowns wrought with too much Art displease;
Forbear to seek the blushing Rose,
Or where the Beauteous Lilly grows;
Such Toil disturbs our Ease:

A negligent and simple Dress
Thoughts free from Cares will most express;
Thy Front, my Boy, thy Front, and mine
A Myrtle Crown will best become,
Whilst I sit and quaff at Home,
Beneath my shady Vine.

The End of the first Book

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O D E S.

The Second Book.

O D E I. To POLLIO.

He desires him to forbear writing Tragedies till he had settled the State.

SAD Prisoners Guard, and Glory of the Bar,
The Senate's Oracle, and great in War,
Whose Faith and Virtue all proclaim;
To whom the German Triumph won
Eternal Fame,

And never-fading Glories of a Crown:

The Grounds and Vices of our Wars,
Our Civil Dangers and our Fears,
The sport of Chance, and turns of Fate,
And impious Arms that flow'd
With yet unexpiated Blood;

The great Triumvirate;
 And their Leagues fatal to the Roman State;
 A dangerous Work you write; and tread
 O'er Flames by treacherous Ashes hid;
 Yet this you write, and give to Fame
 A lasting Monument of our Fathers Shame:

But hold thy Mourning Muse, forbear
 To tread the crowded Theater,
 Till Quiet spread o'er State Affairs
 Shall lend thee time for meaner Cares;
 And then inspir'd with Tragick Rage
 Return to the forsaken Stage,
 And mourn the Faults and Follies of the Age.

Methinks the Trumpet's threatening Sound
 Disturbs our Rest with fierce Alarms,
 And from the shining Arms
 A dreadful lightning spreads around;
 It darts pale fear through ev'ry Eye,
 The Horses start, and trembling Riders fly:

[heard,
 Methinks the Warlike Captains shouts are
 With fordid Dust how Gloriously besmear'd!
 In Blood I see the Soldiers roul,
 I see the World obey,
 All yield, and own great *Caesar's* Sway,
 Beside the stubborn *Cato's* haughty Soul:

Junio, and *Africk's* Guardian Pow'r,
 That left their ruin'd Seats before,
 Unable to revenge their Fall;
 Hath now on *Rome* return'd Disgrace,
 And offer'd up the Victor's Race
 To great *Jugurtha's* Ghost, and *Hannibal*:

What Land is free, what Plain
 Not Fatt'ned by the *Roman* Slain?
 What cannot witness by the Graves it shows
 Our Empire's fall, whose Noise is spread
 O'er *Persia* and the distant *Mede*,
 The Sport and Laughter of our smiling Foes?

What Lake unstain'd before
 Not knows our War, and swells with *Latian* Gore;
 What Sea's not dy'd? On what unhappy Flood,
 On what remoter Coast
 Have not our Youth been lost,
 Grown Impiously Prodigal of their Blood?

Enough, my Muse, Complaints forbear,
 With me to shady Grotts retire,
 Thy Mourning cease, divert thy Care;
 And there with softer Touches move thy Lyre.

O D E II.

*The Free and Generous only are the
happy Men.*

DEAR Friend, whose generous Thoughts despise,
The creeping Fears of Avarice,
How Silver looks, how mean and base,
How much below the common Brass,
Unless a Moderate Use refine,
A Value give, and make it shine.

And *Procleius*, just and good,
As Fame as Noble as in Blood,
Who with a Father's care did grant
Supplies, and eas'd his Brother's Want,
Long, long shall live; surviving Fame
On lasting Wings shall bear his Name.

What Man a wider Empire gains
That his own craving Wish restrains,
Than he whose Sword and wide Command
Join distant *Spain* and *Libya's* Sand,
Than if they did his Arms obey,
And either *Carthage* own his Sway:

The Dropsies still by Drink increase,
As vain are all our Hopes of Ease;

The

The Jaws are dry, the Thirst remains
 Until the fatal Humours cease;
 Until the cause of the Disease
 Shall leave the swoln and craving Veins:

Phraates fixt in *Cyrus* Throne,
 Ador'd like *Persia's* rising Sun,
 True Sense that scorns the Peoples Test
 Ne'er ranks among the happy Bleft;
 From cheats of Words the Crowd she brings
 To real Estimate of things:

To him she gives, to him alone
 The Laurel, and the lasting Throne,
 Whose Eyes can unconcern'd behold
 The darling Heaps of Mining Gold;
 Whose Mind doth never Wealth pursue,
 Nor turn to make a second View.

ODE III.

He adviseth his Friend Delius to be content, and live Merrily.

AN even Mind in ev'ry State,
 Amidst the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,
 Dear mortal *Delius*, always show;

Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemperate Joys appear
To contract, or to extend thy Brow:

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
Run slowly clogg'd with Hopes and Fears,
And sit too heavy on thy Soul;
Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flow'rs
Mirth softly drives thy easie Hours,
And cheers thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl:

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine
And Myrtles friendly Branches joyn,
And hospitable Shades compose;
Where near a purling Spring doth glide
In winding Streams, and softly chide
The interrupting Pebble as it flows:

There bring thy Wine, thy Odors spread,
Let fading Roses crown thy Head,
Whilst Wealth, and Age and Life will bear;
For you must leave your Groves, your House,
And Farm, where yellow Tiber flows;
And thy heap'd Wealth shall fill thy greedy Heir.

For whether sprung from Royal Blood,
Or from the meanest of the Crowd;
'Tis all a Case, for nought can save;

The

The Hand of Fate doth strike at all,
 And thou art surely doom'd to fall
 A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave.

Our Lots are cast; Fate shakes the Urn,
 And each Man's Lot must take his turn;
 Some soon leap out, and some more late;
 But still 'tis sure each Mortal's Lot
 Will doom his Soul to Charon's Boat,
 To bear th' eternal Banishment of Fate.

ODE IV.

To Xanthias Phoceus, *who fell in Love
 with his Captive.*

DEAR Xanthias, 'tis a faulty Shame,
 Blush not to own a Noble Flame
 Rais'd by thy Captive's Charms;
 The fair *Brisëis* once could move
Achilles stubborn Soul to Love,
 And force the haughty Heroe to her Arms:

Tecmessa's Charms subdu'd her Lord,
 And Conquering *Ajax* soon ador'd;
 By fair *Cassandra's* Eyes,

When *Hector* fell, and left his *Troy*
 To weary *Greeks* an easy Prey,
 When midst his Triumph great *Atrides* dies.

See what a Beauteous Majesty,
 And how commanding is her Eye,
 Her Look proclaims her State;
 She Mourns, she Mourns, a Royal Race,
 And Parents equal to her Face,
 And grieves to see so strange a whirl of Fate:

Ne'er think her, Friend, of Common Blood;
 Nor sprung from the dishonest Crowd
 A Mind so bravely bold,
 So chaste as to resist the Arts
 That take the mean unguarded Hearts,
 The force of pressing Youth, and Charms of Gold:

Her Face, her Neck, her Breast and Arms
 I praise not, taken with her Charms;
 Suspicious Thoughts remove;
 Let almost forty feeble Years
 Secure thy Mind from jealous Fears,
 And tell that *Horace* is too old for Love.

ODE V.

*To his Friend, in Love with a young
Girl.*

THY Heifer, Friend, is hardly broke,
Her Neck uneasy to the Yoke;
She cannot draw the Plough, nor bear
The weight of the obliging Steer:
In flowry Meads is her Delight,
Those charm her Taste and please her Sight:
Or else she flies the burning Beams,
To quench her Thirst in cooler Streams;
Or with the Calves thro' Pastures plays,
And wantons all her easy Days:
Forbear, design no hasty Rape
On such a green, untimely Grape:
Soon ruddy Autumn will produce
Plump Clusters, ripe, and fit to use:
She now that flies, shall then pursue,
She now that's Courted doat on you:
For Age whirls on, and every Year
It takes from Thee it adds to Her:
Soon *Lalage*, shall soon proclaim
Her Love, nor blush to own her Flame:
Lov'd more, for the more kindly Warms
Than *Phloe* coy, or *Cloris* Charms,

pure her Breast, so fair a White,
 in a clear and smiling Night,
 quiet Floods the Silver Moon
 Cretan Gyges never Shone;
 who, plac'd amongst the Maids, defies
 a skilful Stranger's prying Eyes;
 smooth his doubtful Looks appear,
 loose, so Womanish, his Hair.

ODE VI. To SEPTIMUS.

*He wishes for a quiet Retreat in his
 Old Age.*

Septimus that wouldst stem the Main,
 And go with me to distant Spain;
 fierce Cantabrians never broke,
 yet unlearn'd to bear our Yoke:
 and Syrtis Sands, where th' Ocean roars,
 and rowling Waves wash swarthy Moors;
 may Tibur's Walls the Tuscan Seat
 afford my Age a safe Retreat,
 Oh! there, now tir'd with Wars and Seas,
 may I enjoy a happy Ease!
 Fate denies this small Desire,
 my hasty steps shall soon retire

Where

Where smooth *Galesus* cuts his Way;
 Around whose Banks white Fleeces play,
 And felt *Phalanx* easy Sway:
 Oh how those little Plains do please,
 How fit for Happiness and Ease!
 Where Honey fills the Combs, and strives
 With fair *Hymettus*'s sweetest Hives:
 Where Olives from the fruitful Soil,
 Nor yield to the *Venafrian* Oyl:
 Where Springs are long, and Winters mild,
 Nor hoary Frost deforms the Field;
 Where *Bacchus* friendly Mountains spread,
 And *Almon* rears his fruitful Head;
 Where choicest Grapes in Clusters twine,
 Nor envy the *Falernian* Vine:
 These happy Seats must us receive,
 There you and I, dear Friend, must live,
 'Till Death's approaching Hands surprize,
 And close thy Poet *Horace* Eyes;
 Then you a little Tomb shall rear,
 And cool my Ashes with a Pious Tear.



ODE VII.

A Welcome to his Friend Pompey.

DEAR Pompey, that hast often try'd,
Whilst once we fought on *Brutus* side,
How near pale Death rough Wars attends,
That Genius now hath sent thee home,
And who restor'd thee back to *Rome*,
Pompey, the best of all my Friends?

With whom in Mirth and Wine and Play,
Whilst sweetest Roses Crown'd my Head,
And did their Fragrant Odours spread,
Often broak the lingring Day:

The bloody Wars, *Philippi's* Field,
Gnobly having lost my Shield,
With thee I saw, secure from Wound,
I saw the flight, when haughty Proud
To *Cesar's* stronger Virtue bow'd,
And basely bit the bloody Ground:

Me *Mercury* secur'd from Fears,
He kindly wrapt me up in Night,
And sav'd me from the dangerous Fight,
But thee the Tide bore back to Wars:

Now

Now then restor'd to Ease and Rest,
 Pay *seven* thy Thanks and promis'd Feast;
 Now tir'd with Wars, from Danger free,
 Beneath my cool and pleasing Shade
 On flowry Beds supinely laid
 Enjoy the Casks design'd for thee:

See here they stand, these Bowls employ,
 Forgetful Wine profusely pour,
 From largest Shells rich Oynments shour,
 There's no extream in real Joy:

Who Parsly twines, or Myrtle Boughs
 To grace our Mirth, and shade our Brows?
 Who Crowns prepares for ev'ry Guest?
 Whom will the happy Dye design?
 The just Disposer of the Wine,
 And great Controuler of the Feast?

Let Mirth, and Joy, and Wine attend,
 I must be Mad, I must appear
 As wild as the Mad Thracians are;
 'Tis decent at the Welcome of a Friend.



O D E VIII.

To his forsworn Mistress.

B Arine, did Revenge o'ertake,
And Blast as oft as you deceive;
Were but one Nail, one Tooth more Black,
Thy Vows I would at last believe:

Not still more fair, more bright thy Face,
More Crowds of Lovers flock to view,
As each false Oath procur'd a Grace,
And tempt'd thee to prove untrue:

It profits thee to be forsworn
By all that other Mortals fear,
Th' eternal Gods, thy Mother's Urn,
By whirling Heav'n, and ev'ry Star:

The merry Nymphs approve thy Arts,
And Venus fair forgives thy Wiles,
And Cupid, sharpening flaming Darts
On bloody Whetstones, gently smiles:

Besides new Slaves still flock to thee,
And happy He that takes the Chain;
And those that threaten to be free
Forgive the Jilt, and serve again;

Thee still the thrifty Father fears,
 And Mothers for their wanton Boys;
 New Brides lest you detain their Dears,
 And rob them of their promis'd Joys.

ODE IX.

*He adviseth his Friend to grieve no more
 for dead Myfies.*

NOT always Snow and Hail and Rain
 Descend, and beat the fruitful Plain;
 Not ruffling Storms still toss the Caspian Flood
 Not ev'ry Month doth lazy Frost
 Bind up th' Armenian Coast
 Nor furious Storms still vex the groaning Woods

Call'd forth by Spring's enliv'ning Breeze
 The Leaves return to naked Trees;
 But you, dear Friend, still mourn in weeping
 Lost Myfies; when Noon burns the Skies
 When Night comes on, or when it flies,
 No change appears, thy Love and Grief remain

Yet Aged Nestor dry'd his Tears,
 His Grief was shorter than his Years;
 Nor did he still his dying Son bewail:

His Sisters, and the Trojan Train,
 And Priam wept, but smil'd again,
 Nor always mourn'd young *Troilus* hasty fall.

Thy soft Complaints at last forbear,
 Let Mirth succeed, and Smiles appear,
 Let's sing, and *Caesar* be our lofty Theme;
 How rough *Niphates* Hills obey,
 And *Tigris* bound by *Caesar's* sway
 Less furious grows, and rousls a milder Stream.

The *Scythians* now with broken Bows
 Confin'd to their own Frost and Snows
 Have cool'd the raging Fury of their Pride;
 In narrow Bounds with nimble Force
 They ride their fierce impetuous Horse,
 And view with longing Eyes the *Roman* Side.

ODE X.

A middle State of Life is the best.

WISE they, that with a cautious Fear
 Not always thro' the Ocean steer;
 Nor, whilst thy think the Winds will roar,
 Do thrust too near the rocky Shore:

To those that chuse the Golden Mean
The Waves are smooth, the Skies serene;
They want the baseness of the Poors retreat,
And envy'd Houses of the Great.
Storms often vex the lofty Oak,
High Mountains feel the Thunder's stroke;
And lofty Towers, when Storms prevail,
Are ruin'd with a greater fall:
A Breast prepar'd in either State
Or fears or hopes a change of Fate;
'Tis *Jove* the same that Winter brings
And melts the Frost by pleasing Springs:
Tho' Fortune now contracts her Brow,
And frowns; yet 'twill not still be so:
Apollo sometimes Mirth pursues,
His Harp awakes his sleepy Muse,
Nor always bends his threatening Bow:
When Fortune sends a stormy Wind
Then show a brave and present Mind,
And when with too indulgent Gales
She swells too much, then furl thy Sails:



O D E XI.

He adviseth his Friend to live Merrily.

WHAT fierce *Cantabrians*, what the *Scythians* dare,
Make, Friend, no object of thy Care;
Whilst raging Floods, and *Adria's* Tide,
Confine their Force, and Arms divide,
Secure we laugh at all the threats of War:

Let no Concern, no cares for Life approach,
It lasts not long, and asks not much;
But see our Years do swiftly move,
Our Nimble Youth and Beauty fades,
Dry Age with Cares will crowd our Heads:
And leave no room for easy Rest and Love:

Spring Flowers not always equal Beauties wear,
Nor Moons with equal Beams appear
As when at full they brightly shin'd;
Then why should you disturb your Mind,
So much too narrow for eternal Care?

Why underneath a pleasing Myrtle Shade
On flowry Banks supinely laid,
Are we so slow to spend a Day;

And whilst grey Hairs are crown'd with Rose,
Or odorous Oyl our Heads o'erflows,
Drink all our Troubles and our Cares away?

Brisk *Bacchus* soon will sordid Cares refine,
And make dull Melancholly shine;
What Boy waits there, what Boy, to bring
Some cooler Streams from yonder Spring
To quench the Fury of my flaming Wine?

What ready Servant waits to call my Miss,
And who coy *Lyde* will entice?
Bid *Lyde* come, we are in haste;
Bid *Lyde* come, her Harp prepare,
Like *Spartans* loosely bind her Hair;
For Love may Ebb, and then her Time is past.

ODE XII. To M E C Æ N A S.

*Wars and Battels are not a Subject fit for
his Muse, but Love and Lycimnia
can Sing.*

THE stout *Numantines* lingring fall,
The Romans Scourge dire *Hannibal*,
No more, my Learned Lord, require,

No more the rough *Sicilian Flood*
Dy'd deep with *Carthaginian Blood*,
To fit to the soft Measures of the *Lyre*:

Nor *Centaur's* eager to engage,
Nor fierce *Hylas* Drunken Rage,
Nor Giants tam'd by *Hercules*
Who dar'd to reach old *Saturn's Crown*,
Who dar'd to storm his shining Throne
And break the quiet of eternal Ease:

And you, my Lord, with equal flights,
Great *Cesar's* Wars and conqu'ring Fights
Shall better tell in lasting Prose;
And how in Triumph *Cesar* led
The *Persian* and the haughty *Mede*,
And scatter'd Slavery midst his threatening Foes:

My Muse bids me imploy my Verse,
And soft *Lycimnia's* Songs rehearse;
She bids me all her Charms improve,
Her taking Air, her shining Eyes,
By Nature fitted to surprize;
And Mind still faithful to thy mutual Love:

Lycimnia fair, the Pride of *Rome*,
How well her Charms and Arts become!
How movingly her Beauty pleads,

When toying she and richly drest
 At Great *Diana*'s solemn Feast,
 Begins the Dance, and leads the Beauteous Maids?

For what *Achemenes* possesse,
 And for the Wealth of all the East,
 Would you, my Lord, exchange your Fair?
 Would you, my Lord, for all the Gold
 The stuf *Arabians* Houses hold
 Exchange one Braid of sweet *Lycimnia*'s Hair?

When e'er her Head she gently moves,
 To take the earnest of her Loves,
 A balmy Kifs; or else denies
 With easie forwardness, which shows
 That She is more content to lose
 Than he that begs to win the Prize;
 Or when She runs to snatch an eager Kifs.

O D E X I I I .

*Upon a Tree that was like to fall upon
 him as he was walking in his Field.*

A Fatal Star did then command
 The Skies, and guide his impious Hand
 Who planted thee, to the disgrace
 Of's Farm, and ruin of his Race:

'Tis certain he his Father kill'd,
He slew, and fed upon his Child;
He Stabb'd his Friend before his God,
And stain'd the Image with his Blood:
To him *Medea's Arts* were known,
The whole World's Sins he made his own,
Who first disgrac'd my Field with thee,
Thou impious Stock, thou cursed Tree,
Thou cursed Tree, whose hasty fall
Design'd thy Master's Funeral:
What each should fly is seldom known,
We unprovided are undone:
The Waves that foam round *Thracian Shores*
Are dreaded by the swarthy *Moors*,
They think cold Death doth use to trace
The Snow and Frozen Hills of *Thrace*,
Nor fear it from a warmer place:
The *Roman* dreads the Darts, the Force,
And Conquering flights of *Parthian* Horse:
The *Roman* Chains the *Parthian* fears,
Their steady Troops, and weighty Spears:
Yet Death when arm'd with a Disease
From other Parts will rudely seize,
She comes unlookt for, sweeps away
Unthinking Nations in a Day,
And huddles up her easie Prey:
How near had I, how nearly seen
The Kingdom of the swarthy Queen?

Judge *Æacus*, the story'd Grove,

The Seat of Piety and Love:

And *Sappho* who in humble Strains

Of her base Country-men complains,

In sweetest Tunes proclaims her Love,

But mourns at her Reproach above:

Alcaeus too, whose golden Strings

With manlier Strokes sound greater things;

He tells the Dangers and the Fears

Of Flights, of Sailing, and of Wars:

With silent Rev'rence Ghosts admire

The wondrous fury of his Lyre:

The Vulgar Shades throng most to hear

Of Kings depos'd, of feats of War,

And drink them with a greedy Ear:

No wonder this, Hell's furious Guard

With silent wonder stood and heard;

His Ears lay down, and, whilst he play'd,

A hollow Grin his Joy betray'd:

No Hiss was heard, the Furies Snakes

Lay hush'd, and quiet on their Necks:

Delight did torn *Prometheus* seize,

The Sound deceiv'd him into ease;

And *Tantalus* felt soft repose,

Unheeded now the bending Boughs

Hang o'er his Lips, and Water flows:

Nor did the fierce *Orion* care

To hunt his Lyon, or his flying Bear.

ODE XIV.

Life is short, and Death unavoidable.

THE whirling Year, Ah Friend! the whirling Year
Rouls on apace;

And soon shall Wrinkles plough thy wither'd Face:

In vain you waste your Pious Breath,

No Prayers can stay, no Vows defer

The swift approach of Age, and conqu'ring Death:

No, tho' ten thousand Oxen stain'd his Shrines

With sacred Blood,

Shouldst thou appease th' inexorable God:

He opens, and he shuts the Grave;

Geryon's triple Soul confines,

And stubborn Gyges with the Stygian Wave:

That fatal Wave that must be pas'd by all,

The Rich, the Poor

Are doom'd alike to view the Stygian Shore;

The Knaves and Fools, the Wise and Just,

The Kings as well as Clowns must fall;

And undistinguish'd lie with meaner Dust:

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,

And live in ease;

In

In vain we shun the Rage of angry Seas:
The burning Fevers Autumn brings,
In vain we fly, and idly fear
The Plagues that South-winds bear on sickly Wings:

For all the *Stygian* Waves are doom'd to pass,
We all must go
And view *Cocytus* wandering Streams below:
We all must see the lasting Chains
That hold curst *Danaus* his Race,
And *Sisypheus* condemn'd to endless Pains:

Thy Children must be left, thy Lands and House,
Thy pleasing Wife,
That happy Comfort and Delight of Life;
Of all the Trees thy hands restor'd
None but the *Cypress* hated Boughs
Shall follow their short-liv'd decaying Lord:

The Wines you keep so close thy worthier Heir
Shall soon possess,
And waste midst wanton Luxury and Ease;
Much nobler Wine the squandering Youth
Shall spill, and costlier Feasts prepare,
Than ever pleas'd a Pamper'd Abbot's Tooth.

ODE XV.

On the Luxury of the Age.

OUR Squares still rise, our Fields decrease,
And now the Ploughs must rust in ease;
New Motes are dug, large Ponds we make
That Rival e'en the *Lucrine Lake*:
Round lofty Firs weak Ivy twines,
Unmarry'd Planes profusely spread
A useless melancholly Shade
O'er larger Fields than marry'd Elms and Vines:

Our Beds of Roses, Myrtle Bow'rs,
And all the Luxury of Flow'rs,
Their fruitless Shades and Smells afford:
They now those fruitful Grounds possess
Where Olives rose with vast Increase,
And, with great Bounty fed the former Lord:

Thick Laurels plac'd by purling Streams
Shut out the *Mid-day's* burning Beams,
And give us Shade to drink and play;
Was this by *Romulus* allow'd?
Was this the way our Fathers show'd
To rise to Empire, and extend our Sway?

No,

No, then each single Man's Estate
 Was small, the Publick Stock was great,
 The Publick Weal imploy'd their Care;
 No private Man profusely skill'd
 Did then his large Piazza's build,
 To take cool Breezes of the Northern Air:

The little Hut their Father's House
 The Laws forbade them to refuse,
 But live content in mean Abodes;
 Enjoying all their Shrines and Towns
 To build with new and costly Stones,
 To grace their Country, and to please their Gods.

ODE XVI.

The contented Man the most happy.

FOR Ease the Seaman asks the Gods,
 When toss'd in the Egean Floods;
 When darkness spreads to heighten fears,
 And not one friendly Star appears:

For Ease the Warlike Thracians plead,
 The Persian and the quiver'd Medæ;
 For Ease, too precious to be sold
 For costly Gems, or bought with Gold:

For neither Power nor Wealth controul
The sad disorders of the Soul,
Nor yet remove the Cates that wait
About the Palace of the Great:

Blest he with little, on whose thrifty Board
That Salt still shines that call'd his Father Lord,
No vexing fears his Breast can seize,
No sordid Lust will break his ease:

Why these extended Cares, and Strife,
And trouble for so short a Life?
Why do we ply our Sails and Oars,
And fondly visit foreign Shores?
Can he that flies his Country find
That he can leave himself behind?

For baneful Care will still prevail,
And overtake us under Sail;
It dogs the Horseman close behind,
More swift than Roes, or stormy Wind:

A Man contented with his present doom
Hates to look on for what's to come;
With Mirth he sweetens bitter Fate;
There is no perfect happy State:

The stout *Achilles* dy'd in haste,
 Long Age did old *Tithonus* waste;
 Those Years swift time denies to thee
 Perhaps his Hand shall reach to me:

Round thee ten thousand Heifers low,
 Stout Oxen bend beneath thy Plow;
 In his gilt Coach neigh gen'rous Mares,
 The Purple dies whate'er he wears.

A Farm as large as my Desire,
 With some few heats of *Lyrick* fire,
 On me hath stubborn Fate bestow'd,
 With Pride enough to scorn the Crowd.

ODE XVII. To ME CÆNAS.

*He is resolv'd not to survive him, and
 congratulates his Recovery.*

WHY am I kill'd with thy Complaint?
 'Tis more than any God will grant,
 'Tis more, my Lord, than I can bear;
 That you on whom my hopes rely,
 That you my great Support should dye,
 And leave thy Melancholly *Horace* here:

Did you, my better half, decay,
For what should I, the other, stay?
What Comfort could compose my Mind
When neither whole, nor yet so dear
I should be doom'd to linger here,
And feel my worse part still left behind?

The same black Day shall seize on both,
It is a fixt and solemn Oath,
We'll go, I've sworn, we both will go;
Tho' you may first begin the Race,
I'll follow with a nimble pace,
And join you e'er you reach the Waves below.

Did fierce *Chimera* dart her fire,
To make my frighted Soul retire,
Yet still I would attend your State;
Tho' hundred-handed *Gyas* rose,
In vain should all his Strength oppose,
For Justice bids, and 'tis approv'd by Fate:

Whatever Star did at my Birth prevail,
Whether my Fate was weigh'd in *Libra's* Scale,
Or Fatal *Scorpio's* Beams did shine;
Or *Capricorn's* disturbing Rays
Those Tyrants of the Western Seas,
Tis strange how much your Stars consent with mine:

From

From *Saturn's* fatal Influence
Jove's milder Rays were your Defence,
 He clog'd the Wings of hasty Death;
 When thrice with an auspicious Voice
 The States of *Rome* proclaim'd their Joys,
 And with their own supply'd your fading Breath:

My Head had felt a falling Oak,
 But *Faunus* did divert the stroke;
Faunus, the Witts kind Guardian God,
 The Shrine you vow'd the Gods prepare,
 Let offer'd Bulls reward their Care:
 For me a Lamb shall shed his meaner Blood.

ODE XVIII.

Against Covetousness.

NOR Ivory, nor *Indian* Stuff,
 Nor Gold adorns my gaudy Roof;
 No Cedar Beams press costly Stone
 From Quarries of the torrid Zone,
 Where burning Rays the Marble mould;
 And join the Mass with flowing Gold:
 Nor yet have I an Heir unknown
 E'er seiz'd on *Attalus* his Throne;

No honest Clients hang my Rooms
With Purple stretcht on *Tyrian* Looms:
But yet I make a fair pretence
To Honesty and Innocence,
And store of Wit, and these compleat,
And make me fought to by the Great:
This is my Wealth, This all my Store,
Content, I ask the Gods no more;
Nor my great Friends: O bounteous Fate,
How happy in my mean Estate!
Days push on Days with equal pace,
New Moons still haste to the Decrease,
But you e'en whilst the Bell doth toll,
And sadly warn thy flying Soul,
Rich Stones provide, large Piles you rear,
Unmindful of your Sepulcher:
Thy Moles, and thy incroaching Mounds
Remove thy Floods to streightner bounds,
For greedy you would seem but poor .
Confin'd by Nature's narrow Shore:
Nay more, you leap the Sacred Bounds,
And seize your meaner Clients Grounds;
No Fence too high, no Ditch too deep
For Wealthy Injury to leap:
Expell'd by greedy Avarice
The Wife with her dear Husband flies,
With all her Gods, (too weak defence
For poor and injur'd Innocence,

They

They suffer in the common harms)
 And sordid Infants in her Arms:
 Yet after all this toil and heat,
 This Fraud and Treachery to be great,
 The last Retreat the Rich must have,
 The last and surest, is the Grave:
 What wouldst thou more? to Swains and Lords
 An equal Room just Earth affords,
 Nor does she take a Prince's Bones
 With greater Rev'rence than a Clown's:
 Ne'er surly *Charon*, brib'd with Gold,
 Brings back the Cunning or the Bold;
 Nor will he waft *Prometheus* o'er,
 And land him on the living Shore:
 Proud *Tantalus* and all his Line,
 Tho' Kings, his lasting Chains confine;
 And wherher we his Aid implore
 Or not, he's ready still to ease the Poor, [shore
 Free him from Want, and place him on the happy

O D E XIX.

In Praise of Bacchus.

BORN out by an unusual Rage
 I saw (believe it fifture Age)
 Where *Bacchus* taught the Nymphs a Song,

In distant Vales; from ev'ry Wood
With prickt-up Ears the Satyrs flood,
And smiling Fauns compos'd a list'ning Throng.

Eva! new Fear disturbs my Soul,
With troubled Joy my Passions roul
Whilst full of the impetuous God:
Eva! spare, mighty *Liber*, spare,
Urge not the violent Rage too far:
Spare, *Liber*, dreadful with thy angry Rod:

Now boldly I can speak thy Praise,
Rehearse the stubborn *Thyades*,
Too fierce to bear the easie Yoke:
Thy streams of Wine, thy milky Spring,
And in repeated Numbers Sing
Distilling Honey from the melting Oak:

Thy happy Bride's refulgent Hairs,
That grace the Skies with brighter Stars;
What Fate the Impious *Theban* strook,
How Aunt and Mother strangely tore
The trampling Wolf, and rooting Bore;
And fierce *Lycurgus* falling by his Hook:

Indus and *Ganges* own thy sway,
And thee the barb'rous Seas obey;
You flush't o'er craggy Mountains lead,

O'er

O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Springs and Lakes
 The *Thracian* Rout, whilst harmless Snakes
 In innocent folds twine round each drunken Head

When impious Giants climb'd on high,
 And dar'd to storm thy Father's Sky;
 Thy single Hand secur'd his Crown:
 You, with a Lyon's dreadful Jaws
 And frightful Nails, retriev'd the Cause,
 Bold *Rhetus* quell'd, and sav'd the falling Throne

Tho' much more us'd to soft delight,
 Unfit, unable for a Fight
 You once were thought, and doom'd to ease
 Yet when your Heat and Virtue rose,
 What fury seiz'd your haughty Foes?
 How equally inclin'd to Wars and Peace?

When beauteous with your gawdy Horn
 You did from Hell's black Shades return,
 Thee *Cerberus* saw, and show'd the Way;
 He wag'd his Tail, grew wond'rous kind,
 He lickt thy Feet, he fawn'd and whin'd;
 Nor did one Grin an impious Rage betray:



O D E XX.

He promiseth himself Immortal Fame.

N O weak, no common Wing shall bear
My rising Body thro' the Air;
Now chang'd I upward go;
I'll grovel here on Earth no more,
More high than Envy's self can soar,
I leave Mortality and things below :

Not me, nor me, the meanly born,
Whom the proud Fools and haughty Scorn,
Not me shall Death controul:
Not I, whom you I know not what,
Mecenas, call, will yield to Fate :
Nor shall the *Strygian* Waves confine my Soul :

Rough Skin o'er both my Legs is spread,
And shining Feathers crown my Head;
Above I'm turn'd a Swan :
O'er both my Hands light Plumes do spring,
My Arm is chang'd into a Wing,
And now I move with greater Speed than Man:

On stronger, and on swifter Wing,
Than *Icarus* fled, I rise and sing;
A sounding Bird I soar:

I'll see the distant Northern Pole
 I'll see the Southern Billows roul,
 And spread my Wings o'er *Bosphorus* groaning Shore.

My Songs shall to the *Colchian* Ears,
 And *German* that conceals his fears
 Of *Roman* Troops, be known:
 The *Moors*, and in my numerous Verse
 The *Scythians* skill'd, shall Songs rehearse:
 The *Spaniard* too, and he that drinks the *Rhône*.

Mourn not, no friendly drops must fall,
 No sighs attend my Funeral,
 Those common Deaths may crave:
 Let no disgraceful Grief appear,
 Nor damp my Glory with a Tear:
 And spare the useless Honours of a Grave.

The End of the Second Book.



O D E S.

Book the Third.

O D E I.

*Not Wealth or Honour, but Peace and
Quietness makes a happy Life.*

BEgon, begun, I hate ye all,
Both you great Vulgar, and you small;
Nor Mysteries, Prophane, behold:
To Boys and Maids unstain'd with Crimes
The Muses Priest in Sacred Rhimes
With unknown Songs, and wondrous Truths unfold.

The awful Kings o'er Nations sway,
Their Subjects tremble and obey;
The Kings themselves are rul'd by Jove,

F

Who

Who broke the Giants Pride, and won
 Eternal Safety to his Throne,
 And by his pow'rful Nod doth all things move:

One Man doth larger Fields possess,
 One stands more fair for Offices,
 The drudging Darling of the Crowd;
 Whilst One his Manners, or his Friends,
 Or his Obsequious Train commends,
 And One in Fame is greater, or in Blood:

Yet equal Death doth strike at all,
 The haughty Great, and humble Small,
 She strikes with an impartial Hand;
 She shakes the vast capacious Urn,
 And each Man's Lot must take his turn;
 Thro' ev'ry Glass she presses equal Sand:

Whilst Swords hung o'er proud *Damocles*,
 Not all the Tyrant's Sweets could please:
 Not Musicks Airs could calm his Breast:
 The black remembrance of his Faults
 Still crowding back upon his Thoughts,
 Disturb'd and robb'd his troubled Soul of Rest.

But 'humble Quiet ne'er flies o'er
 The lowly Cottage of the Poor:
 The pleasing Shade and purling Streams

She loves to haunt, she loves the Plains,
 And cheers the Plough-man loos'd from Pains
 With still Security, and easy Dreams:

He that desires but what's enough
 Against the Force of Fate is Proof:
 Unstain'd he lives, and pure from Sin:
 Let violent Tempests break the Woods,
 And angry Whirlwinds toss the Floods;
 He still hath Quiet, and a Calm within.

Let Hail his rip'ning Olives beat,
 Or let them shrink with too much heat,
 His barren Field deceive his Hopes;
 Or let his naked Trees complain
 Of too much Drought, or too much Rain;
 Or Frost untimely nip his rising Crops:

Now still our stately Squares encrease,
 The Fish will find their Ocean less;
 The Moles thrown in extend the Shore;
 The Lord, grown weary of the Land,
 Now builds upon the Ocean's Sand;
 And scorns the Bounds that Nature fixt before.

But Fear, and Melancholly Cares attend,
 And where the Master climbs, ascend;
 They soon o'ertake his flying Mind:

Born on by the same nimble Gales,
 They press the Poop where-e'er he sails,
 And when he rides black Care sits close behind.

Well then, since neither Gold, nor Gain,
 Can Quiet bring, or Fears restrain;
 Since Purple bright as shining Stars
 Can ne'er dispel our Cloudy Cares;
 Since all the Spices of the East
 Can never calm our troubled Breast,
 Why should I madly Toyl to raise
 On envy'd Pillars Palaces?
 Why spend my Time, and waste my Health
 Why should I strive to change my Field,
 And those Delights my Farm can yield,
 For larger Lands, and more disturbing Wealth?

O D E II.

*Youth must be bred in Wars and Wars
 and taught to be Religious.*

LET Vig'rous Boys be train'd to bear
 The streights of Poverty in War;
 Be hardly bred, improve thy Force,
 And bravely gall the Parthian Horse;
 And let the Persians tremble at his Spear:

And let him live and lie Abroad,
'Midst Dangers, Slaughters, Fears, and Blood;
Be tost with all the Storms of Fate,
And harden'd up to prop the State;
His Country save, and rise into a God:

Him from their Walls, when fierce in War,
Let Tyrants Mothers view, and fear;
And let their Brides despairing sigh,
Ah may not my unskilful Spouse
That furious Lion madly rouse,
How fierce he drives, and how our Armies fly!

He nobly Bleeds, he bravely Dies,
That falls his Country's Sacrifice;
The flying Youth swift Fate o'ertakes,
It strikes them thro' the trembling Backs,
And runs too fast for nimble Cowardice.

Virtue, unlearn'd to bear the base
And shameful Baffle of Disgrace,
Nor takes nor quits the tottering Throne,
As fickle Crowds shall smile or frown;
Nor from their wav'ring Breath receives the Place:

True Virtue, that unbars the Sky
To those that are too brave to Die,

Thro' wondrous Ways doth upward go,
 Scorns the base Earth and Crowd below;
 And with a soaring Wing still mounts on high:

And just Rewards the Gods decree
 For fair, obedient Piety;
 Nor He that scorns or scoffs his God,
 Or blabs his Mysteries abroad,
 Shall live in the same House, or sail with me:

Oft Jove doth heedless Thunder throw,
 And mix the Good and Bad below:
 But lame Revenge still stalks behind,
 Do's slowly dodge the guilty Mind,
 And only stays to take the surer Blow.

ODE IV.

*To the Muses, acknowledging their Power
 and Kindness.*

DEscend, my Muse, compose a long,
 A pleasing, and a grateful Song,
 Or to the Pipe or sounding Flute
 Or gently move Apollo's Lute:

Do I hear? or Airy Frenzy cheat
My Mind, well pleas'd with the Deceit?
I seem to hear, I seem to move
And wander thro' the happy Grove
Where smooth Springs flow, and murm'ring Breezes
Wanton thro' the waving Trees:
Softly *Vultur's* rising Grounds,
Without my Nurse *Apulia's* Bounds,
When young, and tir'd with Sport and Play,
And bound with pleasing Sleep I lay,
Doves cover'd me with Myrtle Boughs,
And with soft Murmurs sweeten'd my Repose:
A Wonder this, and strange to all
That liv'd in fat *Ferenti's* Vale;
High *Acherontia*, *Bamine* Groves
Admir'd the kindness of the Doves:
'Twas strange that I 'midst Thorny Brakes,
Secure from Bears and creeping Snakes
Should lie so long; that Doves should spread
The Sacred Laurel round my Head,
And I a Child not fear the Woods,
The Care and Darling of the Gods:
Yours, Muses, yours, I live your Care
On *Sabine* Hills, or cold *Praneste's* Air:
Or whether watty *Baia* please,
Or wanton *Tibur* lulls me into ease:
Because your Springs, your Sport, and Grove
Are all the Objects of my Love;

When *Erutus* lost *Philippi's* Field,
 I safely fled, and scorn'd my Shield,
 'Twas Sin to Guard or to Defend
 By Mortal Arms the Muses Friend:
 By you the proud *Sicilian* Rock
 I brav'd, and scap'd the cursed Oak:
 Whilst you my feeble Ship shall guide,
 I'll singly stem the proudest Tide;
 I'll travel thro' the farthest East,
 Where never Mortal Foot hath prest;
Britain's Inhospitable Flood,
 And *Thracians* pleas'd with Horses Blood,
 On *Scythian* Sands I'll boldly tread,
 And stoutly see the quiver'd *Mede*:
 When *Cesar*, great as all our Hopes,
 In Towns hath hid his weary Troops,
 You cheer his Soul, you soften Cares,
 And ease the harsh fatigue of Wars:
 You, Kind, instruct him how to Live,
 Give good Advice, and Joy to give:
 We know, we know how mighty *Jove*
 (Whose guiding Nod rules all above,
 Who governs with an equal Hand
 The raging Sea, and quiet Land;
 Whose easy and Almighty Sway
 The Gods, and Ghosts, and all obey;)

With Thunder brook bold *Titans* down,
 And beat their fury from his Throne;

We know how impious Giants fell
From climbing Heav'n to deepest Hell:
That horrid Troop, those impious Bands,
Relying on their num'rous Hands,
Whilst they on Mountains climb'd on high
Spread no small Terror thro' the Sky;
And shady *Pelion*, rais'd above
The high *Olympus*, frighted *Jove*:
But how could Brawny *Mimas* rise,
How large *Porphyryon's* frightful size
Against the Thunder of the Skies?
Now bold *Typhaus* aim a Stroke,
Now impious *Encel* dart his Oak?
Too weak their Force, and soon repell'd
By Virgin *Pallas* sounding Shield:
Here *Vulcan* fought, a greedy God,
On that side Matron *Juno* stood;
And *Phæbus* there, a dreadful Foe,
Still arm'd with an unerring Bow:
Who loves to haunt the *Lycian* Woods,
And in the pure *Castalian* Floods
Wash his loose Looks; who Songs inspires,
And fills his Priests with pleasing Fires,
On *Patara* and *Delos* Fame
Bestows, and takes from both a Name.

Wash Force by its own weight must fall,
But Pious Strength will still prevail;

For such the Gods assist, and bless,
 But hate a mighty Wickedness.
 Proud *Gyges* proves this fatal Truth,
 And hot *Orion's* lawless Youth,
 E'en *Virgin Pallas* scarce could scape
 The Lustful Fury of a Rape;
 'Till her Bow reach'd him, whilst he strove
 With fiercer Darts than those of Love:
 The Earth, on her own Monster thrown,
 Now Mourns the Ruin of her Son,
 She grieves that her proud Children fell
 By Thunder strook to deepest Hell:
 Nor do hot *Etna's* Flames decay,
 Yet cannot eat the Load away:
 Hot *Tytius* Liver Vultures tear,
 They watch as soon as Parts appear,
 And seize them straight; the Doom was just,
 He punisht in the Seat of Lust;
 Wrath waits on Sin, three hundred Chains
Perithous bind in endless Pains.



ODE V. To AUGUSTUS.

Praising him for enlarging their Empire, and discommending Crassus's Soldiers, which draws on the Story of Regulus.

HIS Thund'ring proves that mighty *Jove*
 With wondrous Force rules all above,
 And now as mighty Actions show
 That *Cesar* is a God below;
 O'er *British* Shores our Empire's spread,
 Our Arms have reacht the haughty *Mede*:
 Could *Crassus* Soldiers lead their Lives,
 So meanly yoked to barb'rous Wives?
 Could they grow old (degenerate Race,
 Inverted Souls, and *Rome's* Disgrace?)
 In Hostile Arms, the *Mede* obey,
 And fight for a Barbarian's Pay?
 Forget their Rites, their Name, and Blood,
 Whilst *Jove* was safe, and *Rome* yet stood!
 Wise *Regulus* did this prevent,
 He scorn'd base Terms that *Carthage* sent,
 Nor would he e'er by his Advice
 Tempt future Age to Cowardice:

He

He knew that Virtue's Crowns would fade,
 Unless the Captive Youth were made
 Unpitty'd Preys to Barb'rous Foes,
 And bore the Slavery they chose.
 I saw, said He, our Eagles shine,
 And basely fill a Punick Shrine,
 With hanging Wings our Fears upbraid
 By which they were so soon betray'd:
 I saw how Coward Armies stood,
 And yield without a drop of Blood;
 I saw when they their Arms resign'd,
 Their Slavish Hands drawn back behind;
 I saw our Free-men bound led home,
 Bound Conquer'd Citizens of Rome!
 Their Gates unbar'd, they plough'd the Soyl
 Which Roman Troops did late'y spoil:
 Redeem'd perhaps, more free from fear
 More fierce they shall return to War,
 More bold, more careful of their Fame;
 You add new losses to your shame:
 Wool once infected with a stain
 Ne'er takes it's Native White again:
 And when true Virtue falls, it lies,
 Prest down, and never cares to rise:
 If trembling Does when freed from Snares
 Will fight, then He'll forget his Fears;
 Then He'll be stout, who basely chose
 To trust the Treachery of his Foes:

He, he no doubt, will brave appear,
And beat them in another War,
Whose Arms could ramily bear the Cords
And Whips of domineering Lords,
Who sold his precious Liberty
For meaner Life, and fear'd to Die:
Resolv'd for Life, he did not know
To which he should his Safety owe,
His *Roman* Courage or his Fear,
And mixt dishonest Peace and War;
Oh shame! Great *Carthage*! rais'd more high
On the Disgrace of *Italy*!
His Wife's chaste Kifs, his prating Boys,
The former Partners of his Joys,
Now grown a Slave, thrown down by Fate,
And lessen'd from his former State,
He shun'd; with Manly Modesty
On Earth he cast his stubborn Eye,
Whilst thus by strange Advice he fought,
And fix'd the wav'ring Senate's Vote;
Then thro' his weeping Friends he ran
In haste, a glorious banish'd Man:
What Cords and Wheels, what Racks and Chains,
What lingring Tortures for his Pains
The Barbarous Hangmen made, he knew;
And heightning Fame told more than true:
Yet he his Wife and Boys remov'd,
His hindring Friends, and all he lov'd,

And

And thro' the Crowd he made his way,
That wept, and beg'd a longer Stay;
As free as if when Term was done,
And Suits at end, he left the Town,
From Business and from Cares retreat
To the cool Pleasures of a Country Seat.

ODE VII. TO ASTERIA.

*He tells her that her absent Husband is
Constant, and adviseth her to have
care of her solliciting Neighbour.*

AND why does fair *Asteria* mourn?
And why despair of his Return?
The first Spring Winds shall thy dear Love restore,
Soft Gales shall waft the charming Youth,
Of constant and unshaken Truth,
With wealthy Lading to the Roman Shore:

He's driven to a distant Coast,
Whilst Winter binds the Floods with Frost;
Sleep grows a Stranger to his Eyes:
He mourns in melancholly Creeks,
Whilst falling Tears freeze on his Cheeks,
And lengthens out the lingring Night with Sighs.

While some from *Chloe* strive to move
And draw him to another Love;
They tell the Fury of her Flame;
They tell how melted in thy Fires
The miserable Maid expires,
And use all Arts that Treacherous Wit can frame:

They tell how *Phædra's* treach'rous Tears
Did urge believing *Præus* Fears,
And with what Lustful Heat she strove;
What Crimes she feign'd to hasten on
The Death of chaste *Bellerophon*,
And take sharp Vengeance for her slighted Love:

How near chaste *Peleus* reacht his Fate,
And felt the force of Woman's hate,
Whilst from *Hyppolite* he fled;
A thousand Tales, those Bawds to Vice,
They still force on him, to entice
Or fright him to despairing *Chloe's* Bed:

In vain, in vain, he hears no more
Than Rocks when Winds and Waters roar;
Nor owns the Conquest of her Eyes:
But, Fair, take heed, and guard your Heart,
And let not fond *Eunipe's* Art
Steal in, and your unguarded Soul surprize.

Tho'

Tho' none with equal Manly Force
 In *Mars* his Field can guide his Horse,
 Tho' none appears so brave in Arms;
 Tho' none with equal Art divides
 The headlong force of *Tiber's* Tides,
 Yet scorn the winning Beauty of his Charms:

Shut all your Doors at Evening's Shade,
 Nor when you hear a Serenade
 Look down with a regarding Eye:
 Although he vows, and mourns his Pains,
 And calls thee Cruel, and complains;
 Be cruel still, and more and more deny.

ODE VIII. To MECÆNAS.

*Whom he invites to an Entertainment
 which he made for joy of his deliverance
 from the falling Tree.*

WHAT I, a Batchelor, intend,
 My learned Lord, and noble Friend,
 In *Mars* his Calends you admire;
 What mean those Flowers that Crown my Hearth
 The Coals on green-turf Altars laid,
 Where in small Censers thankful Sweets expire:

To *Bacchus* pleasing Feasts I vow'd,
And a white Goat's attoning Blood,
When I had scap'd the falling Oak:
This day, as Years run round, a Feast
Shall pierce my Casks; and claim the best,
That long stor'd up hath drank digesting Smoak:

Drink, drink, let num'rous Cups extend
The Life of thy deliver'd Friend,
Cups large as thy extensive Joys:
Let watching Tapers chase the Night,
Till rising Morn restore the Light;
Let Mirth attend, and banish Strife and Noise.

Forget, forget thy publick Cares,
And take no thought for State-Affairs,
We hear the *German* Troops o'erthrown;
The *Medes* now hate their former Lords,
They fight, nor yet expect our Swords;
But sadly Conquer for us with their own:

Our ancient Foe, the Pride of *Spain*,
The fierce *Cantabrian* takes the chain,
Tho' late, at last he's forc'd to yield:
The *Parthians* fly, the *Scythians* now
Their Arrows break, unstring their Bow,
And are resolv'd to quit the fatal Field:

Neglect the various turns of State,
 The sports of Chance, or nods of Fate,
 Grown private watch not o'er Affairs;
 But smile, and eagerly receive
 The Goods the present time can give;
 And leave behind the Grave Fatigue of Cares.

O D E IX.

A Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

WHILST I was welcome to your Heart,
 In which no happier Youth had part,
 And full of more prevailing Charms
 Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms;
 I flourish'd richer, and more blest
 Than the great Monarch of the East.

Lydia.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
 Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
 Lydia the celebrated Name,
 The only Theme of Verse and Fame,
 I flourish'd more than she renown'd
 Whose Godlike Son our Rome did found.

Horace.

Me Chloe now, whom ev'ry Muse
 And ev'ry Grace adorn, subdues;

For whom I'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

Lydia.

The lovely *Calais* doth fire
With mutual flames of fierce Desire,
For whom I twice would die, to save
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

Horace.

What if our former Loves return,
And our first Fires again should burn,
Chloe's Banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

Lydia.

Who' he is shining as a Star,
Constant, and Kind as he is Fair;
Though light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would Live, would Die with thee

R. Duke.

O D E X.

*He tells Lyce that perhaps he shall not
always be able to endure her Scorn.*

DID *Lyce* Drink cold *Tanais* Flood,
A *Scythian's* Bride that fed on Blood,
Yet would you grieve to see the kind,

The

The constant *Horace* grasp the Floor,
 Extended by thy cruel Door,
 Expos'd to th' fury of the Native Wind.

Dost hear what Tempests beat thy Gate?
 How all rush on as arm'd with Fate?
 And how thy pleasing Groves are tost?
 With what severe and piercing Light
 The Moon and Stars now gild the Night,
 And glaze the scatter'd Snow with hoary Frost?

Thy haughty Pride and Scorn remove,
 Ingrate, and Enemy to Love;
 My passions Tide may ebb again :
 No *Scythian* Mother brought thee forth,
 And harden'd by the freezing North,
 That ardent Lovers thus should Court in vain.

If all my Prayers and Gifts are weak,
 Nor violent Paleness of my Cheek,
 The Lover's Livery, can move;
 If that thy Husband scorns thy Charms,
 And takes a Songstress to his Arms,
 Can ne'er provoke thee to my firmer Love;

O stiff as Oaks to warm Desire,
 Too hard to burn in my soft Fire,
 As fierce as Snakes on *Lybian* Shore;

Tho' now my patient Side can bear
Thy Door, the Rain, and piercing Air,
Yet time will come when 'twill endure no more.

O D E XI.

To Mercury, and his Shell, whom he desires to move Lyde, and tells the Story of Danaus's Daughters.

Sweet Mercury (for taught by you
The list'ning Stones *Amphion* drew)
And pleasing *Shell*, well skill'd to raise
From seven stretch'd Strings the sweetest Lays;
Once mute, but now a Friend to Feasts,
To cheer the Gods, and Rich-mens Guests,
Gay Tunes, as may provoke to hear
E'en *Lyde's* coy denying Ear.
He like a Colt frisks o'er the Plain,
A Rider hates, nor takes the Rein;
Unable yet to bear the Force
And strength of the obliging Horse:
You Tigers, you the listning Woods
Can draw, and stop the rapid Floods,
E'en *Cerberus* thy Force confest,
Well-pleas'd he lay, and lull'd in Rest,
Tho'

Tho' thousand hissing Serpents spread
 And guard around his horrid Head,
 And Gore foam'd round his ripple Tongue,
 He gently listen'd to thy Song:

Ixion, Tytius heard below,

And smil'd but with a gloomy Brow:

The leaky Tub awhile was dry,

And *Danaw's* Race stood idle by,

Whilst thy harmonious Tunes did please

They smil'd at their unusual Ease;

Begin sweet Lays, let *Lyde* hear

What Crimes they did, what Pains they bear,

Tell how their Tub can nought retain,

But still gives space for idle Pain;

How Vengeance comes, tho' moving slow,

And strikes the guilty Souls below:

They could (could Hell contrive a blacker Deed)

Their Husbands stab, and smile to see them bleed

But one more Worthy of the Name of Wife,

The hopes and end of every Virgin's Life,

Her perjur'd Father bravely disobey'd,

And lives thro' future Age a glorious Maid:

With Love and Pity in her Look

She wak'd her Spouse, and thus she spoke,

Fly, fly, lest Fate should seize thy Breath,

And Sleep be lengthned into Death:

Fly, fly, thy unexpected Fate,

My Sisters Rage, and Father's Hate,

Like Lionesses on a Steer
They grin, and tear, ah me! they tear:
More tender I'll not strike the Blow,
Nor keep thee for a fiercer Foe:
He let my Father load with Chains,
Join Wit and Cruelty in Pains:
He let him send to *Lybian* Shores,
Midst Poys'nous Snakes, and swarthy *Moors*,
Nor saving you, I'd gladly bear,
Nor show I'm Woman by a Tear:
Fly, fly, dear Partner of my Bed,
Whilst Night can hide, and *Venus* lead,
Fly, fly, let happy Omens wait,
And guide thee thorough gloomy Fate;
Remember me, and o'er my Grave
Write this in a complaining Epiraph.

O D E XII.

*He congratulates Neobule's Happiness,
who lov'd a deserving Man.*

TIS hard to be deny'd to prove
The soft Delights of pleasing Love,
Tis hard to be deny'd to play,
And with sweet Wines wash Cares away,

Still

Still to be tost with doubting Fear
 Lest angry Friends should prove severe,
 And with sharp Chidings wound our Ear.
 Young wanton *cupid's* Darts and Bow
 Have forc'd thy Spindle from thee now,
 Thy Wool, and all *Minerva's* Toils
 Are charming *Hebe's* Beauties Spoils;
 He lives thy Mind's continual Theme,
 And you can think on nought but him;
Hebe, a Youth of Manly force,
 None sits so well the manag'd Horse;
Bel'erophon would strive in vain
 To guide with so gentile a Rein;
 In all he shows a manly Grace,
 In Cuffing stout, and swift in Race,
 When his oil'd Arms have cut the Flood
 In swimming strong; he takes the Wood,
 Thro' Plains pursues the flying Doe,
 And shoots with an unerring Bow;
 Or else for Boars his Toils he sets,
 And takes them foaming in his Nets.

O D E XIII.

To his pleasant Fountains.

B *Lundusa's* Sping, more clear than Glass,
 That bubbles thro' the rising Grass:

Thee Wine should sweeten, Crowns adorn,
 But now a wanton Ridgling dies
 A Pious humble Sacrifice,
 Flowing Blood shall paint the rising Morn:

With budding Horns he dares to fight;
 His Fury hastens to Delight;
 Courage with Love together grows:
 In vain, in vain; his wanton Blood
 Shall surely stain thy cooler Flood,
 And pay the mighty Debt his Master owes:

The furious Dog-Star's burning Beams
 In vain attempt thy living Streams,
 In vain they strike thy Sacred Deep;
 You yield delightful liquid Snow
 To Oxen wearied with the Plow,
 And cool the thirsty Heat of wandring Sheep:

You rank'd shall be 'midst noble Springs,
 And high in Fame, while *Horace* sings,
 The shady *Beech* that rising grows
 Where, by great *Neptune's* Trident strook,
 A Passage opens thro' the Rock,
 And whence thy prattling Stream of Water flows.

ODE XIV.

He resolves to be merry at Cæsar's Return.

Cæsar, who like Alcides, Rome,
Did march to bring the Laurel home,
Bought with his Death; from distant Spain
Is now return'd in Peace again:

Let Cæsar's Queen, with One content,
With pious Thanks just Gods present;
His Sister too, as bright in Charms,
And great as Cæsar in his Arms:

And you whose Sons kind Fates restore,
With humble Modesty adore;

Ye smiling Maids, ye Girls and Boys,
And you that taste the Marriage Joys,
With Mirth salute our Conqu'ring Lord,
Nor drop one inauspicious Word.

This Day, to me a real Feast,
Black Cares shall banish from my Breast:
I'll fear no Tumults, fear no Pains,
Nor violent Death, whilst Cæsar Reigns:

Boy bring me Oyl, and Crowns prepare,
 And Wine that knew the *Marsian* War,
 If any Cask could hidden lye
 From wondring *Spartacus* his Eye:

Mid sweet *Neera* spread her Charms,
 And haste to fly into my Arms,
 But if the cursed Porter stay,
 And ask thee Questions; come away:

Now snowy Time hath cool'd my Rage,
 I am not eager to engage,
 But yet I know when I was wont
 To storm at such a rude Affront;
 Whilst Youth was warm, but Love is cold,
 And I can bear now I am old.

O D E XV.

He adviseth an old Woman to be modest.

THOU Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,
 Forbear, and toy in Love no more,
 Confine thy Lust and end thy Shame,
 Nor strive to blaze with dying Flame:
 Now near to Death that comes but slow,
 Now thou art stepping down below:
 Sport not amongst the Blooming Maids,
 But think on Ghosts, and empty Shades:

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What suits with *Phoebe* in her Bloom,
 Gray *Chloris* will not thee become,
 A Bed is different from a Tomb:
 Thy Daughter with a better Grace,
 Tho' Wrinkles plough her wither'd Face,
 Might burn, and rage, break young Men's Doors,
 And waste the Relicks of her Hours;
 Let *Nothus* Love force her to play
 Like wanton Kids i'th' Heat of *May*;
Lucerian Wool with Purple stain'd
 Not Harps become thy wither'd Hand,
 The Purple Rosy Crowns disgrace
 The Earthy Paleness of thy Face;
 And Drink until the Hoghead's dry,
 Then suck the Dreggs, no Blood will fly
 To thy pale Cheek, nor Softness to thy Eye.

O D E XVI.

All Things obey Gold.

A Tower of Brass, Gates strong and barr'd
 And watchful Dogs suspicious Guard,
 From creeping Night Adulterers,
 That sought imprison'd *Danae's* Bed,
 Might have secur'd one Maiden-Head;
 And freed the old *Acrisius* from his Fears:

But *Jove* and *Venus* soon betray'd
The jealous Guardian of the Maid,
They knew the way to take the hold;
They knew the Pass must open lye
To ev'ry Hand and ev'ry Eye,
When *Jove* himself was Bribe, and turn'd to Gold:

Gold loves to break through Gares and Barrs,
It is the Thunderbolt of Wars;
It flies thro' Walls and breaks a way:
By Gold the Argive *Augur* fell,
It taught the Children to rebel,
And made the Wife her fatal Lord betray:

When Engines, and when Arts do fail,
The golden Wedge can cleave the Wall;
Gold *Philip's* Rival Kings o'erthrew;
Rough Sea-men, stubborn as the Flood
And angry Seas that they have plow'd,
Bribes quickly snare, and easily subdue:

Care still attends encreasing Store,
And craving Appetite for more;
Mecenas, Honour of our Knights,
How justly was thy Friend afraid
To raise his too conspicuous Head,
And soar too lofty, and to envy'd Heights?

Those that do much themselves deny,
 Receive more Blessings from the Sky:
 I love a mean and safe Retreat;
 And naked now with haste retire
 To Humble Those who nought desire;
 And joy to leave the Party of the Great:

In my scorn'd Farm a greater Lord
 Than if my crouded Barns were stor'd
 With all the stout *Appulian* reaps;
 Than if to me *Pactolus* ran
 And roul'd in flowing Tides of Gain,
 Whilst I was poor amidst my mighty Heaps;

A purling Spring, a shady Grove,
 To raise my Song, and ease my Love,
 My Farm that ne'er deceives my Hopes,
 Make me seem happier to the Wife,
 Tho' not to base and vulgar Eyes,
 Than he that boasts his fruitful *Lyba's* Crops:

Tho' no *Calabrian* Bees do give
 Their grateful Tribute to my Hive,
 No Wines by Rich *Campania* sent
 In my Ignoble Casks ferment;
 No Flocks in *Gallick* Plains grow fat,
 Yet I am free from pinching Want,
 And beg'd I more, my Lord would grant;
 And to my Wishes equal my Estate:

But now more safe, and more securely blest
Than if my Hand grasp'd East and West :
He, that asks much, must still want more ;
Happy, to whom indulgent Heav'n
Enough, and sparingly hath giv'n,
And made his Mind proportion'd to his Store.

O D E XVII.

He adviseth his noble Friend Ælius Lamias to live merrily.

Great Sir, from ancient *Lanius* sprung,
As noble a Descent, as long ;
From him, the Spring, thy gen'rous Blood
In undisturbed Streams has flow'd ;
From him the *Lamias* took their Name,
And swell the Annals of our Fame,
Thy gen'rous Blood rowl'd nobly down
From him that fill'd the *Formian* Throne,
Where swoln with Rain swift *Liris* roars,
And washes fair *Marica's* Shores,
A Potent Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And measur'd out a wide Command)
To-morrow furious Winds shall spread
The troubled Shore with uselefs Weed,
And fill the Woods with scatter'd Leaves,
Unless the cawing Crow deceives,

The Crow that still foretells a Rain
 And Storm, and never caws in vain :
 Now Pile thy Wood whilst sound and dry,
 To-morrow Morn a Pig shall die,
 And Wine shall cheer thy Slaves and thee,
 From Country Toil, and Business free,
 And all enjoy a short-liv'd Liberty.

O D E XVIII. T O F A U N U S.

Whose Favour and Protection he desires

F*Aunus* that flying Nymphs pursues,
 And Courts as oft as they refuse,
 If yearly Ridglings stain thy Grove,
 If the large Bowl, the Friend of Love,
 Still flows with Wine; if Pray'rs invoke,
 And thy old Shrines with Odors smoke,
 Defend my Fields, and sunny Farm,
 And keep my tender Flocks from harm :
 O'er grassy Plains the wanton Flocks,
 The Village with their idle Ox,
 Sport o'er the Fields, all finely drest
 When cold *December* doth restore thy Feast :
 The Lambs midst rav'nous Wolves repose,
 The Wood to thee spreads rustick Boughs,
 The Ditcher, with his country Jug,
 Then smiles to Dance where once he dug.

O D E XIX.

A merry Ode to his Friend who was a Student.

HOW many Years divide
Old *Inachus* and *Codrus* Reign,
Who for his Country bravely dy'd,
You seek with mighty Pain,
These are the idle Labours of thy Brain.

Old *Æacus* you can derive from *Jove*,
And tell what mighty Kin he had above;
You all the *Trojan* Wars can write,
But never mind what Wine will cost,
Who make a Feast, and who invite,
And who a Fire prepares at Night
Now Winter spreads the Fields with hoary Frost.

A Glas! come fill me to the rising Moon,
To Midnight, and to Morning one;
We'll never part while the Stars shine;
Forget thy Books, those idle Dreams,
Fill round, three Bowls, or nine,
Are sober Jollity's Extreames.

He that th' uneven Muses loves,
With three times three his heat improves,

A staring Poet, rais'd by ev'ry Bowl;
 The sober Grace with th' naked two,
 Afraid of Brawls, but Three allow,
 And only cheer, but never heat the Soul:

I must be Mad, what means the Flute?
 Why hangs the Pipe and silent Lute?
 I hate a Niggard, quickly spread
 The sweetest Roses round my Head;
 Let *Lycus* hear the roaring Noise,
 And she the Neighbouring Miss
 That doth his feeble Love despise,
 And let them pine, and envy at our Joys:

'Thee Beauteous with thy bushy Hair,
 And like the brightest Evening Star
 Ripe *Chloe* seeks with warm desires;
 Whilst I a dull expecting Fop
 Still linger on with lazy hope,
 And slowly melt in *Glycera's* tormenting Fires.

O D E X X .

*He adviseth his Friend not to strive
 part a Lover and his Mistress.*

DO NOT see what Dangers must attend
 Thy Pious Duty to thy Friend;
 Tis hard to rob a Tygress of her Young:

Ah baffled, thou shalt soon retreat,
And midst the shame of a defeat
Unequal Foe confess her force too strong.
When she with Fury rais'd shall move
Thro' throngs of Youth that offer Love,
And strive to win her Heart; to seize the Fair;
Then shall we see who wins the Day,
And who shall seize the Beauteous Præy,
And in *Nearchus* have the greatest share:

Whilst you your winged Arrows draw,
She whets her Teeth, and spreads her Paw;
Whilst he that must bestow the Prize
Sits unconcern'd with gloting Eyes;
On all around his amorous Glances spread,
His perfum'd loose and wanton Hair
Permitting to the waving Air,
As sweet as *Nireus*, or as *Ganymed*.

O D E XXII.

He Dedicates his Pine to Diana.

KIND Guardian of my Hills and Grove,
Who thrice implor'd dost hear, and save
The teeming Women from the Grave,
Great here on Earth, in Hell, and great Above.

This

This Tree be thine, that long hath stood
 To shade my House; as Years roul round
 A Bore that aims a side-ways wound
 Shall Yearly stain the Trunk with offer'd Blood.

O D E XXIII.

*Innocence pleases Heaven more than
 Sacrifice.*

A Fat and costly Sacrifice
 Is not the welcom'st Tribute to the Skies,
 They're more delighted with the small expence
 Of Honesty and Innocence.

Let rustick *Phydile* prepare
 At each new Moon an humble Pray'r,
 And at her old *Penates* Shrine
 Pour one small bowl of Country Wine,
 And stain their Altars with a greedy Swine;
 No scorching Winds shall blast her Fruit,
 Her Corn be free from barren smut;
 Nor let her darling Children fear
 The shiv'ring Agues of the dying Year.

The Sacrifice *Albanian* Pastures feed,
 Or Snowy *Algidum's* cold Mountains breed

'Midst fruitful Oaks a pamper'd Beast,
Shall stain the Axes of the Priest:
But why should you profusely try
With slaughter'd Flocks to bribe the Sky,
Since Myrtle Crowns, and from the neighbouring
Few sprinkled drops shall please the God [Flood
More than whole Rivers of their offer'd Blood?
If with an unpolluted Hand,
Which neither Blood nor wicked Arts have stain'd,
A little Meal and Salt you bring,
Twill prove a more prevailing Offering
Than all the Spices of the Eastern King.

O D E XXIV.

*Nothing can secure a Man from Death,
and Covetousness is the Root of all Evil.*

THough you had all the Spice and Gold
Arabia sweats, and the rich Indies hold;
Tho' you extend your Palaces
O'er the Tyrrhene, and Pontick Seas;
When strong Necessity
Shall fix her Adamantine Hooks on thee,
When she shall drag away
The trembling melancholy Prey,
Nor all thy wealth shall save
Thy Mind from Fear, or Body from the Grave.

Happier the wandring *Scythians* live,
Who all their House in one small Waggon drive,
Where no unequal bounds

Do parcel out the Land in private Grounds,
The Corn grows freely for the common Good;
And when one Year their Fields they Plow'd,
They sit at Ease, whilst others toil,
And equal pains manure the publick Soil.

There all the Cups the Step-dames Hands present
To unsuspecting Heirs are innocent:

No Wife confiding on her Dow'r,
Or rich Gallant usurps her Husband's Fow'r;
None there a lawless sway pretends,
Her Portion is the virtue of her Friends,
And cautious Modesty

That closer draws the Marriage tie,
They fear to sin, or sinning doom'd to dye.

He that would prize his Country's good,
And stop the Issue of our Civil Blood;
He that would stand in Brass as fix'd as Fate,
Be nam'd the Father of the State;
Let him restrain this brutal Rage:
A glorious Man in future Age!

Since envious we despise
Virtue when present, when it flies
Stand and gaze after it with longing Eyes!

But sad Complaints are vain,
Vice only yields to Pain,
Her Sword strict Justice needs must draw,
And cut it off by necessary Law;
And what are Laws! State Pageantry!
Unless obey'd
With the same Rev'rence they were made,
Unless our Manners and the Rules agree!

The Merchants dare to cut the Line,
Where Beams still boil the Metal in the Mine,
Nor can the frigid Coast
That lyes bound up with lazy Frost,
Nor all the Snow and Northern Ice,
E'er cool the Sailer's flaming Avarice;
In feeble Ships they dare to ride
And boldly stem the highest Tide,
When scarce three Inches them and Death divide,
For Poverty, that great disgrace,
Still drives them on the vicious Races;
Whilst Virtue's Paths that lead on high
Untrod and unfrequented lie,
Few think it worth their while to climb the Sky.

To Jove's great Shrine let *Romans* bring
Their Wealth, a grateful Offering;
For those that thus their Treasures spend,
Just Blessings Crown, and joyful Shouts attend:

Or

Or in the Neighb'ring Flood
 Let's cast our Jewels and our Gold,
 For which we have our Virtue sold,
 Our Gold the dear-bought cause of all our Blood:
 Wealth, form'd near Hell, when here on Earth
 Brings up the cursed Region of its Birth.

If we repent, and hate the Crimes
 And Follies of our own and Father's times,
 We must root out the very Seeds of Sin,
 And plant new Virtue in;
 The Soil is soft, and if manur'd with care,
 And manly Arts, may bear
 A fruitful Crop, Virtue may sprout again,
 And with a vast encrease reward the Tiller's pain.

Our Nobles Sons with an unequal force
 Now scarce can sit the Manag'd Horse,
 They hate the Ring, nor dare to ride the Course:
 But Cards, unlawful Dice,
 And all the mysteries of Vice
 That Greece e'er taught, or Rome improv'd, ^(known)
 For these they nobler Deeds forego;
 These are their Arts, their chief delights,
 The Pleasures of their Days, and Study of their Nights.

Mean while their perjur'd Fathers cheat,
 Grow grey in base Oppression, and Deceit;

To their best Friends their Oaths are Snares,
Whilst at the vast Expence
Of Honesty and Innocence,
They heap up Wealth for their unworthy Heirs.
Their Stores encrease, and yet, I know not what,
Still they do something want, (grant,
Which neither Pains can get, nor Heav'n can
To swell their Narrow to a full Estate.

ODE XXVI.

*Now being grown Old, he bids farewell
to Love.*

ONCE I was gay, and great in Charms,
Success still waited on my Arms,
In *Venus* Battels bravely stout,
I fought, and conquer'd when I fought:
But now my Arms and wanton Lyre,
Whose Tunes could spread Harmonious Fire,
Whose moving strokes could soon impart
Soft Wishes to the tender Heart,
My Torches, Leavers, Darts and Bows
That broke the Doors that did oppose,
That did all Obstacles remove
Which hinder'd my pursuit of Love,
In *Venus* Shrine unheeded lie
With all my Love's Artillery:

Great

Great Goddess who o'er *Cyprus* reigns,
 And scorching *Memphis* burning Plains,
 Let coy and scornful *Chlœ* know
 The fury of thy *Cupid's* Bow;
 And let her smart for her disdain,
 Enflame her Breast, and I shall love again.

O D E XXVIII.

To Lyde, on Neptune's Festival.

WHAT should I do at *Neptune's* Feast,
 What better should my Thoughts employ
 What should I do but treat my Guest,
 And show the greatness of my Joy?
 Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; scorn sober Sense,
 My Bowl is strong, and that will make a weak defence
 Dost see how half the day is past?
 And yet as if wing'd Time would stay,
 You still the precious Minutes waste;
 And lead me on with slow delay.
 Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; to raise my flame,
 Old lusty Wine, and seal'd with *Bibulus's* Name
 I'll sing great *Neptune* bound by Rocks,
 I'll sing the *Nereids* Sea-green Hair;
 And how they sit, and spread their Locks
 To tempt the greedy Mariner:

You to your Harp *Latona* sing,
 And *Cynthia's* Arrows shot from an unerring String.

Both her who drawn by murm'ring Doves
 To *Paphos* guides with silken Strings,
 While *Cupids* wait, and wanton Loves
 Fan their warm Mother with their Wings:
 Just Songs and Thanks shall praise the Night,
 Lingring Long, and giving space for gay Delight.

ODE XXIX.

He invites Mæcenas to an Entertainment.

MY noble Lord of Royal Blood,
 That from the *Tuscan* Monarchs flow'd,
 I have a Cask ne'er pierc'd before;
 My Garlands wreath'd, my Crowns are made,
 My Roses pluck'd to grace thy Head;
 As fair and sweet as e'er *Progne* bore.

Make haste, my Lord, and break away
 From all the Shackles of delay,
 From watry *Tibur's* Fields retreat:
 Let not low *Æsula* delight,
 Nor let her Vales detain thy sight,
 Or Parricide *Telegenus* his Scar.

From

From thy disgusting Plenty fly,
Thy Palace leave that mounts on high
And hides her Head in bending Clouds;
Admire no more (but quickly come)
The Wealth, the Noise, and Smoak of Rome
That happy Mansion of our future Gods.

Changes have often pleas'd the Great,
And in a Cell a homely Treat;
But sweet and good, and cleanly dress'd,
Tho' no rich Hangings grace the Rooms,
Or Purple wrought in Tyrian Looms,
Have smooth'd a careful Brow, and calm'd a tur-
bled Breast.

The Dog's and Lion's fury rise,
With doubled Beams they scorch the Skies;
The Swains retire to mid-day Dreams:
The bleating Flocks avoid the Heat,
And to the Springs and Shades retreat;
And not one breath of Air curls o'er the Stream

Whilst you still watch the turns of Fate,
The careful Guardian of our State;
Intent on what the *Mede* prepares:
What leads the quiver'd *Persian* forth,
What moves the *Bastrian*, and the *North*,
Are the distracting Objects of thy Cares.

Future Events wise Providence

Hath hid in Night from humane Sense,

To narrow bounds our Search confin'd:

And laughs to see proud Mortals try

To fathom deep Eternity

With the short Line and Plummets of their Mind.

Those Joys the present Hours produce

Take thankfully, my Lord, and use;

All other things like Rivers flow,

In their own Channels thro' the Plain,

They fall into the *Tuscan* Main,

And bless the Country as they go:

When Rain hath rais'd the quiet Floods,

Whilst Neighb'ring Mountains all around

Are fill'd, and Eccho with the Sound,

They whirl the eaten Rocks and Woods,

And drown the growing Labours of the Plow.

He's Master of himself alone,

He lives, that makes each Day his own:

He lives that can distinctly say

is enough, for I have liv'd to Day:

Let *Jove* to-morrow smiling rise,

Or let dark Clouds spread o'er the Skies:

He cannot make the Pleasures void

Nor sower the Sweets I have enjoy'd,

Or call that back which winged hours have
born away.

Still

Still Fortune plays at fast and loose,
 And still maliciously jocose,
 Her cruel Sport she urges on;
 Now smiles on me, on me bestows,
 And then upon another throws
 Vast heaps of Wealth, and takes them back as soon

Whene'er she stays with what she brings
 I'm pleas'd, but when she shakes her Wings,
 I straight resign my just pretence;
 I give her back her fading Gold:
 My self I in my Virtue fold,
 And live content with Want, and Innocence.

When spreading Sails rough Tempests rear,
 I make no lamentable Prayer;
 I do not bargain with the Gods,
 Nor offer costly Sacrifice.
 To save my precious *Tyrian* Dyes
 From adding Riches to the greedy Floods.

E'en 'midst these Storms I'll safely ride,
 My Bark shall stem the highest Tide;
 Tho' Tempests rols, and th' Ocean raves,
Castor shall gather gentle Gales,
 And *Pollux* fill my spreading Sails,
 And bear me safe thro' the *Aegean* Waves.

O D E XXX.

He promiseth himself Eternity.

THIS finish'd; I have rais'd a Monument
More strong than Brass, and of a vast extent:
Higher than *Egypt's* stateliest Pyramid,
That costly Monument of Kingly Pride;
As high as Heav'n the Top, as Earth the Basis wide:
Which eating Showers, nor North-wind's feeble Blast,
Nor whirling Time, nor flight of Years can waste:
Whole *Horace* shall not die, his Songs shall save
The greatest Portion from the greedy Grave:
Still fresh I'll grow, still green in future Praise,
Still Time is lost, and *Rome* it self decays;
Still the Chief-Priest and silent Maid no more
Ascend the Capitol, and *Jove* adore:
Where violent *Ausid* rous'd thro' humble Plains,
And where scorch'd *Dannus* rul'd the lab'ring Swains,
There shall my Fame resound, there all shall cry
'twas I, the great from mean descent, 'twas I
That first did dare to bind the *Grecian* Song,
And unknown Numbers in the *Roman* Tongue:
These take thy Merits due, and proudly raise
Thy Head, and gladly Crown my Brows with Bays.

The End of the Third Book.

O D E S.

Book the Fourth.

ODE I. To VENUS.

1. *He is now grown old and unfit for Love.* 2. *Desires her to go and visit Young Paulus.* 3. *Yet he still thinks on his lovely Boy Ligurine.*

1. **L**ONG interrupted War
 Thou, *Venus*, dost again renew,
 And former Hate pursue;
 Oh spare, for Pity, *Venus*, spare.

I am not what I was
 In lovely *Cynera's* easie Reign,
 When Heat warm'd ev'ry Vein,
 And manly Beauty fill'd my Face.

Cease, *Queen* of soft Desires,
To bend my Mind grown stiff with Age,
And fifty Years engage
To crackle in thy wanton Fires.

But Youth and Beauty hear,
Go where their tender wishes call,
And let their Sighs prevail;
Go free young Virgins of their fear.

2. There is a Noble Game,
In *Paulus* House, go drive thy Doves,
And revel with thy Loves,
His Heart deserves thy choicest Flame:

For he is great in Charms,
The chiefest Honour of the Bar,
He'll make successful War,
And spread the Glory of thy Arms.

When he the lovely Smiles,
When he the happy Man shall prove,
And win by naked Love
His giving Rivals costly spoils;

Of Cedar grac'd with Gold,
A stately Pile shall proudly rise
As glorious as the Skies,
And thy blest Image gladly hold;

H

Before

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Before thee *thrice* a day
 With Incense sweet thy Shrine shall smoke,
 And Boys and Maids invoke,
 And dance, and praise thee as they pray;

In wanton order move,
 While Pipe, and Flute, and charming Lyre
 Compose the joyful Quire,
 And naked all, and fit for Love,

No Maids, no wanton Boys,
 No empty hopes of mutual Love,
 My feeble Passions move,
 Or quicken my dead Soul to Joys:

E'en Crowns and Wine displease,
 I cannot laugh and drink all Night,
 Old Age doth cramp Delight,
 And lead me down to lazy Ease:

3. But Ah! what's this, my Dear!
 Dear *Ligurine*, ah tell me why
 These drops forsake my Eye,
 And tender sighs fan ev'ry Tear.

Why doth my flowing Tongue
 In unbecoming silence fall?
 And why do sighs prevail,
 And in the midst surprize my Song?

Thee, thee, my lovely Boy,
 Now now I clasp, and now in Dreams
 Pursue o'er Fields, and Streams;
 Thee, thee, my Dear, my flying Joy:

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS JULUS.

I. *None can imitate Pindar.* 2. *Commends Antony, and proposes Cæsar's Actions as a fit Subject for his Muse.*

HE that to equal Pindar tries,
 With Waxen Wings he vainly flies
 Too near exalted Fame;
 And must expect a Fate like his
 Who fell, and gave the Sea a Name.

As violent Rivers, swoln with Rain,
 Break o'er the neighb'ring fruitful Plain
 With an impetuous Stream;
 So Pindar doth all Banks disdain,
 And overflows the highest Theme.

In all he doth deserve the Crown,
 Whether he rushes boldly on,
 And reels new Words along;
 Through lawless *Dytherambicks* thrown;
 Or Thunders in a looser Song:

Or Gods, or Gods next Kindred, Kings,
 In mighty Numbers mighty Things,
 Or valiant *Heroes* Names
 That kill'd the *Centaur*s, nobly sings,
 And quench'd the fierce *Chimera*'s flames.

Or praised him that swiftly rode,
 And Crown'd return'd almost a God
 From the *Olympian* Race;
 Or Verses on the Brave bestow'd,
 More sounding and more strong than Brass.

Or softly sings with pious grief
 A Youth snatch'd from his weeping Wife,
 And bears their Names on high,
 Their virtuous Manners pleasant Life,
 And doth forbid their Loves to dye.

The *Theban* Swan vast whirls of Air
 Thro' highest Regions swiftly bear
 When he designs to rise,
 When he his lofty Head doth rear
 And shoots it thro' the Cloudy Skies.

I like a *Bee* with Toil and Pain
 Fly humbly o'er the flowry Plain,
 And with a busie Tongue
 The little Sweets my Labours gain,
 I work at last into a Song.

2. But you shall sing in higher Strains
 What Conquests mighty *Cesar* gains,
 How great his Pomp appears,
 When justly Crown'd he leads in Chains
 The *German* Trophies of his Wars.

Greater than him no Age can know,
 Nor, if they would, the *Gods* bestow;
 No, they can bless no more
 If they their Bounty strove to show,
 And would the *Golden* Age restore:

Then thou shalt sing our feasting days,
 Our City's Joy, and publick Plays,
 At *Cesar's* wish'd return:
 Then thou shalt sing how strife decays,
 And Courts their peaceful Clients mourn.

And there if any patient Ear
 My *Muses* feeble Song will hear
 My Voice shall sound thro' *Rome*:
 Thee, *Sun*, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair;
 Thee, thee I'll praise, when *Cesar's* come.

As you, great *Poet*, march along,
 From ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue }
 A joyful sound shall move,
 To *Triumphe* be the Song,
 Whilst Incense smokes to Gods above:

Ten fair large Bulls, ten lusty Cows
 Must dye, to pay thy richer Vows;
 Of my small stock of Kine
 A Calf just wean'd, now Youthful grows
 In Pastures fat, to fall for mine:

Unus'd to push doth wildly run,
 And as the third-days rising Moon
 So bend his tender Horns;
 All over Red, but where alone
 A milky spot his front adorns.

ODE III. *To his Muse.*

*By her Favour he gets Immortal Re-
 putation.*

AT whose blest Birth propitious Rays
 The *Muses* shed, on whom they smile,
 No dusty *Isthmian* Game
 Shall stoutest of the Ring proclaim,
 Or to reward his Toil
 Wreath Ivy Crowns, or grace his Head with Bays.

Nor Victor, Laurel round his Brows,
 In an *Achean* Chariot ride:
 No glorious fears of War
 His happy Skill, and Arms declare,

When

When he hath broke the pride,
And baffled dreadful threats of haughty Foes,

But frightful *Tibur's* shady Groves,
Its pleasant Springs and purling Streams,
Shall raise a lasting Name,
And set him high in sounding Fame,
For *Lyric* Verse the noblest Themes,
Great as his Mind, and various as his Loves;

Rome Empress of the Nation's Writes,
Writes me amongst the *Lyric* Train;
And hence I Honour raise,
Immortal Love and lasting Praise
Secure from Fears, and Pain,
For sharp-tooth'd Envy now but faintly bites.

Sweet *Muse*, that tun'st the charming Lyre,
And draw'st soft Sounds from stubborn String,
That can'st the Envious please,
And soften Fury into Ease,
Teach silent Fish to sing,
And Tunes as sweet as dying Swans inspire,

'Tis thine, sweet *Muse*, thy Gift alone,
That as I walk all cry 'Tis he
That warms with *Lyric* Fire,
'Tis he that tunes the *Roman* Lyre;

And that I please, I own,
Suppose I please, I have it all from thee.

O D E V.

Great *Hero's* Son, *Rome's* gracious Lord,
How long shall we thy Absence mourn!
Thy promis'd self at last afford,
Rome's sacred Senate begs: Return.

Great Sir, restore your Country Light;
When your auspicious Beams arise,
Just as in Spring, the Sun's more bright,
And fairer Days smile o'er the Skies.

As tender Mothers wait their Sons
Whom Storms have tost above a Year,
And ev'ry nimble Day that runs
They load with Vows, and pious Fear:

They ne'er their Eyes from th' Shores remove,
Longing to see their Sons restor'd;
Thus *Rome*, inspir'd with Loyal Love,
Expects her great, her gracious Lord.

The Ox doth safely Pastures trace,
And fruitful *Ceres* fills our Plains,

The Merchant sails o'er quiet Seas,
And unstain'd Faith, and Virtue reigns.

No base Adult'ry stains our Race,
Strict Law hath tam'd that spotted Vice;
The Child can show his Father's Face;
Pain waits on Sin, and checks its rise.

Who doth the dreadful *Germans* fear,
The *Scythian* Rage, or *Parthian* Bow,
Or who the threatening *Spaniards* War,
Whilst *Cæsar* lives, and rules below?

In his own Hills each sets his Sun;
To Widow Elms he leads his Vine,
And chearful, when his Toils are done,
Invokes thee o'er a Glass of Wine:

To thee our Prayers and Wines do flow,
To thee the Author of our Peace,
As much as grateful *Greece* can show,
To *Castor*, or great *Hercules*:

Long may you live, your Days be fair,
Bestow long Feasts, and long Delight;
This is our sober Morning Prayer,
And these our drunken Vows at Night.

ODE VI.

To Apollo and Diana.

Great God, whom *Niobe's* Race did know
A sharp Revenger of a haughty Tongue,
Whom Lustful *Titus* wrong
Provok'd to draw his fatal Bow;
And stout *Achilles* found too great a Foe:

Tho' fierce in Arms, tho' *Thetis* Son,
Tho' Death did wait upon his Sword, and Fear
Attended on his Spear;
Tho' wretched *Troy* almost o'erthrown
Confest his force, he bow'd to thee alone.

Like Oaks which biting Axes wound,
Or Cypress tall which furious Storms divide,
He spread his Ruin wide:
He felt the fatal Dart, he groan'd
And hid his noble Head in *Trojan* Ground:

Not he in great *Minerva's* Horse
Had cheated *Troy*, and *Priam's* heedless Court,
Dissolv'd in Wine and Sport;
But hot, and deaf to all remorse,
Had fiercely storm'd our Walls with open force:

And when strong Fates had Troy o'ercome
 Too savage he, alas! with *Grecian* Flames
 Had burnt the breeding Dames,
 And in their Mothers burning Womb,
 Poor harmless Infants found an early Tomb:

But your kind Prayers, and *Venus* Face,
 Prevail'd on Fate, made angry *Juno* kind,
 And bent *Jove's* mighty Mind
 To grant a more auspicious place
 To raise a Town for great *Aeneas* Race:

Fain'd Artist on the *Muses* Lyre,
 That bath'st thy yellow Locks in *Zanthus* Flood,
 Sweet, smooch-fac'd charming God,
 Improve the Rage thou didst inspire,
 Encrease my heat and still preserve my Fires:

From *Phabus* all my Fancy came,
 'Twas *Phabus* first that taught me how to sing;
 And strike the speaking String;
 He Art inspir'd, he rais'd my Fame,
 Gave me the glory of a Poet's Name,

You noble Maids, and noble Boys,
 The chaste *Diana's* chiefest care below,
 whose dreadful Darts and Bow
 Fierce *Tygers* fear; observe my Voice,
 Observe the measures of the publick Joys;

Just Praises give *Latona's* Son;
 And sing the Moon with her encreasing Light
 The beauteous Queen of Night,
 Kind to our Fruits, and swift alone
 To turn the rapid Months, and whirl 'em down.

When Marriage Bands confine thy Love,
 Then boast, as Years brought round the Feast, I plaid
 The Tunes that *Horace* made;
 I sang his Verse; and this did prove
 A pleasing Tribute to the Gods above.

O D E VII.

To MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

The Spring coming on, from the Consideration of our frail State, he invites him to be merry.

THE Snows are gone, and Grass returns again
 New Leaves adorn the Widow Trees,
 The unswoln Streams their narrow Banks contain
 And softly roul to quiet Seas :

The decent *Nymphs* with smiling *Graces* join'd,
 Now naked dance i'th' open Air,
 They frolick, dance, nor do they fear the Wind
 That gently wantons thro' their Hair.

The nimble Hour that turns the circling Year,
And swiftly whirls the pleasing Day,
Forewarns thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care,
Nor cramp thy Life with long Delay:

The Spring the Winter, Summer wastes the Spring,
And Summer's Beauty's quickly lost,
When drunken *Autumn* spreads her drooping Wing,
And next cold Winter creeps in Frost.

The Moon, 'tis true, her Monthly Loss repairs,
She streight renews her borrow'd Light;
But when black Death hath turn'd our shining Years,
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we shall view the gloomy *Strygian* Shore,
And walk amongst the mighty Dead,
Where *Tullus*, where *Aeneas* went before,
We shall be Dust, and empty Shade:

Who knows if stubborn Fate will prove so kind,
And join to this another Day?
What e'er is for thy greedy Heir design'd,
Will slip his Hands, and fly away:

When thou art gone, and *Minos* Sentence read,
Torquatus there is no Return,
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,
Nor Goodness shall unseal the Urn:

For chaste *Hyppolytus Diana* strives,
 She strives, but ah! she strives in vain;
 Nor *Theseus* Care, and pious Force reprieves,
 Nor breaks his Dear *Perithous* Chain.

O D E VII.

TO MARCUS CENSORINUS.

*Verse is the best and most lasting Present
 that a Man can send his Friend.*

I Would be kind, I would bestow,
 Dear *Censurine*, on all I know,
 Plate, Statues, Brals prepar'd;
 Or Bowls the stoutest *Greeks* Reward:
 On you, my Friend, and half my Heart,
 Some curious Piece of noble Art;
 Could I the famous Works command
 Of *Scopa's* or *Parrhasius* Hand,
 One skill'd in Stone, and one in Paint,
 To frame a Man, or make a Saint:
 The Art declar'd the frame divine,
 And *God* appear'd in ev'ry Line.
 But I am poor, and your Estate
 Gives you all these, your Soul too great
 To want such Things; but You delight
 In noble Verse, and I can write;

In these I'm rich, can please a Friend,
And show the worth of what I send:
Not stately Pillars rais'd in Brass,
Nor Stones inscrib'd with publick Praise,
Tho' such new Heat and Vigour give,
And make the bury'd *Heroes* live;
The hasty flight, the wondrous Fall,
And threats thrown back on *Hannibal*,
Not impious *Carthage* bright in Flames,
His Praise, who came increas'd in Names
From conquer'd *Africk*, Virtues show
With half the Glory Verse can do:
If Books were dumb, what small Regard
Would Virtue meet, what mean Reward?
And who had *Rome's* great Founder known,
Tho' sprung from *Mars*, tho' *Ilia's* Son,
If envious Silence had with-held
His great Deserts, and Fame conceal'd?
From Shades below, and gloomy Night,
By Poet's Pow'r, and force of Wit,
Jacques freed, serenely reigns
A mighty King in happy Plains.
The *Muse* forbids great Worth to die;
On whom she will bestow the Sky:
Thus great *Alcides* carves the Feast
With *Jove* himself, a noble Guest:
Thus shining *Castor* kindly saves
A feeble Ship in roughest Waves:

And

And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
Our modest Vows, and speeds our Pray'rs.

ODE XII. To LOLLIVS.

*His Songs shall never die; and he is re-
solu'd to make his Friend Lolliv's
Name live for ever.*

VAIN Fear, to think those Words will die
Which born by *Ausid's* whirling Stream,
With unknown Art I first did try
In Lyric Numbers join'd
With charming Strings to bind,
And gently raise my noble Theme.

Tho' King in Verse great *Homer* reigns,
And doth Equality refuse;
Yet *Pindar* lives in lofty Strains,
Alcaus nobly charms,
The *Caen* Lyric warms
With grave *Stesichorus* stately Muse:

We read *Anacreon's* wanton Toys;
Whilst they our Passions gently move,
No Envy blasts, no Age destroys;
And *Sappho's* charming Lyre
Preserves her soft Desire,
And tunes our ravish'd Souls to Love.

Not only *Helen's* Heart was fir'd,
When basely careless of her Fame
The *Paris* Princely Train admir'd,

His Curls surprizing Grace,
His Dress, his Art, his Face,
And lewdly fed her lawless Flame.

Not *Tesceur* first drew fatal Bows;
Not *Troy* but once felt *Grecian* Rage;
Not only *Sthenelus* brav'd his Foes,
The great first-born of Fame,
That fought, and overcame,
And lives in Verse to future Age.

Not *Hector* first the Glory won
Of bravely spending Royal Blood
To guard his hopes, his darling Son;
Nor first profuse of Life
To save a Virtuous Wife,
And do his dying Country good.

Before that Age a thousand liv'd,
And sent surprizing Glories forth,
But none the silent Grave surviv'd;
In Night their Splendor's gone,
They fell, unmourn'd, unknown:
Because no Verse embalms their Worth.

What

What Worth doth lazy Sloth excel,
 If 'tis with-held from sounding Fame?
 Thy Glories I will loudly tell,
 And in immortal Verse
 Thy living Praise rehearse,
 Nor suffer Age to waste thy Name.

A gen'rous Mind, in Action bold,
 Wise in Debate, in Council grave.
 Too strong for all-attracting Gold:
 Let Fortune frown or smile,
 Thy Soul is constant still,
 In either State 'tis great and brave:

Not *Consul* only for one Year,
 But still the Chair as oft obtain'd
 As equal Justice rul'd the Bar,
 As oft as Crimes accus'd,
 And guilty Bribes refus'd
 With haughty Look she nobly reign'd:

Believe not those that Lands possess,
 And shining Heaps of useless Ore,
 The only Lords of Happiness,
 But rather those that know
 For what kind Fates bestow,
 And have the Art to use the Store:

That have the gen'rous Skill to bear
 The hated Weight of Poverty,
 Who more than Death will Baseness fear,
 Who nobly to defend
 Their Country or their Friend
 Embrace their Fate, and gladly die.

O D E X.

To Scornful LIGURINE.

*Age will come, Beauty waste, and then
 He will be sorry for his present Pride.*

A H lovely yet, and great in Charms,
 Ah coy, and flying from my Arms!

When an unlook'd-for Beard shall hide
 And scatter'd Hairs spread o'er thy Pride;

When all those wanton Curls shall fall,
 Thy Rosy Colour yield to Pale,

Thy Cheeks grow wan, thy Body pine,
 And leave a different *Ligurine*,

When thou shalt say, when-e'er the Glass
 Shall show thee quite another Face,

Ah whilst I was a vig'rous Boy,
 Why did I not this Mind enjoy!

Or since I now so freely burn,

Why won't my former Face return!

ODE XI. To PHILLIS.

*On Mecænas his Birth-Day, he invites
her to a Feast.*

I Keep some Casks of racy Wines
Full nine Years old; to Crown thy Hair
My Parsly grows; my Ivy twines,
To grace thy Head, and make Thee fair:

My Rooms well furnish'd Joy proclaim,
My Altar crown'd with sacred Wood
And *Vervine* chaff, expects her Lamb,
And thirsts to drink the promis'd Blood.

All Hands at work, my Boys and Maids
With busie Haste the Feast prepare,
My Torches raise their trembling Heads,
And roll dark Volumes thro' the Air:

But now to tell what Joys to Night
I call Thee to; I keep the *Ide*
That *April's* Month, the choice Delight
Of Sea-born *Venus*, doth divide:

A Day of Joy and Mirth appears,
And almost dearer than my own;

It shuts *Mecenas* former Years,
And brings another gently on:

That *Telephus* whom you desire,
A richer Maid and Beauty gains,
Young, Wanton, Gay, and full of Fire,
And holds him fast in pleasing Chains:

Burnt *Phaëton* checks hopes too high,
From Heav'n by dreadful Thunder thrown;
And *Pegasus* refus'd to fly
And threw his mortal Rider down:

Then *Phillis* stop thy rising Flame,
And all ambitious Thoughts remove,
'Tis Sin to hunt too great a Game,
And fly at an unequal Love:

Come, come, my last, my dearest Miss,
The last I can I must adore;
No Face shall e'er provoke a Kiss;
And other Beauty warm no more.

Come learn, my Dear, some pleasing Song,
Which you with a surprising Air
Might warble o'er your charming Tongue;
For Songs are good to lessen Care.

O D E XII. T O V I R G I L.

*He describes the Spring, and invites him
to Supper.*

THE soft Companions of the Spring
The gentle *Thracian* Gales
Spread o'er the Earth their flowry Wing,
And swell the greedy Merchant's Sails:

The Streams not swoln with melted Snow
In fair *Meander's* play,
To quiet Seas they smoothly flow,
And gently eat their easie way.

The Swallow with the Spring returns,
And as she builds her Nest,
Her murder'd *Itys* sadly mourns,
And sighs, and beats her troubled Breast.

The Swallow, *Athens* lasting shame,
For tho' her Cause was just,
Her Breast conceiv'd a lawless flame,
And ill reveng'd the Tyrant's Lust.

The Swain, whilst Flocks securely feed,
Sits down, and sweetly plays,

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He softly blows his Oaten Reed,
And pleaseth Pan with rural Lays:

The Season, *Virgil*, brings us Thirst;
And if you Mirth design
With noble Youths, bring Oyntment first,
And I'll provide thee racy Wine:

For one small Box of Oyntment brought
I will a Cask prepare,
'Tis strong to tame a lousy Thought,
Check hopes, and wash down bitter Care,

Now if you'll make a joyful Guest,
I'll not, as Nobles do,
Bear all the Charges of the Feast,
But must expect a share from you.

Think Life is short, forget thy Fears,
And eager thoughts of Gain,
Short Folly mix with graver Cares,
'Tis decent sometimes to be vain.



ODE XIII. TO LYCE.

*He insults over her now she is
grown old.*

THE Gods have heard, *Lyce*, the Gods have heard
The Gods have heard my Pray'r,
As I have wish'd, and you have fear'd,
You're old, yet would be counted fair:

You toy, you impudently drink, to raise
Your lazy dull Desire,
You strive to heighten to a blaze
With your cold Breath the dying fire.

In vain, 'tis all in vain, coy *Cupid* flies,
A better Seat he seeks,
In young soft *Chloe's* Face he lies,
And gently wantons in her Cheeks:

Coy he flies o'er dry Oaks, he scorns thy Face,
Because a furrow'd Brow
And hollow Eyes thy Form disgrace,
And o'er thy Head Age scatters Snow.

Nor can thy costly dress the Eastern Shore
With all the Gems it bears

Thy former lovely Youth restore,
Nor bring thee back thy scatter'd Years,

Those Years which the *Eternal* Wheel hath spun;
And drawn beyond thy Prime,
Thro' which swift Day hath nimbly run,
And shut in known Records of Time.

Where is that Beauty, where that charming Air,
That Shape, that Amorous Play,
Oh what hast thou of her! of Her!
Whose ev'ry Look did Love inspire,
Whose ev'ry breathing fann'd my fire,
And stole me from my self away!

To lovely *Cynera's* Face set next in Fame
For all that can surprize,
For all those Arts that raise a Flame,
And kindly feed it at our Eyes;

But hasty Fate cut charming *Cynera* short,
That Fate that now prepares
Old *Lyce*, old as Daws for sport,
And scorn as grievous as her Years.

When our hot Youths shall come, and laugh to see
The Torch that burnt before;
And kindled aged Lechery,
To Ashes fall'n, and warm no more.

ODE XIV. To AUGUSTUS.

*That his Deserts are much greater than
any Rewards Rome can bestow.*

HOW can the *Senate's*, how the *People's* call,
Tho' all with Gifts that swell with Honour
A lasting Monument prepare
To make thy Glory live,
And thy great Name thro' future Ages bear!

O greatest Prince the circling Sun can view!
Whom stout *Vindilici*, unlearn'd in fear,
From glorious Conquests lately knew
How great he is in War,
And felt that all that Fame had told was true.

Brave *Drusus* led thy conqu'ring Legions on,
And fierce *Genauus* a stubborn Nation broke;
The furious *Brenni's* force o'erthrown
Now gladly take the Yoke,
The Glory of their Slav'ry proudly own.

Strong Castles fixt on Mountains vastly high,
Almost as high as his aspiring Thought,
With a repeated Victory
Thrown down; he climb'd and fought
Where Fear or winged Hope scarce dar'd to fly

Next Elder *Nero* great in Arms appear'd,
 And *Rhati* fought; a fight for Gods to see,
 What Slaughters broke their Souls prepar'd
 For Death with Liberty,
 And led the Conqueror to high Reward.

As raging Winds with an imperuous Course,
 When stormy Stars assist, do toss the Flood,
 So fierce he breaks thro' armed force,
 Thro' Darts and Streams of Blood,
 And threatning Flames, he spurs his eager Horse:

As branched *Ausidus* doth Moles disdain,
 And thro' *Apulian* Fields doth whirl his Waves,
 When rais'd by Snow or swoln with Rain,
 Against his Banks he raves,
 And threatens Floods to all the fruitful Plain:

Thus *Claudius* violent did in Arms appear,
 No Bands, no barb'rous Troops his force could stay,
 The Front, the Body, and the Rear
 Secure he swept away,
 And o'er the Field he scatter'd dreadful War:

Whilst you your Forces, you your Counsel lent,
 What mortal Courage could his Arms oppose?
 When to his Aid your Gods you sent,
 He thunder'd on his Foes,
 And threw among them Slav'ry as he went.

172 *H O R A C E*'s BOOK IV

Since suppliant *Egypt* in her empty Throne
Receiv'd thee Lord, the Fates that strive to bless

Thy Title to the Empire own
By fifteen Years Success;
And still increase the Glory of thy Crown.

The fierce *Cantabrian*, not to be o'ercome
Before thy Arms, the *Indian* and the *Mede*,
The wandring *Scythians* lurk at home,
And thee they wisely dread;
O present Guard of *Italy* and *Rome*!

The Waves that beat the *British* monstrous Shore
Cold *Ister*, *Nile*, and *Tanais* rapid Stream,
Fierce *Spaniards* now rebel no more,
And *Gauls* that Death condemn
Lay down their Arms, and quietly adore.

O D E XV.

He praiseth Augustus.

W H E N I would sing of noble Fights,
Of lofty things in lofty Flights;
Kind *Phæbus* Harp my Temples strook,
The trembling Strings in Consort shook,
And answer'd to the Tunes he spoke:

Thy Ship is weak, he said, forbear,
And tempt not raging Seas too far.
Thy Age, great *Cesar*, gracious Lord,
Hath Plenty to our Fields restor'd:
Proud *Parthians* captive Arms resign
To Mighty *Jove's* and *Cesar's* Shrine.
Now noisie Wars and Tumults cease,
And *Janus* Temple's barr'd by Peace:
Wild Lust is bound in modest Chains,
And Licence feels just Order's Reins:
Strict Virtue rules, good Laws command;
And banish'd Sin forsakes the Land:
You all those gen'rous Arts renew,
By which our Infant Empire grew;
By which her Fame spread vastly wide,
And carry'd in Majestick Pride
From *East* to *West* serenely shone,
As far and glorious as the Sun.
Whilst *Cesar* Lives and Rules in Peace,
No Civil Wars shall break our Ease,
No Rage that fatal Swords prepares,
And hurries wretched Towns to Wars:
Not cruel *Getes* tho' bath'd in Blood,
Not those by *Tanais* faithless Flood,
Not those that drink *Danubius* Stream,
Shall glorious *Cesar's* Laws contemn:
We on our Feast, and working days,
Midst jovial Cups will gladly praise;

Our pious Wives, and prating Boys
Shall first the Gods with humble Voice,
And then with Pipes and sounding Verse
The Heroes noble Acts rehearse;
Anchises, Troy our Songs shall grace,
And brave *Aeneas*, *Venus* happy Race.

The End of the Fourth Book.



EPODES.

EPODE I.

MY Lord, my best, and dearest Friend,
The chiefest Bulwark of the State;
In tall *Liburnian* Ships defend
Great *Cesar's* Cause, and prop his Fate.

Before his Danger thrust your own:
But what shall he that breaths in you,
That scorns to live when you are gone,
What shall forsaken *Horace* do?

Shall I sit down and take my Ease?
But without you what Joys delight?
Or steel my Softness, stem the Seas,
Or bolder grow, and dare to fight?

Or shall I arm my feeble Breast,
And wait on you thro' *Alpine* Snow,
Or farthest Regions of the *West*,
Where *Cesar* bids the Valiant go?

You ask why thus I boldly press,
And what should feeble I do there,
My fear, *my Lord*, will be the less;
For Absence still increases fear.

Thus Birds on Wing are most affraid
That Snakes will come when they're away,
Tho' present they're too weak to aid,
And save the easy Callow Prey.

I would be stout, discard my Fears,
The greatest Dangers bravely prove,
And venture this or other Wars
In hopes, *my Lord*, to keep your Love.

But not to have more Oxen groan
Beneath my Plows, nor feed more Swains;
Nor yet as Heat or Cold comes on,
To drive my Sheep to other Plains:

Not to enlarge my Country Seat,
Or get vast heaps of shining Ore;
Your Bounty, Sir, hath made me great,
And furnish'd with sufficient Store.

I do not heaps of Gold desire,
To hide, and have no Heart to use,
As *Chremes* did; nor Wealth require,
On baser Lusts to be profuse.

E P O D E II.

*The Pleasures of a Country and re-
tir'd Life.*

H Appy the Man beyond pretence,
(Such was the State of Innocence)
That loose from Care, from Business free,
From griping Debts and Usury,
Contented in an humble Fate,
With his own Oxen ploughs his own Estate:
No early Trumpet breaks his Ease,
He doth not dread the angry Seas:
He flies the Bar, from Noise retreats,
And shuns the Nobles haughty Seats.
But Marriageable Vines he leads
To lusty Oaks, and kindly Weds:
Or carelessly in Vallies strays,
And smiles to see his Oxen graze:
He prunes his Vines, or grafts his Trees;
Or sheers his Sheep, or takes his Bees;
From Combs well prest his Honey flows,
Almost as sweet as his Repose:
Or when the mellow Autumn rears
His fruitful Head, he gathers Pears,
Or Purple Grapes, and these reward
With pleasing Gifts his Holy Guard;

Thee, *Sylvian*, and, *Priapus* thee
A Tribute fills from ev'ry Tree:
Now smiles beneath a Myrtle Shade
On flow'ry Banks supinely laid,
Whilst near his Head there creeps a Spring,
And the free Birds around him sing:
Or Fountains, with their murm'ring Streams,
Invite to short and easy Dreams:
Or when cold *Jove* hath turn'd the Year,
And Rain and Snow and Frost appear,
He takes his Hounds, strong Toils he sets,
And drives fierce Bores to secret Nets;
Or Springes lays in every Bush,
To take the Black-bird and the Thrush:
Or fearful Hare, or stranger Crane,
All sweet Rewards do cheer his Pain.
Who 'midst these pleasing Joys does bear
The num'rous ills of Love and Fear?
In Towns the Tyrant Passions reign,
And spread their Cares, but fly the Plain.
But if a Wife, more chaste than fair,
(Such as the ancient *Sabines* were,
Such as the Brown *Apulian* Dame,
Of mod'rate Face and honest Fame)
With equal Care, his Care shall meet,
And keep the House and Children sweet;
Against he comes provide a Fire;
As pure and warm as her Desire:

And

And with an honest chearful Smile
Receive him weary from his Toil:
Pen up her self, and Milk the Kine,
Then draw a Pot of Country Wine,
And streight with what her Fields afford
Doth furnish out an easy Board:
I would not change for all the State
And costly Trouble of the Great;
Their Oysters, Trouts, and all the store
Of Luxury would take no more;
Their Fish that catering Storms, to please
Their Palate, toss from Eastern Seas,
The Pheasant, Partridge, Quail and Teal
Would not go down, nor taste as well
As Olives pluck'd from laden Boughs,
Or Sorrel that in Pasture grows;
Or Mallows sweet, extreamly good
For Bodies bound, poor wholesome Food,
Or Lambkins kill'd a sheering Beast:
Or rescu'd from a greedy Beast:
Amidst these Dainties, Oh the vast Delight
To see fed Sheep come home at Night!
To hear the weary Oxen low,
And almost tir'd trail back the Plow!
To see my merry Clowns Carouse,
And swarm about my cleanly House!
This *Alphius* said, the fam'd, and known;
The griping Usurer of the Town,

Resolv'd to leave his Cares and Strife
 And quickly lead a Country Life;
 One Week he call'd his Mony in,
 The next he lent it out again.

EPODE III. To MECÆNAS.

*He shows his Dislike to an Onion that
 made him Sick.*

IF any, let's suppose so damn'd a Rage,
 Forget their Duty and their Age;
 And eager to enjoy the whole Estate,
 With impious Hands shall hasten Fate,
 And their old Fathers coming Death prevent,
 Let *Onions* be their Punishment.

O Reapers Stomachs! Ah! what Poison reigns,
 What secret Fire runs o'er my Veins?
 Hath Viper's Blood, or hath *Canidia's* Breath
 Blown o'er my Meat, and mingled Death?
 When *Jason* did *Medea's* Fancy move,
 And she fix'd on him for a Love,
 Before the rest, she gave him this to tame
 The fiery Bulls, and quench their Flame;
 By Presents dipt in this *Crensa* dy'd,
 And *Jason* mourn'd his promis'd Bride:
 Such furious heat as rages o'er my Veins
 Ne'er scorch'd the dry *Apulian* Plains,

Nor did the flaming Poys'nous Gift infect
With half such Heat *Alcides* Breast:
My merry Lord, if e'er you taste of this,
May ev'ry Maid deny a Kifs;
But stop her Mouth, cry foh! refuse Delight,
And ne'er lie near thee all the Night.

E P O D E IV.

To Vulteius Mena, a Freed-Man of
Pompey.

AS much as Lambs with Wolves agree,
So much, *base Sor*, do I with thee;
With *Spanish* Whips thy Sides are torn,
Thy Legs with heavy Shackles worn:
Tho' Fortune smiles and swells thy Mind,
It gilds, but cannot change the Kind:
Do'st see when thou with ruffling Gown
Do'st sweep the Mall, how many frown,
How each that views thee, screws his Face,
And justly scorns the gawdy As!
He lately whip'd at the Carts Tail,
The very Scandal of the Jayl,
Now vastly rich, a mighty Spark,
In Coach and Six flies o'er the Park:
At Plays he takes the Box, in spight
Of *Otho's* Law, a doughty Knight!

What

What Honour is't to free the Waves
 From *Pirates* Rage, and tame the *Slaves*,
 What Honour can attend the War
 Where *he* a *Captain* claims a share?

E P O D E V.

Against the Witch Canidia, where he discovers the Cruelty and Baseness of such Creatures.

BUT O whatever God dost fill the Sky,
 And rule the Earth and Men below,
 What means that Rout? And why
 Each *Fury* bends on me an angry Brow?

By all thy Brood, if e'er *Lucina* came
 To real Births, and eas'd thy Throws;
 By *Honour's* useless Name,
 By *Jove* that sees, and will revenge my Woes:

Why doth that Stepdame's Frown affright?
 That rage thy ghastly Form disgrace?
 A hunted *Tyger's* spight,
 And grinning fury sit upon thy Face?

Thus sadly spake the naked lovely Child,
 Which e'en a *Thracian's* Soul might move,
 Make raging *Fury* mild
 in a flinty Bosom kindle Love:

Canidia, Serpents wreath'd her shaggy Brow,
Appear'd, and these Commands she gave;
A Funeral Cypress Bough,
And a wild Fig-tree rooted from a Grave;

A Scritch-Owl's Feather, Eggs besmear'd with Blood
Of croaking Frogs, a Tyger's Paws,
A swelling angry Toad,
And Bones snatch'd from a hungry Bitche's Jaws:

Each pow'rful Herb that in *Iberia* springs
To raise strong Love, or Anger tame,
And all that *Colchos* brings,
Go mix, and burn them in a Magick Flame.

Whilst ready *Sagana* from beechen Cup
Pour'd *Stygian* Water o'er the Floors,
Her Hair an end stood up
Like Hedg-hogs Bristles, or a running Bore's:

But harden'd *Veja*, deaf to all remorse,
A little Grave had quickly made;
She rais'd her feeble force,
And joy'd to sweat and groan upon the Spade:

Where fix'd Chin-deep the poor unhappy Guest
By looking on his Meat must Dye,
Whilst they renew the Feast,
And he stands famish'd, feeding at his Eye:

That his dry Marrow, and his raging Heart,
When his weak Senses fail, may prove
Fit for their Magick Art,
And make Ingredients for a Cup of Love:

All thought that Lustful *Floria* too was one
That came to view the horrid sight,
She that can charm the Moon,
And force the Stars from their fix'd seats of Light:

Here fierce *Canidia* whilst her unpar'd Nail
She gnaw'd with an envenom'd Tooth,
Oh what did she conceal!
What horrid Words broke from her impious Mouth:

Thou Night, thou Moon, and all ye meaner Lights
That charm dull Mortals into sleep,
And when our sacred Rites
Are done, an undisturbed silence keep;

Assist me now with all your Strength and Rage,
That I might pay the Debts I owe,
Your greatest force engage
To wreak my spight on my unhappy Foe;

While cruel Beasts asleep in Woods are safe,
Let the *Saburran* Mastiffs bark,
('Twill make the Neighbours laugh)
At the old Leacher creeping in the Dark:

When fierce desire hath raging fury bred,
Then let him walk as Lusts perswade,
With Oyntment round his Head
As strong as e'er my skilful Hands have made:

Ah! what's the matter! where's the Power of Charms
Which fierce *Medea* once did prove,
When with these Conqu'ring Arms
She furiously reveng'd her injur'd Love!

When with a Garment lin'd with secret flame,
(What will not jealous Rage inspire?)
She burnt the lovely Dame,
And wrapt false *Jason's* youthful Bride in fire!

Ah! sure no pow'rful Herb hath scap'd my sight,
In shady Groves or purling Streams;
And yet He sleeps all Night,
No wanton Mifs disturbs him e'en in Dreams:

Ah! Ah, some Witch more skilful sets Thee free,
Unhappy *Venus*, doom'd to ill,
Thou shalt return to Me;
I'll force Thee back by an unusual Skill:

With unresisted Art I'll bind thy Soul,
No Charms shall then thy Mind restore;
I'll mix a stronger Bowl,
And urge Thee still as Thou dost scorn the more!

First Heav'n shall downward, Earth shall ^{upward}
And to the Center Stars retire; ^{(move}
E'er thou shalt cease to Love,
Or burn like Brimstone in a smoaky Fire:

The injur'd Boy inrag'd no longer strove
To soften them by mournful Pray'r,
And gentle Pity move,
But spoke these dying Words in deep Despair:

Poor Charms too weak to alter Human Fate,
And hinder Plagues from Rage Divine;
No Blood shall expiate
So solemn, and so great a Curse as mine.

When I am Dead, then I'll a Ghost by Night
With crooked Nails your Jaws invade,
At ev'ry turn affright;
For that's the force and fury of a Shade.

Then will I sit upon your fearful Breast,
And there my dreadful Watches keep;
Disturb approaching Rest,
And drive away the lazy Hand of Sleep.

Thro' every Street the Crowd in eager haste
Shall brain the ugly Hags with Stones,
And when Death comes at last, ^{(Bones}
The Crows shall scatter, Wolves shall break your

And this my Parents (ah they must survive
 And seek in vain, and mourn for me)
 Tho' many Years they grieve,
 Grown gray in Tears, shall live and smile to see.

E P O D E VI.

*Against Cassius Severus, a very scurrilous
 and abusive Rhymer.*

B Ase Coward Curr, when harmless Strangers come,
 You snarl and bark about the Room;
 But when a fierce and shagged Wolf appears,
 How soon you whine and hang your Ears!
 Come, make at me, if you resolve to Fight,
 For I have Teeth, and dare to Bite:
 The gen'rous Mastiff I of Noble Sense,
 The careful Shepherd's kind Defence;
 With Ears an-end thro' Snow and Frost pursue
 Whatever Beast I have in view: (shook
 When thou the Woods with frightful Sounds hast
 Thou leap'st for ev'ry little Brock:
 Take heed, take heed, to Rogues a deadly Foe,
 I'm still prepar'd to strike the Blow;
 As sharp as fierce *Archilochus* his Song
 Like *Hippanax* revenge a Wrong;
 If any Malice wounds my Fame, shall I
 Like a poor Child sit down and Cry?

E P O D E

EPODE VII.

*To his Citizens, that are ready to engage
in another Civil War.*

W Here, *Mad-men*, where? where, so averse to [Peace,
Your rusty Swords that slept in ease
Why drawn? What, hath not ev'ry Country flow'd
And ev'ry Sea with *Roman* Blood?
Not to pursue your angry Father's Hate,
And urge proud *Carthage* rival Fate,
Nor make the untouch'd *Britains* Slaves to *Rome*,
And lead them chain'd in Triumph home;
But what the *Parthians* often pray to view,
These Arms are now prepar'd to do:
Against your self, ah me! you raise them all,
And *Rome* by her own Hand must fall:
E'en Wolves are to more gentle Thoughts inclin'd,
And prey but on another kind:
What is it Madness, is it stupid Rage,
That doth the brutal Arms engage?
Or is it Sin? Speak, not one Word will come;
'Tis cruel Fate that urges *Rome*:
Since *Remus* fell about thy rising Walls
His loud tongu'd Blood for Vengeance calls;
The Issue then began, and still hath flow'd,
For Blood must be reveng'd with Blood.

EPODE IX. To MECÆNAS.

He wishes for the good News of Cæsar's Victory over Mark Antony, that they might be merry as formerly, when Sextus Pompejus was overthrown.

WHEN will the happy Morning come,
And bring the welcome News to Rome,
That I, my Lord, with you may dine,
And in your stately House
Full Bowls carouse,
Preserv'd for this expected Joy, of racy Wine!

Where Pipes shall join the speaking String,
And tuneful Voices gladly sing,
As you, my Lord, and I have done;
When Pompey turn'd his Head
And basely fled,
Confessing Cæsar's Fortune greater than his own:

His flaming Ships blaz'd o'er the Wave;
While flying by the Light they gave,
He left those Chains which faithless he
Had loos'd from servile Hands,
And threatned Bands,
To happy Rome, by Cæsar's Will, and Nature free:

A *Roman* (who will Credit give,
 What future Age this Truth receive?)
 Turn'd Woman's Slave, with servile Hands
 A common Soldier bears
 The Drudgery of Wars,
 And can endure her wither'd *Eunuchs* base Commands

Amidst the Arms, dishonest Sight!
 The Sun that view'd withdrew the Light,
 As once at curst *Thyestes* Feast;
 As 'twere ashamed to see
 The *Canopy*,
 And the great *Roman* lolling on a *Woman's* Breast.

Iō Triumphe, break delay,
 Why doth the golden Chariot stay?
 And not the promis'd Oxen fall?
 Iō Triumphe bring
 The greatest King,
 The common Good, the Comfort, and the Joy of all

Jugurtha's Wars, and noble Toils
 Ne'er show'd his Equal grac'd with Spoils;
 Nor conquer'd *Africk* sent to *Rome*,
 Altho' his lasting Name
 Is great in Fame,
 And ruin'd *Carthage* lies to make his noble Tomb

Where will the conquer'd *Roman* fly
 From *Cæsar's* Hand, and *Cæsar's* Eye?
 What will the conquer'd *Roman* do?

What Winds, what servile Gales
 Will swell his Sails,
 That on his Master *Cæsar's* may so freely blow?

More Bowls and larger Bowls, my Boy,
 As large as my extensive Joy,
 Let Mirth advance my good design:

'Tis sweet to ease my Cares
 For *Cæsar's* Wars,
 And drown all Melancholly Thoughts in noble Wine.

E P O D E X.

*He wishes Mævius the Poet may be
 Shipwrack'd.*

THAT cursed Ship that stinking *Mævius* bore
 With an ill Omen left the Shore;

South-wind, besure you raise the swelling Tides,
 And stoutly beat her feeble Sides;

You East-wind turn the Sea and break the Oars,
 And whirl her Sails to distant Shoars;

The North-wind Rage as when he rears the Woods
 On lofty Hills, and rofs the Floods:

No Friendly Star shine through the cloudy Night,
 But sad *Orion's* wat'ry Light: Hah!

Ha! let him now no smoother Waves enjoy
 Than those that toss'd the *Greeks* from Troy,
 When *Pallas* harred from the flaming Town
 On wicked *Ajax* Ship was thrown.
 Hah! Hah! what Sweat shall from thy Seamen flow
 And what Death-pale spread o'er thy Brow!
 What Woman's Cries, and what unmanly Tears,
 What Vows to *Jove's* relentless Ears!
 When South-winds rattling o'er th' *Ionian* Tide
 Shall beat thy Ship, and break her Side,
 Then if I see thee spread a dainty Dish
 To hungry Fowl, and greedy Fish,
 A Goat and Lamb shall then my Vows perform,
 And both shall die to thank the Storm.

EPODE XI. To PETTIUS

Love hinders him from writing any more

AH I have lost my old Delight,
 No Muse can now my Fancy move,
 My Rhimes displease, I hate to write,
 Now I am very deep in Love:

Love that doth still my Heart surprize,
 And single me from constant Game,
 From Boys and Maidens charming Eyes,
 He thro' my Marrow scatters Flame.

Three stormy Winters now have shook
The leavy Honour from the Tree,
Since I disdain'd *Inachia's* Yoke,
And dar'd to set my Passion free.

What a Town-talk then was I,
How Fops did wanton with my Fame,
And (when I think on't how I die)
All ridicul'd my foolish Flame!

How it grates to mind the Feasts
Where thoughtful Silence seem'd to prove,
And a deep Sigh would tell the Guests
That Poet *Horace* was in Love!

When Wine unlock'd my easie Soul,
How often I with Sighs have told,
The poor Man's Wit could not controul
The giving Rival's mighty Gold!

Yet, Faith, if vext, my Rage will rise,
And when these hated Chains are broke,
I'll leave these dull Complaints, be wise,
And scorn to take another Yoke.

Yet after this was stoutly said,
And *Constant* I resolv'd to hate;
My heedless Feet my Mind betray'd,
And brought me to the usual Gate:

That cruel Gate, and us'd to scorn,
 Where I have lain, and lain deny'd;
 Where I whole tedious Nights have born,
 And craz'd my Health, and bruis'd my Side.

Lyciscus now, of greater Charms
 Than all that grace proud Woman-kind,
 Doth gently force me to his Arms;
 With pleasing Bands he draws my Mind:

And now let my free Friends advise,
 Or let them blame; 'tis all in vain,
 Too feeble they to break the Ties,
 When Love and Beauty make the Chain.

Of Freedom I must still despair,
 Unless some Maid, or lovely Boy,
 With killing Looks, and charming Hair,
 Shall draw me to another Joy.

E P O D E XIII.

*He adviseth his Friends to pass their
 time merrily.*

DARK Clouds have thicken'd all the Sky,
 And *Jove* descends in Rain;
 With frightful Noise rough Storms do fly
 Thro' Seas, and Woods, and humble Plain.

My noble Friends, the Day persuades,
Come, come, let's use the Day;
Whilst we are strong, e'er Age invades,
Let Mirth our coming Years delay:

Put briskly round the noble Wine,
And leave the rest to Fate,
Fate, chance, will make the Evening shine,
And bring it to a clearer State:

Now, now your fragrant Odors spread,
Your merry Harps prepare;
'Tis time to cleanse my aking Head,
And purge my drooping Thoughts from Care,

Thus Chiron sang in lofty Strain,
And taught Achilles Youth;
Great Thetis Son, the Pride of Man,
Observe, I tell thee fatal Truth:

Thee, thee for Troy the Gods design
Where Simois Streams do play,
Scamander's thro' the Vallies twine,
And softly eat their easie Way:

And there thy Thread of Life must end
Drawn o'er the Trojan Plain,
In vain her Waves shall Thetis send
To bear thee back to Greece again.

Therefore, great Son, my Précepts hear;
 Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,
 And merry Talk, divert thy Care,
 And make Life pleasant, since 'tis short.

EPODE XIV. To ME CÆNAS.

Love hinders him from making the Iambicks which he had so often promis'd.

YOU ask, *My Lord*, why lazy Sloth hath spread
 A dark Oblivion o'er my Head,
 As I had drank forgetful *Lethe's* Stream;
 And this is your continual Theme;
 This the Complaint I am condemn'd to hear,
 Like Death it pierces thro' my Ear:
 A God forbids me, (ah! a cruel God,
 Regardless, Sir, of what I vow'd)
 To other things my easie Mind he drew)
 To finish what I promis'd you:
 Thus soft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
 And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd:
 He to his Harp did various Grief rehearse,
 And wept in an unpolish'd Verse:
 E'en you, Sir, love, but if no brighter Flame
 Burnt *Troy*, cares thy lovely Dame:
 By *Phryne*, ah! thy *Horace* is undone,
 False, fair, and not content with one.

EPODE XV. To NÆRA.

He complains of Breach of Promise.

T WAS Mid-night, and the rising Moon
 Amongst the lesser Stars serenely shone,
 When you, the false, the perjur'd you,
 Devoutly swore you would be always true.
 Scarce half so close doth Ivy twine
 Round Oaks, as you did then your Arms in mine:
 As long as Wolves pursue the Sheep,
 As long as Winter Storms shall toss the Deep:
 As long as wanton Gales shall move
Apello's Locks, so long should be your Love.
 Perjur'd *Næra*, false as Hell,
 Yet fair as Heav'n, and ah belov'd too well,
 How shalt thou mourn at my Disdain!
 For sure if *Horace* be but half a Man,
 He'll scorn to bear repeated Slights,
 Nor tamely see his Rival's happy Nights;
 But with an equal Flame pursue
 A Face as fair, but not so false as you.
 And know when I begin to hate,
 I'll ne'er be kind, I am as fixt as Fate:
 And thou, the blest, whoe'er thou art
 The fancy'd happy Master of her Heart;
 That dost thy Conquests proudly boast,
 And triumph'st in the Spoils that I have lost,

Tho' thou art rich as Misers Dreams,
 And tho' *Pallolus* brought thee all his Streams,
 Tho' fam'd *Pythagoras* Arts be thine,
 Thy Face more fair than *Nireas*'s, half divine;
 Yet thou shalt mourn to find that she
 Doth prove as false as once to me,
 And then 'twill be my turn to laugh at Thee.

E P O D E XVI.

To the People of Rome.

*He adviseth them to leave the Town, which
 he thinks doom'd to Civil Wars.*

NOW Civil Wars do waste another Age,
 And Rome must fall by her own Rage:
 What neighbouring *Marsi* with an envious Hand,
 What threatening *Porſen's* *Thoſcan* Band,
 Fierce *Spartacus*, and *Capua's* rival Fate,
 The Force of all the *German* State;
 What in unsettled times the faithleſs *Gaul*,
 The Mother-hated *Hannibal*,
 Could not deſtroy. We, we, an impious Brood,
 Devoted ſtill, and doom'd to Blood,
 Shall ruin now by force of Civil Wars,
 And leave our Towns to Wolves and Bears:
 Ah me! the barbarous Horſe with ſounding Feet
 Shall tread our Graves, and beat our Street,

And madly scatter, Oh too proud! unjust!
 Rome's glorious Founder's quiet Dust!
 Perhaps the most, or better part would know,
 What way to shun the falling Blow!
 I like that way the *Phocians* once have gone;
 They all forsook their cursed Town,
 And did their Lands, their Fields and Shrines restore
 To ravenous Wolf and angry Bore:
 Let's go, let's go, and seek a place to live,
 Where Chance directs, or Wind shall drive:
 Agreed? Or does some better Course appear?
 Come let's imbark, the *Omen's* fair:
 But first let's swear we'll then return again,
 When Rocks shall float upon the Main,
 When lowly *Po* shall pour his Crystal Urn,
 O'er *Alpine* Tops, then we'll return;
 When *Appennine* runs out, and cuts the Floods,
 When nimble *Dolphins* graze in Woods, (joyn,
 When wondrous Lust strange kinds shall strangely
 Fierce *Tygers* leap the willing Kine,
 The fearless Does shall court the Lyon's Love,
 And cruel Hawks gallant the Dove:
 When Goats grown smooth shall leave the flowry Plain
 And dive and wanton in the Main:
 To this, and such as cut off sweet Return
 When we have all devoutly sworn,
 Let's go, Curs'd Town, but let the soft and base,
 Still stick to their unhappy place:

You Men of Worth unmanly Grief give o'er,
 And nimbly pass the *Thuscan* Shore,
 The Ocean waits, and in smooth Calmness smiles,
 Let's go and seek the happy Isles,
 Where Fields untill'd a Yearly Harvest bear,
 And Vines undress'd bloom all the Year:
 Where Olives ne'er the Farmers hopes do mock,
 And ripe Figs grace their proper Stock:
 There Honey flows from Oaks, from lofty Hills
 With murmuring pace the Fountain trills,
 There Goats uncull'd return from fruitful Vales,
 And bring stretch'd Duggs to fill the Pails:
 No Bear grins round the Fold, no Lambs he shakes;
 No Field swells there with pois'nous Snakes:
 More we shall wonder on the happy Plain;
 The Warty *East* descends in Rain,
 Yet so as to refresh, not drown the Fields,
 The temperate *Glebe* full Harvest yields;
 No heat annoys, the Ruler of the Gods
 From Plagues secures these blest Abodes:
 Here *Jason* never fix'd swift *Argos* Oars,
 Nor base *Medea* touch'd these Shores;
 Ne'er *Cadmus* came when forc'd by angry Fates,
 Nor stout *Ulysses* weary Matè's:
 No Rot here Reigns, no Star here taints the Meads,
 And pois'nous Heat unkindly sheds;
 When *Jove* allay'd the Golden Age with Brass,
 For Pious Men he kept this Place:

Now Iron hardens the old *Brazen Age*,
 And Fraud grows up, and Wars, and Rage,
 And every Ill, I press a quick Retreat,
 And show the good, the happy Seat.

EPODE XVII. To CANIDIA.

*He confesseth Her Magick Power, and
 begs Pardon for abusing Her.*

NOW, now thy Pow'r I Conquer'd own,
 And humbly beg by *Pluto's Throne*,
 Pow'rs below, by *Proserpine*,
 By fierce *Diana's* angry Shrine,
 By all those Charms that can remove
 And call down Stars from Seats above,
 Recall thy Stroke, thy Charms forbear,
 Spare me at last, *Canidia*, spare:
Achilles, *Teleph* nobly spar'd,
 Tho' with his *Myssian* Bands he Warr'd:
 Tho' boldly he oppos'd his Fate,
 And buoy'd the sinking *Trojan State*:
 Out *Hector* doom'd to Beasts a Prey
 The *Trojan* Matrons bore away,
 When *Priam* 'midst the *Grecian Fleet*
 And fall'n at proud *Achilles Feet*:
 Circe's leave *Ulysses Men*
 Receiv'd their former Shapes again;

K 5

Their

Their Limbs, their Minds and Voice restor'd,
They spoke, not grunted to their Lord:
Enough, enough hath vext my Soul,
O Tar's and Tinker's lovely Trull!
My Youth, my rosy Cheeks are gone,
And left pale Skin stretch'd o'er the Bone:
My Head grows white, it feels thy Bane,
No Ease doth lay me down from Pain;
Days urge the Nights, and Nights the Days,
Yet my swoln Heart can find no Ease:
Now I'm convinc'd, 'tis now confest
Thy force hath reach'd my troubled Breast:
Now I'm convinc'd by wondrous Harms
My Head is split with Magick Charms:
My slow Belief I sadly mourn;
What more? O Earth, O Floods, I burn!
Not half the Heat *Alcides* bore
When fir'd by *Nessus* Poys'nous Gore:
Not half the Heat in *Aetna* Reigns,
That Scorches o'er my boyling Veins:
Yet still you heat 'till I'm calcin'd
To Dust, and scatter'd by the Wind:
What end of Pain? What hope for Ease?
Speak, Speak, I'll suffer what you please
I'm eager to avoid my Fate,
And satisfie at any rate;
A hundred Bulls shall pay their Blood,
Or Lying Verse proclaim thee Good;

Chaste, Modest, Just, thou shalt appear,
 And walk 'midst Stars a glorious Star:
 Great *Castor*, vex'd at *Helen's* wrong,
 With Blindness pay'd the railing Song;
 Yet Pray'rs prevail'd, he heard his Cries,
 And soon restor'd the Poet's Eyes:
 And now forget my curst Offence,
 Restore (thou canst) my perish'd Sense,
 O nobly Born and nobly Bred,
 Thou ne'er hadst Skill to raise the Dead,
 Unbind the poor Man's quiet Urn,
 Or make his shiv'ring Soul return;
 Nor scatter Ashes o'er a Tomb;
 As chaste as fruitful is thy Womb,
 And e'er thy Child-bed Cloaths are clean,
 Strange Breeder, thou art well again.

CANIDIA's Answer.

I'M Deaf, I'm Deaf, thou beg'st in vain;
 A Rocks beaten by the raging Main,
 Not half so Deaf, will sooner hear
 The naked sinking Mariner:
 Could'st thou *Corytto's* Rites reprove,
 Disclose my Mysteries of Love,
 Could Censuring you my Tricks proclaim,
 And fill the Country with my Fame?
 At all my Arts prophanely laugh,
 Yet dare to fancy to be safe?

In vain thou shalt, in vain enrich
With precious Gifts the famous Witch;
In vain strong Drugs and Charms require;
Fate shall be slow to thy Desire:
Wretch, hated Life shall still remain,
That thou might'st bear new racks of Pain:
False *Tantalus* doth beg for Rest,
Deluded by the hanging Feast.
Condemn'd the griping *Vultur's* Prey,
Prometheus begs a dying Day:
Poor *Sisyphus* would fix his Stone,
But *Jove* forbids it to be done.
Now thou from Tow'rs shalt madly fall,
Now run thy Head against a Wall;
And tir'd at last with squeamish Pain
Shalt tye the Noose, but tye in vain:
Then on thy Neck I'll bravely ride,
And make thee bend beneath my Pride:
Shall I that can, when-e'er I please,
Waste Men by waxen Images?
Shall I that can, as thou hast known,
(Curst prying thou!) Eclipse the Moon,
Draw down the Stars from Seats' above
And mix a furious Draught of Love,
Shall pow'rful I now grieve to see
My Force too weak to baffle thee?

The End of the Epodes.

SATYRS

SATYRS.

BOOK I.

The Heads of the First Satyr.

Against the general Discontent of Mankind, none being content with his own Condition, still thinking his Neighbour happier, and yet won'd refuse to change with him, 2. Against Covetousness. 3. That the Covetous Man is the most Discontented.

WHence comes, my Lord, this general
 Discontent ?
 Why All dislike the State that Chance hath sent,
 Or their own Choice procur'd? Why All repent?
 The weary Soldier now grown old in Wars,
 With bleeding Eyes surveys his Wounds and Scars;
Curse

Curse that e'er I the Trade of War began,

Ah me! the Merchant is a happy Man.

The Merchant, when the Waves and Winds are high,
Cries, Happy, happy Men at Arms; for why,
You fight, and streight comes Death, or joyful
Victory.

The Lawyer that's disturb'd before 'tis Light
By restless Clients, or that wakes all Night,
Grows sick; and when he finds his Rest is gone,
Cries, Happy Farmers that can sleep till Noon.

The weary Client thinks the Lawyer 'blest,
And craves a City Life, for that's the best.

So many Instances in ev'ry State,

That mourn their own, but praise their Neigh-
bours Fate,

'Twould tire even bawling Fabius to relate.

But to be short, see I'll adjust the Thing.

Suppose some God shou'd say, I'll please you now,

You Lawyer leave the Bar and take the Plough;

You Soldier too shall be a Merchant made,

Go, go, and follow each his wish'd-for Trade:

How? what? refuse? and discontented still?

And yet they may be happy if they will.

Now wou'd not this vex Jove, and make him rage?

Hath he not reason now to scourge the Age?

And angry swear he'd never hear again?

No, they shou'd vow, and pray, but pray in vain.

Let not to *laugh*, and let my *Muse* be loose,
As 'twere my whole design to be *jocose*,
Altho' I may be *grave* when not *morose*:
And *Mirth* commends, and makes our Precept stake,
Thus Teachers bribe their Boys with Figs and Cake
To mind their Books; these Things deserve to have
A *serious* handling: Come, now let's be grave.

The *Soldier* fights, the busy *Tradesman* cheats,
And finds a thousand Tricks and choice Deceits;
The heavy *Plough* contents the lab'ring *Hind*,
The *Merchant* strives with ev'ry Tide and Wind;
And all this Toil to get vast *heaps* of Gold,
That they might live at *Ease* when they are old:
When they have gotten store for num'rous Years,
They may be free from Want, and from its Fears.

As the *small Ant* (for she instructs the Man,
And preaches Labour) gathers all she can,
And brings it to increase her heap at home
Against the *Winter*, which she knows will come:
For when that comes she creeps *abroad* no more,
But lies at home, and feasts upon her Store.

But neither *Heat*, nor *Cold*, nor *Wars* restrain,
Nor *Dangers* fright thee from Pursuit of Gain;
Only that thou may'st be the *richest* Man.

What pleasure is't, with busie Toil and Care
To gather *heaps* of Gold to hide with Fear,
Tho' under Ground scarce safe we think it there?

Why,

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Why, shou'd I spend one Crofs, 'twon'd still waste on,
'Twon'd all run out, and I shou'd be undone;
 Why prithee what is't good for till 'tis gone?
 In thy vast *Barns* great *stores* of *Corn* do lye,
 Yet thou canst eat perhaps no more than I.
 The *Slaves* that bear the *weighty Flasks* of *Bread*,
 With *small* and *barly Loaves* are hardly fed.
 They *sweat* 'tis true, and with the burthen groan,
 But eat no more than he that carries none.
 Besides, what difference prithee is't to me
 That feed no more than *Nature's* *Luxury*,
 To plough *three thousand Acres* or but *Three*?
Oh but 'tis sweet to take from Barns well stor'd;
 What, if you take no more than *mine* afford?
 Mine but *half full*? why dost thou praise *thine* more?
 My *small one* is as good as thy great *Store*.
 If you would fill a *Cup*, come tell me why,
 Why not from this *small Spring* that runs hard by,
 As well as from that yonder *rowling Flood*,
 Since this will give *enough*, and quite as good?
 For hence whilst eager on their *useless Prey*
 The rapid *Stream* whirls them and *Banks* away:
 He that seeks but *enough*, is free from fear,
 His *Life* is *safe*, and all his *Water* clear:
 But most are lost in a *Confounded Cheat*,
 They would have more, for when their *Wealth*
 is great
 They think their *Worth* as much as their *Estate*:

Tell then, what must we do to such a one?

Why, let him, 'tis his Will to be undone:

Once he, as the *Athenian* Chuff, will cry

The People hiss me, True, but what care I?

Let the poor Fools hiss me where-e'er I come,

Unless my self to see my Bags at home.

Poor wretched *Tantalus*, as Stories tell,

Doom'd to the worst, the Cursed'st Plague in Hell)

Stands up Chin deep in an o'erflowing Bowl,

But cannot drink one drop to save his Soul.

What, dost thou laugh? and think that thou art free?

Wol, change the Name, the Story's told of thee:

Thou warchest o'er thy Heaps, yet 'midst thy Store

Thou'rt almost starv'd for Want, and still art poor:

Thou fear to touch as if you robb'd a Saint,

And use no more than if 'twere Gold in Paint:

Thou only know how *Wealth* may be abus'd,

But what 'tis good for, how it can be us'd;

Will buy thee Bread, 'twill buy thee Herbs, and grant

Whatever *Nature's* Luxury can want:

Thou now to watch all Day, and wake all Night,

Thou Thieves and Fire, and be in constant fright,

These are Goods, if these are a Delight;

Thou art content, Heav'ns grant me Sleep and Ease,

These are Goods, I would be poor of these.

But suppose I should be sick; what then?

Then the richest are the happiest Men:

Then

*Then are the great advantages of Wealth,
'Twill make the Doctor ride, and bring me Health;
'Twill get a Friend that may condole my Pain,
And tell me that I shall do well again:
'Twill get a Nurse, a Purge, and save my Life,
And keep me well for my dear Friends and Wife.
Prethee, fond Fool, for this ne'er vex thy Head,
For she and all that know thee wish thee Dead:
And reason good, since you your Gold prefer
To all your Friends, your Children, and to her:
How then canst thou expect that they should prove
So kind to thee, when thou deserv'st no Love!
Why, to be Covetous, yet keep thy Friends,
That Chance or that indulgent Nature sends;
It is a foolish Hope, absurd and vain,
As his, to teach an Ass to take the Rein
And freely run a Race upon the Plain.
Well, fix a bound at last to thy Estate;
And then leave off when thou hast gotten that;
And let not, as thou dost encrease thy Store,
Thy fears rise too that thou shalt once be poor.
Act not Umidius, (come, the Story's short,
The Tale is Tragick, yet 'tis pretty sport)
A Rogue as rich as if he had a Mine,
He did not tell, but measure heaps of Coins:
And yet so close, he went as meanly clad
As any thread-bare Servant that he had;*

his Shoes still *clouted*, and he always cry'd,
 that he thou'd *starve*, for Want, before he dy'd:
 with his *Whore* snapt, and with a lusty Blow
 Well struck i' faith) she cleft the Slave in two:
 what then *must I spend all*? No, that's as bad:

there's something betwixt staring and stark mad:
 why still to the Extreame you madly run,
 when I chide thee for a greedy Clown,
 do not bid thee spend, and be undone.

there are bounds when *Nature* did begin,
 when fix'd, and all is good that lies within,
 and all without on either side is Sin.

But to return to that where I began,
 none so pleas'd as the *rich greedy Man*?
 none like him contented with his State,
 or rather praise and crave another's Fate?

when others *Cows* do give more Milk than his
 he not vex'd? Doth he not *pine* at this?
 doth he compare himself, and doth he see
 that almost all are *poorer* far than he?

doth he not strive to raise his vast Estate?
 richer now than this Man, now than that?
 richer still appear as he goes on,

and *those* he must excel, or nothing's done.

as our *Racers* when they run the Course,
 all keep their Eye upon the foremost Horse,
 and strive to out-strip him; but never mind
 the lazy distanc'd Jade that lags behind.

Hence

Hence 'tis scarce any thinks his State is blest,
 Nor when Death calls, like a contented Guest,
 Will rise from Life, and lay him down to Rest
 But stay; enough, and lest mine seems as long
 As *Crispin's* tedious Books, I'll hold my Tongue

S A T Y R I I .

The Heads of the Second Satyr.

1. *Men keep no mean, as He confirms by Examples.* 2. *He lashes the Abusers.*

1. **T**HE Players, Pimps and Hectors of the Town,

The Rooks, the Gamesters, all lament and mourn,
 For their *Tigellius* that is dead and gone.
 For he was a free Soul, a Prodigal,
 He had a fair Estate, and spent it all.
 Others t' avoid that Name refuse to spend
 One single Cross upon a needy Friend;
 Their heaps are Sacred, and they spare their Gold
 Altho' he dies for Want, and starves with Cold
 Now if you take the first to Task, and say,
 Why dost Thou squander thy Estate away?
 And waste thy Ancient Lands on Paltry Guests,
 And borrow Money to maintain thy Feasts?
 He answers streight, I hate to be confin'd,
 I have no sordid, nor a narrow Mind;

I a free and generous Humour love;
 this some discommend, and some approve.
 I'm rich in Mony out at Use,
 Lands, yet fears to be esteem'd profuse;
 five times double he wou'd Sums ingage,
 I sue Young Heirs when newly come to Age:
 greatest Prodigals he presses most,
 I lends them Mony 'till their Lands are lost.
 So, when he hears all this, wou'd not complain,
 and God! Yet thus he damns himself for Gain.
 And one would scarce believe a Man for Pelf
 wou'd be so great an Enemy to himself:
 As he in Terence when his Son was gone,
 he laments, and cries he is undone,
 most unhappy Man the Sun can see,
 liv'd not half so bad a Life as he.
 And all this proves whilst Fools one Vice condemn,
 I run into the opposite Extream.
 I'm thin with Gowns below his Heels is grac'd,
 A other Humorist rucks them to his Waste:
 I smell like any Civet Cat,
 He stinks like a Goat, or worse than that:
 I keep no Mean; one, when his Blood boils o'er,
 will take a Matron only for his Whore,
 while others all but common Jades refuse,
 they fly the sober Whores, and rake the Stews:
 I'm certain famous Bully of the Town
 when he did leave the Stews, was often known
 to use old Cato's Words, *Go bravely on:*

*Here our hot Touths should come to cool their Flame,
And never use the Marry'd City Dame :*

But *Cupien* says, I'll not be prais'd for this,
That *Cupien* that admires a Matron Miss.

2. Now you that with these base *Adulterers* ill,
And Punishment as bad as is their Will;
Must needs be pleas'd to hear my *Muse* explain,
What small delight they with great Danger gain
And how their Pleasure's sadly mix'd with Pain:
For one found faulty with another's Wife,
Must from a Window leap to save his Life:
Another's finely kickt, and jilted too,
Or taken, Bribes the Slaves to let him go:
Another's kickt into the Common Shore,
There stifled, and a thousand Mischiefs more:
Another's Gelt, his Dancing Days are gone,
And All, but *Galba*, say 'twas justly done.

But come let's see now how the Matter falls,
Is't safer Trading with the *Abigals*,
Whom *Salust* so admires, and so adores,
As much as those that use the *Marry'd Whores*!
Now did not this Man make his Gifts too great,
But fit, and equal to his small Estate,
He might be counted kind, preserve his Name,
Not ruin his Estate, nor lose his Fame:
But what cares he for this? He boasts alone,
He knows no Matron, and he tempts not one:

as *Marsaus*, whom a jilting Whore,
 Adress, hath undone, and made him Poor:
thinks, says he, *I lead a Civil Life,*
 never meddle with another's Wife:
but with *Whores* and *Players*; and by that
thy Fame is ruin'd more than thy Estate.
Is it enough to say, when *faults* are done,
did it not with such, or such a one;
did not take Care to shun the *Action* still,
the *Action* that's intrinsically ill,
and scandalous in its self? To waste thy Time,
thy Fame, or thy Estate is such a Crime,
as bad on whomsoe'er you lose it all,
a Matron, Common-Whore, or *Abigal*.
Sung *Villius* he to *Sylla's* Daughter kind,
almost a Son-in-Law, so oft he Sinn'd;
or Wretch, thus cheated, smarted o'er and o'er;
soundedly beaten, stabb'd, kickt out of Door,
wilt poor *Longareus* clasp'd the jilting Whore.
Suppose his *Whore-Pipe* now being vext at this,
would ask him, *did I want a Noble Miss,*
Whore of Quality to cool my Flame?
I had been content with meaner Game:
What Answer cou'd be given? What be said?
Nay, forsooth, *She was a Noble Maid:*
how much better *Nature's* Laws provide,
how great the Gifts bestow'd, how small deny'd?

If

If you distinguish well, if well design,
 No things *forbidden* with the *granted* join:
 Is it all one? can you no difference see
 Whether the Fault be in the *Things*, or *Thee*?
 Then tempt no *Matrons*, for suppose you gain,
 The Sweet is little, but immense the Pain:
 'Tis true her costly *Jewels* court our Eye,
 But yet She's not more soft, more plump her Thigh,
 No, tho' such Gems as soft *Cerintus* wore,
 She does no better than a *trading* Whore.
 Besides, her Trade is fair, I like it well,
 She freely shows whate'er she has to sell:
 And you may turn her, and view ev'ry part,
 And see that all is Nature, and not Art:
 She does not show her best to tempt the Eye,
 And strive to cover a Deformity,
 All's seen, and if you like it, you may buy.
 Our *Jockeys*, when a Horse is set to sale,
 Take off the Covering Cloaths, and look on all;
 Left by a well-shap'd Neck and cleanly made
 The greedy Chapman be at last betray'd,
 And buys a spavin'd or a founder'd Jade:
 This care is good, thus when you chuse a Lass,
 Be not too Eagle-ey'd to view a Grace;
 And blind as *Hypsea* is to spy a Fault,
 For such as judge by halves are often caught:
 How neat her Arm and Leg! 'Tis true, but stay,
 Her Waste is short, Nose long, her Feet are splay.

Belide

Besides, a *Matron's* Face is seen alone,
 But *Kate's* that Female Bully of the Town,
 For all the rest is cover'd with the Gown.
 But if you'd taste, for that doth raise thy heat,
 A dainty but forbidden Dish of Meat:
 There are a thousand stops, a thousand Spies,
 A Chamber-maid, a Foot-boy's curious Eyes,
 These must be see'd, and each will claim his share,
 Besides a Gown doth hide the precious Ware:
 But now a *trading* Girl is freely show'd,
 You see her Naked, or almost as good;
 Her Coats are thin, and you may fairly try
 To strait her Waist, Feet good, if plump her Thigh,
 Where's free admission to the Chapman's Eye:
 You'd you be cheated? the Occasion's fair,
 Since you wou'd buy before you see the Ware.
 As *Hunters* trace their Hares thro' Frost and Snow,
 Like not the Flesh as well as others do,
 As if they caught it only to bestow:
 Not so my Love, it scorns an easie prey,
 But hotly follows that which flies away: [tame
 What canst thou think that this mean Verse can
 Quench thy wild Desires, that this can quench thy Flame?
 And doth not Nature steady Rules ordain,
 Strict Laws which shou'd thy wildest Wish contain,
 And which divide the solid Goods from vain?
 Which she not tell, what she wou'd have supply'd,
 And what she cannot bear to be deny'd?

When *Thirst* doth burn thy Throat, and call for Ease,
Will nothing but a *Golden Goblet* please?
And when thy *Hunger* bites, and fain would eat,
Is all refus'd but rare and dainty Meat?
Or when thy *Lust* calls for a speedy Joy,
And thou hast ready a mean Girl, or Boy,
What wilt thou rather burn than those employ?
I'm of another Mind, I'm not so nice,
I love a *Miss* that comes at easie Price:
And says, *Yes, when my Husband's out of Doors,*
Or, Sir, One Guinea more, and I am yours:
Says *Philodem*, let patient Eunuchs Court
Such formal Ladies, I'm for quicker Sport:
I love a *Miss* that flies into my Arms,
And sets at easie rate her tempting Charms,
Let her be strait and fair, of comely Grace,
And let her bring no more than *Nature's Face*:
While we Embrace, while she my Arms does fill,
She's my *Egeria*, or whate'er I will.
Then I'll fear nothing, for no harm can come,
No jealous Husband is returning home,
No Doors broke open, or the Servants rais'd,
While she, poor Wretch, starts from my Arms amaid
And, with a guilty Shriek, cries I'm undone;
Oh now I'm caught, and all my Jointure's gone
(For that's the Punishment of marry'd Whores)
Whilst I, poor guilty Rogue, sneak out of Doors

Unbutton'd, and barefoot, to shun the Shame,
 And save my Purse, my Flesh, or else my Fame:
 Then leave the marry'd Women, be advis'd,
 'Tis sad, ask *Fabius* else, to be surpriz'd.

SATYR III.

The Heads of the Third Satyr.

1. *He lashes Tigellius a Songster, an Enemy of his, and a most unsettled Fellow.*
2. *Those that quickly spy others faults, but cannot see their own.*
3. *Faults of Friends should be extenuated.*
4. *Against the Stoicks Opinion, that all Faults are equal.*

AMongst their *Friends* our *Songsters* all agree
 Of this one Fault, not one of them is free;
 Ask them to Sing, you cannot have one Note;
 No, they have gotten Cold, or a sore Throat:
 But unrequested then they strain their Voice,
 And trouble all the Company with their Noise.
 This Humour hath *Tigellius* often shown;
 By his Father's Friendship and his own,
 For, that cou'd Command, did beg a Song;
 Was all in vain, he might have held his Tongue:

Yet take him in the Vein, and he would sing
 From Morn 'till Night, a *Health* to Charles our King
 Sometimes to squeaking *Treble* his Voice wou'd raise
 Then sink again into the deepest *Bass* :
 A most unsettled Fellow, he wou'd run
 As if he fled a Robber, or a Dun ;
 And straight as in Procession gravely go,
 Now with two hundred Servants, now but two
 Sometimes he'd talk of *Heroes*, and of Kings,
 In *mighty* swelling Numbers *mighty* Things :
 And then again, let *gracious Fortune* give
 A little *Meat*, and *Drink* enough to live :
 Let her a *Coat* to keep out Cold present,
Altho' 'tis thick and coarse, yet I'm content.
 Yet give this sparing thing, this *Moderate*,
 This Man of mean Desires, a vast Estate,
 In Nine days time 'tis ev'ry Penny gone,
 And he's grown Poor again, and is undone :
 He wakes all Night to Sing, to Drink, and Play
 Then goes to Bed, and snores it all the Day :
 No Man's designs like his do disagree,
 None lives so contrary to himself as he.
 2. Ay, but says one, have you no Fault like his ?
 Yes, Sir, I have, perhaps as great as his :
 When *Menius* rail'd at *Neuius*, how, says one,
 Dost know thy self, or think thy Faults unknown ?
 Ay, but says *Menius*, I forgive my own :

This is a foolish, and a wicked Love,
 And such as sharpest Satyrs should reprove.
 When thou art Blind and Senseless to thine own,
 How dost thou see thy Friend's Disease so soon?
 That scarce a Serpent can so quickly spy,
 Nor any Eagle hath so good an Eye.
 Well then go on, pursue thy mean design,
 As thou dost find their faults, so they will thine;
 Perhaps he's pettish, and he's apt to Rage,
 He cannot bear the Raillery of the Age,
 Perhaps he doth not wear his Cloaths gentile,
 His shoe is not well made, nor fits it well;
 He may be flouted, and be jeer'd for this;
 Yet he's an honest Man as any is:
 He is thy Friend, and tho' the Case be foul,
 He holds a Learned, and a Noble Soul.
 Lastly, look o'er thy self with strictest Care,
 And see what seeds of Vice are rooted there,
 What Nature plants, and what ill Customs bear. }
 This search is good, for a neglected Field,
 Or Thorns, or useless Fern will quickly yield.
 Well, let us bring our selves at last to this,
 As ardent Lovers when they Court a Miss;
 Or spy no faults, or love those faults they spy,
 Thus Ague's Polypus pleas'd Balbino's Eye;
 With this Error in our Friendship reigu'd,
 Or had the credit of a Virtue gain'd,

As *Fathers* hide *Sons* faults, or else commend,
We should excuse the failures of our Friend:
A Father that hath got a *Squint-ey'd* Boy
Cries *what a pretty Cast* adorns my Joy!
And calls his dwarfish Son that's often sick,
As that Abortive *Sisyphus*, his Chick:
Is one too *Close*? be tender of his Fame,
And call him *thrifty*, 'tis the softer Name:
If he will *brag too much*, if he is vain,
Then say he is a *brisk* and *merry* Man:
If he will *rage*, if he will *rudely* flout,
Then say he is a *downright* Friend, and stout:
If he will *buff*, his *Airy* Soul commend,
And this I think will get, and keep a Friend.
But we, unkindly and perversely nice,
Do turn their very Virtues into Vice:
If any lives a sober honest Life,
Puts up Affronts, and shuns disturbing Strife,
A mean, we streight exclaim, and Chicken Soul:
And one that's slow, we call a thick-skull'd Fool:
Another in these *evidencing* Times,
When Envy loads our honest Men with Crimes,
Lives unsuspected, and with prudent Art
He keeps himself secure on ev'ry part.
Instead of Wise, of Provident, and Grave,
Oh he's a Cunning and a Crafty Knave:
If any Man (as I have often done
To you *Mecenas*, and now freely own)

Impertinent Discourse or Questions brings,
Or jogs Another while he reads or sings;
Or sits a musing upon other things;
We straight grow Mad, we'll hear no just defence;
Fox, he's a Dolt, and wants ev'n Common Sense;
What Customs, ah! what Rules have Men design'd?
And how unjust, and to themselves unkind!
There's none but hath some fault, and he's the best,
Most Virtuous he, that's spotted with the least:
A kind good-natur'd Friend, that strives to prove
And know the Man that he intends to Love,
And weighs my Virtues, and my Faults, 'tis just
(If happily my Virtues prove the most,)
To let that scale go down; and if on this
He'll be a Friend, I'll bate some things amiss,
And make the same allowance in weighing his:
For those that would not have their *Sores* offend,
Must not disgust the *Pimples* of their Friend:
And 'tis but just, that he that hopes to find
A Pardon for his Faults, should be as kind,
And give the like, and with a willing Mind.
4. But now since *Passion's* rooted in our Souls,
As other faults that stick so close to Fools;
Why doth not Reason poise and mend our Thoughts?
And see our Rage proportion'd to the Faults:
When 'Supper's done a Slave removes the Dish,
And spills the Broth, or else lets fall the Fish;

Now should the *Master* stab the Slave for this,
 He would be thought more mad than *Laboo* is;
 But how more mad are we, and more severe!
 Our Friends but little, and but seldom Err,
 (And such small Faults good Natures ne'er resent;
 They sin as Men must do, and may repent.)
 But yet for this we hate, for this we shun,
 As Bankrupts, *Rifio*, the notorious Dun;
 Who, when the *Calends* come, severely sues,
 And if the Debtor doth not pay the Use,
 He's clapt in Jayl, and hears a tedious Bill,
 A killing Scroll, *Item*, and *Item* still:
 My Friend got drunk, perhaps hath foul'd my Bed,
 Or bruis'd a Cup by neat *Evander* made,
 Or snatcht away a Chicken from my Plate,
 And must I love my Friend the less for that?
 What shou'd I do then if he prov'd unjust,
 Refus'd to bail me, Thiev'd or broke his Trust?
 Those that hold Vices equal, seem distress'd,
 When leaving *Sophistry* they come to th' Test:
 This Fancy doth with Law and Custom fight,
 And *Interest* too, that spring of Just and Right:
 When Man first crept from Mother Earth's cold
 He was a miserable Thing, and Dumb; [Womb,
 Then they for Acorns fought, and shady Cave,
 With Nails, then Clubs, the Weapons Nature gave:
 And next with Swords which sad convenience found,
 And Malice taught them they were fit to wound:

Till

Till Words and Names for Things, and Laws began,
And civiliz'd the brutish Creature Man:
Then they built Towns, and settled *Right* and Just,
And Laws to curb our Rapine, and our Lust;
For long e'er *Helen's* time a thousand dy'd,
Then thousands fought to get a beauteous Bride:
But unrecorded fell, like Beasts they stray'd,
Each caught his willing Female and enjoy'd:
Till one more strong kill'd him, and was preferr'd,
Just as the greatest Bull amongst the Herd:
Look o'er the World's old Records, there's the Cause.
Twas fear of wrong that made us make our Laws:
By *Naked Nature* ne'er was understood
What's *Just* and *Right*, as what is *Bad* and *Good*,
What *fit* and what *unfit* for Flesh and Blood:
Nor Reason shews to break a Garden Hedge,
Shou'd be as great a Crime as Sacrilege:
Let *Rules* be fixt that may our Rage contain,
And punish faults with a *Proportion'd* pain:
And do not flea him, do not run him through,
That only doth deserve a kick or two:
For I ne'er fear that thou wilt prove too kind,
To too much Pity *vitiously* inclin'd,
That can't hold Vices *Equal*, and believe
To *Rob's* no greater Crime than 'tis to *Thieve*;
And who wou'd punish all with equal hand
If thou wer't King, and hadst the full Command:

If he that's wife and skilful in his Trade,
Tho' but a Cobler, must be neatly made,
Be rich, be fair, be handsome and a King;
Why dost thou wish for't since thou hast the thing?
But what Chrylippus said thou dost not know,
No wise Man yet did ever make a Shoe,
And yet the Cobler's a wise Man; *how so?*
Why, as *Hermogenes*, tho' he holds his Tongue,
Is skill'd in Musick, and can set a Song;
And fuffling *Alfen* though he lost his Awl,
And threw away his Last, and shut his Stall;
And broke his Threads, yet was a Cobler still;
Thus ev'ry Tradesman if he hath but Skill
Is wise, and therefore only King: but stay,
Unless you use your Club, with wanton play
The waggish Boys will pluck thy formal Beard,
Thou shalt be kick'd, derided, scorn'd and jeer'd,
'Till thou dost burst when Rage or Envy stings,
And snarl thou greatest King of mighty Kings.
In short, whilst thou a King shalt walk in State,
And only foolish *Crispin* on thee wait,
To get a farthing Bath, I nobly live,
The Faults I *Fool* commit, my Friends forgive,
And I as easily will pardon theirs,
And so I'll live secure, and free from Cares,
A happier private Man, than thou a King.

SATYR IV.

The Heads of the Fourth Satyr.

1. Lucilius was bitter but uncorrect.
2. Few read Satyrs, because they know they deserve the Reproof.
3. Whether Satyr be a Species of Poetry.
4. A Defence of his own Writings.
5. The manner how his Father bred him to Virtue.

1. **C**Ratin and Eupolis that lash'd the Age,
 Those old Comedian Furies of the Stage;
 If they were to describe a vile, unjust,
 And cheating Knave, or scourge a Lawless Lust,
 Or other Crimes; regardless of his Fame
 They show'd the Man, and boldly told his Name;
 This is *Lucilius's* way, he follows those,
 His Wit the same, but other Numbers chose;
 I grant he was a sharp and ready Wit,
 But rude and uncorrect in all he writ:
 This was his fault, he hastily would rhyme
 (As if 'twere such a wondrous thing in him)
 Two hundred tedious Lines in one hours time.
 Yet when with force his muddy Fancy flow'd,
 Some few pure Streams appear'd among the Mud:

In

In *writing much* 'tis true his Parts excel,
 Too lazy for the task of *writing well*.
 But grant that rare, what then? *Crispinus* says
You talk of writing, Sir, you claim the Bays;
Come on Sir Critick, you shall have your fill,
(The Wager be as little as you will)
Here's Pen and Ink, and Time and Place, let's try
Which can write most, and fastest, you or I.
 Thanks Heav'n that made me flow, and gave also
 That writes but little, and but now and then.
 But you, like *Bellows*, 'till the Gold's refin'd,
 Are puffing still, and all but empty wind.

2. *Fannius* was happy, whom the publick Praise
 Prefer'd to *Phæbus* Shrine, and Crown'd with Bays
 But few read mine, and few my Books delight,
 And I scarce dare to publish what I write:
 Few like this way, for most know well enough,
 That they deserve, and fear my just Reproof:
 Take any at a venture 'midst the Crowd,
 And you shall find him covetous or proud,
 One marry'd *Whores*, another Boys desires,
 One *Silver's* white, and *Alpinus Brass* admires:
 Another runs from East to West to cheat,
 Like Dust by Whirlwind tost thro' storms of Fate,
 And all to keep or better his Estate.

All these hate Poets, these do fear our Rhimes,
 Look he's stark mad, they cry, fly, fly betimes;

He spares no Friend, he will abuse the best,
So he may laugh himself and have his Jest:
And then what'er he writes flies o'er the Town,
To Pimps, to Hectors, and to Gamesters shown,
To ev'ry one he meets he tells the Tale,
Old Senseless Fops, Old Women, Boys and all.
Now hear what may for t'other side be shown;
1. First, I'm no Poet, for to make me one
Tis not enough to fetter words in Rhime,
And make a tedious and a jingling Chime;
And chiefly since my numerous Feet enclose
Such plain familiar Talk, and almost Prose;
No, he alone can claim that Name that writes
With Fancy high, and bold and daring flights,
And sings as nobly as his *Hero* fights.
And therefore some do doubt, (though some allow)
If Comedy be Poetry or no,
Because it wants that Spirit, Flame, and Force,
And bate the Numbers, 'tis but plain Discourse:
Yet often there the careful Fathers Rage,
They storm, and swear, and crack the trembling Stage,
A Rogue, a Dog, I'll kick him out of Door;
When his young Stripling courts a Jilting Whore,
And flights a noble Match; or stow'd with Drink,
E'en while 'tis Day, he Sails behind his Link:
And would not *Pompan*, were his Father here,
Expect as harsh a Check, and as severe?

Well

Well then 'tis not enough to keep due time,
 Observe just Feet, and put plain Words in Rhime;
 For break the Numbers, and the Verse affords
 But common angry Talk, and usual Words:
 Thus take what I, or what *Lucilius* writes,
 Tho' now and then it Storms, and sometimes bites,
 Invert the Oder and the Words transpose,
 No sign, as when you change, (*When violent Wars*
Had burst their Brazen Gates, and broke the Bars:)
 Of Poetry appears, 'tis naked Prose.

4. But now enough, another time shall show
 If 'tis a part of Poetry or no:

But now I will enquire how Men shou'd hate
 This way of writing Satyr, and for what:
Capri and *Sulce*, those Terrors of the Jayl,
 Both hoarse with pleading, walk the Common-Hall,
 Their green Bags stuff'd with Bills, Indictments,
 Breves,

A mighty Terror those to Knaves and Thieves;
 But yet an honest Man that keeps his Oath,
 Nor robs nor steals, may safely scorn them both:
 If thou'rt a Thief, as *Cæle* and *Byrrhus* are,
 I'm not like *Sulce* or *Capri*, why do'st fear,
 And why dread me? My Book's not set to Sale,
 Thumb'd by the Rabble upon ev'ry Stall,
 The Rascal scum, *Hermogenes* and All:
 I seldom do rehearse, and when I do,
 I'm forc'd because my Friends will have it so:

But then in private, to my Friends alone,
Not ev'ry where, nor yet to ev'ry one:
Thousands i'th' publick Market-place recite,
And trouble all they meet with what they write:
Nay whilst they Bath, they studiously rehearse,
The *Eccho's* raise the Voice and grace the Verse:
Thus act our *Fops*, and without Fear or Wit,
Never considering if the Season's fit,
Or time convenient: *Well, but what you write*
Doth hurt Mens Fame, that's your perverse Delight:
Why this to me? Doth any Friend of mine
Boldly affirm that this is my Design?
He that shall rail against his absent Friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends,
Sports with their Fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty Man,
Tells Tales, and brings his Friend in dis-esteem,
That Man's a *Knave*, be sure beware of him.
Set twelve to Supper, one above the rest
Takes all the Talk, and breaks a scurvy Jest
On all, except the Master of the Feast:
At last on him, when frequent Cups begin
T'unlock his Soul, and show the spight within:
Yet him you count a Wag, a merry Soul,
A pleasant, innocent, and harmless Droll:
But if I smile perchance, if I presume
To laugh because *Rufillus* doth perfume

That

That Female Man; or nasty *Gorgon* note
For studied Filthiness, and smell of Goat:
My Smiles are Satyrs, and whate'er I write,
In me 'tis all detraction, and 'tis spight:
In common Talk, as we have often done,
If we discourse how *Petil* stole the Crown;
And you, as you are wont, his Cause defend,
He hath a kindness for me, he's my Friend,
My old Acquaintance he, he is indeed,
And faith I'm glad at Heart that he is freed;
And yet I wonder how he 'scap'd; 'tis right,
This, this is base detraction, this is spight:
This, if I know my self, ne'er resist me,
My Books from this, I'm sure my *Mind* is free;
But if some things appear jocosely writ,
This you must pardon, this you must permit.
5. For my good Father did instruct me so,
And by Examples taught me how to know
What was unfit, and what was fit to do.
For when he tutor'd and advis'd to Thrift,
And live content with that which he had left:
Mark Byrrhus, he would say, and Alpi's Son,
How wretchedly they live, now they're undone!
Two fit Examples by unhappy Fates,
To fright young Heirs from squand'ring their Estates
When he would fright me from a lawless Love,
And Whores, he said, *Young Horace* do not prove

like Sectanus, nor lead so loose a Life,
and seek stoln joys, and with another's Wife;
if what the Laws permit, and be advis'd,
Catonius got no credit when surpriz'd:
Philosophers perhaps may show the Cause,
and talk of Reason, and of Nature's Laws,
by some things shou'd be hated, some admir'd,
and why avoided some, and some desir'd,
'tis enough for me to form thy Mind,
and leave it to the Ancients Rules inclin'd,
and while thou want'st a Tutor, keep thy Name,
and Manners, spotless, and preserve thy Fame;
when a Man, then thou must walk alone,
with prudent care to guide thee, but thy own.
As he advis'd; whate'er he'd have me do,
he says, Look such a one doth so and so;
and sets a worthy Man before my Eyes.
And when he would forbid a thing, he cries,
Not this bad when such and such a One
scandaliz'd for't over all the Town?
Truly Patients when they chance to hear
their Neighbour's lately dead, begin to fear,
grow orderly, and check their Appetite;
and others ill Repute do often fright
young Men from following Vice and false Delight.
Hence 'tis that found from greater faults I live,
small, and such as Friends may well forgive
I grant I have; yet even those grow less
by my own Care, or by my Friends Advice;

For when in Bed, or when I walk alone,
 I usually revolve what I have done;
This may be better'd sure, and this commend,
And make me greater, and a pleasant Friend:
Sure this is bad, and this is not well done;
What shall I act like such, and such a one?
 All this I use to think on when alone:
 At leasure Times I write my foolish Thoughts,
 And this is one of those my little Faults,
 Which if you won't forgive, but prove severe,
 A Band of Poets to my Aid I'll rear,
 (For we can make a Band) and like the Jews
 I'll force you take that side you now refuse.

S A T Y R V.

The Heads of the Fifth Satyr.

- i. *A Description of his Journey to Brundisium, with all the various Occurrences in the way.*

FROM stately Rome I waik'd a little way,
 And reach'd *Aricia* first, and there I lay;
 My Company as good as Man cou'd seek,
 The Lawyer *Heliodore* a learned Greek:
 Then *Forum Apii*, that's a paltry Town,
 With Tars and Pedlars throng'd, and those alone;
 We made two Days on't hither, tho' most but one;

For to quick Travellers 'tis a tedious Road,
But if you walk but slow 'tis pretty good.
For 'cause the Water did corrode the Taste,
And hurt the Stomach, I resolv'd to fast;
And envy'd those that supp'd; now Night appears
And o'er the Heav'n spreads Shades, and twinkling
Stars:

And then the Boys and Tars began to roar,
A Boat, a Boat, so ho, you Son of a Whore,
For thou wilt sink the Boat, enough, no more:
And while they take the Fare we were to pay,
And tye the Mule, a whole Hour slips away:
The Boat was full of Fleas, and those molest,
And croaking Frogs all Night disturb'd our Rest:
The Mule-man and the Boat-man sate up late,
Both drunk, and sang a Catch of merry *Kate*:
At last the weary Mule-man rolls to Bed,
With fiery Eyes, swoln Guts, and aking Head,
The Boat-man too resolv'd to work no more,
But ty'd his Mule to graze along the Shore,
Then fell asleep, and there all Night doth snore.
And now the Sun climb'd o'er the Eastern Hill,
And show'd the Day, but yet our Boat stood still;
Till one, a surly Fellow, leap'd from far,
And Back and Side he cudgel'd drowzy Tar:
This made him work and follow our Command,
And so at ten a Clock we came to Land:

* *Ferocious*

Feronia was the Place, and there we dine;
 Thence three Miles farther to another Inn:
 My kind *Mecanas* was to meet me there,
 With good *Cocceius* sent on great Affair,
 On Embassies, 'twas their delightful Toil
 To make new Friends, and Enemies reconcile:
 And here becaule my travelling did inflame,
 I drest my Eyes, mean while *Mecanas* came,
Cocceius, Capito and *Fronto*——

That *Fronto* delicate in Mind and Face,
 And great with *Antony* as any was:
 At little *Fundi* we refus'd to bait,
 But laugh'd at proud *Aufidius*' Pomp and State;
 A Scrivener lately, now with Mace and Gown
 He huffs, and proudly Lords it o'er the Town;
 To *Formia* next; (there *Capito* Meat affords,
Murena Lodging, so we liv'd like Lords:
 The next Day was a happy joyful Day,
 For then at *Sinuessa* on our way,
Plotinus, Virgil, Varius too attends,
 All worthy Men, and my obliging Friends:
 Oh how did we embrace! What Shouts we gave
 A Friend's the dearest thing a Man can have:
 Next Night near *Lampas*'s Bridge our Stage was
 good,
 And there we lodg'd, and as the Custom stood
 The Villagers presented Salt and Wood:
 Next Stage was *Capua*, there we made a stay,
 We came betimes, *Mecanas* went to play,

gil and I to bed, my Eyes were sore,
Stomach sick, and so we both forbore:
And next we reach'd *Cocceius* Farm at Night;
pleasant Seat, and stor'd with all Delight:
Now assist my Muse, and now relate
Two base Fellows quarrell'd, and for what:
First their Pedigree; the generous, brave,
And valiant *Messius* was a noble Knave,
Oscian born; *Sarmentus* was a Slave:
Thus nobly born these two, and nobly bred,
Began the Brawl, And first *Sarmentus* said,
With *Messius* *Thou art like an untam'd Horse;*
We laugh; Well, well, says *Messius*, take your Course,
And shakes his Head; Oh were thy Horns not gone,
How thou wouldst push, since now when thou hast none
Thou threatnest so? but that's a scurvy Place,
Those plaguy Scars thy bristly Front disgrace.
And then breaks many a Jest upon his Face:
On ev'ry Pimple, and on ev'ry Wart,
And bids him Mimick *Polyphem*; No Art,
No Vizard thou dost need, for thou art rough,
And Nature's given thee Ugliness enough.
This *Messius* stomachs, and replies again,
Well, Sir, when will you Consecrate the Chain
You vow'd the Lares? now you're mighty proud,
A Scribe, yet still your Ladies Claim is good:
Why why I wonder shou'dst thou run away?
A poor thin-gutted Rogue; sure he might stay
That feasted on an half-penny Loaf a Day.

This made our Supper pleasant, thence we rode
To *Beneventum*, there our Inn was good:
But whilst our sedulous Host makes too much haste
To roast our Meat, and makes too strong a Blast
He had almost been burnt, the Chimny fir'd,
And Flames as hungry to the Roofs aspir'd:
Then hungry we, and all our Servants came
To save the Meat, and House, and quench the Flame
Next Day the known *Appulian* Mountains rise,
Which hot *Atabulus* scorches as he flies:
To pass these Hills had prov'd too great a Toil,
But small *Trevicum* gave us rest a while,
We staid, quite blinded in a smoaky House,
For all they had to burn was Leaves and Boughs
Here I, poor Noddy, half the Night or more
Expected a forsworn, a jilting Whore;
At last dull Sleep did blunt my keen Desire,
His lazy Hand spread o'er, and check'd my Fire:
But then some wanton Dreams, too loose to tell
Supply'd her Place, and did the Feat as well.
Thence four and twenty Miles in four Hours time
To a small place whose Name won't stand in Rhime
But yet by Signs 'tis very eas'ly known:
First then, the Water's scarce o'er all the Town
The cheapest thing that Nature hath bestow'd
Here's dearly sold; the Bread is very good:
This oft the wary Traveller approves,
And when he parts, he fills his Bag with Loaves

or none *Canusium* yields but gristy Bread,
 his Town was built by valiant *Diomed*,
 the Nymphs averse, 'tis like the former, poor,
 or can it boast one Quart of Water more:
 ere *Varus* left us, but appear'd to be
 concern'd to part, and all as much as he;
 next Night we reach'd to *Rubi*, there we lay,
 all very weary, for the tedious way
 was dirry, and besides it rain'd all Day:
 next Morn the Sky was fair, the Weather good
 as far as *Bari's* Town, but worse the Road:
 ere we had Sport enough, and cause to smile,
 or some that would our easie Faith beguile,
 would needs perswade that in their sacred Quire
 sweet Incence burns without the help of Fire:
 ay, let the *Jews* believe it if they please,
 not I, I know the Gods must live at ease:
 or when strong Nature doth some Wonders show,
 can I believe they meddle here below:
 hence to *Brunausium*, there I left my Friends,
 and so my Story and my Journey ends,



SATYR VI. To MECÆNAS

1. He commends him for looking on the Excellencies, not the Families, of Men.
2. Against Pride. 3. His Acquaintance with Mecænas. 4. How his Father bred him. 5. That he is very well contented with his small Estate.

I. **A**Ltho' thy Veins are fill'd with Royal Blood,
 Thy Birth as noble, Family as good
 As all *Hetruria* boasts, you are not proud:
 Altho' thy *Ancestors* did Armies guide,
 Kings by thy Father's and thy Mother's side,
 Thou dost not slight a Man of mean Degree,
 As most Men use to do, for Instance, me,
 Whose Father was a Slave, and lately free.
 For you believe, and you are right in this,
 No matter whence he comes, but what he is:
 No matter if his Race be low, his Blood
 Be mean, if but his Mind be great and good:
 Before King *Tullus*' time, by Birth a Slave,
 A thousand Men of mean Descent were brave,
 And fill'd the Honours that the People gave:
 But noble *Levin*, though *Valerius* Son,
 (By whose wife Conduct this great State begun,
 When *Tarquin* they, the lofty and the Proud,
 Expell'd) was never valu'd by the Crowd:

the Crowd, those *Common Slaves* to empty Fame,
that more than the Deserts regard the Name,
buzled with *Family* and gawdy Shows:

When what should We, what We the Wise propose,
that are thought a *different Kind* from Those?

at Elections grant the Crowd refuse
noble *Decius*, and *Levinus* chuse;

and grant the surly Censor *Appius* scorn,
and shove me off, because but meanly born,

else deserv'dly, 'cause I would be Brave,

and seek a finer Skin than Nature gave:

at Glory's shining Chariot swiftly draws

with equal Whirl the Noble and the Base.

What Profit was it, *Tullius*, to resume

my once lost Honours, spread thy gawdy Plume,

and be a *Tribune*? Thence more hate began,

more Envy rose than when a *Private Man*:

at when a Fool shall make a mighty stir,

swagger and huff in Golden Chain and Fur;

Eyes streight turn to the unusual State,

and studiously enquire, What Fellow's that?

What Family? As one that shows a Face

ex'd, Meager, Pale, and such as *Barrus* has,

would be Handsome thought. Where-e'er

He goes

The Ladies cry, Look how the Fellow shows,

and streight examine his Leg, Calf, and Nose.

Thus when one thrusts himself upon the State,
 And cries, *Come, I'll sustain the Nation's Weight,*
The Empire and Religion be my Care,
I'll manage all: This makes the People stare,

This makes them ask What is he, whence came he?
 What was his Mother? Of what Family?

Or is He Base, his Sire of mean Degree?
 And what shall Base-born you, Sir, rule the Law,
 Lord it o'er Citizens, and hang and draw?

My Colleague Novius, Sir, is mean to me,
He's what my Father was, a Slave made Free.

What then, doth that enoble all thy Blood,
 Make Thee *Messala, Paulus,* or as good?

Yet did two hundred Drays, and all the Crowd
 Of two great Funerals meet, he bawls so loud,
 That He would drown the Horns and Trumpets too
 This pleases, we are taken with his Voice:

3. But to my self, the Son of a Freed Man,
 Whom envious Eyes and envious Tongues pursue
 Because, *My Lord,* I am belov'd by you:

But once because I had a good Command,
 And as a *Tribune* led a *Roman* Band:

The cause unlike, for those that may pretend
 To envy me, for Honour's Chance can send,

Yet may not be displeas'd that you're my Friend:
 Since neither Fancy nor the pop'lar Voice,
 But prudent Care, and Worth doth guide your choice

And, Sir, this Happiness I dare not own
Was Chance, for 'twas not Chance that made me
known :

For *Virgil* did commend me to your Grace,
And *Varius* often told you what I was :
When sent for, Sir, in few and broken words,
In such as *Infant Modesty* affords,
I did not tell you my Descent was great,
I did not say I had a vast Estate,

But what I was; and your Reply was short,
As 'tis your Custom; so I left the Court,
And to my Fields retir'd; at nine Months end
You sent for me, and bad me be your Friend ;
And this I think is great, this makes me proud,
That I pleas'd you, who know what's bad from
good,

By *Vertue*, not by *Nobleness* of Blood :

If only *little* Stains do spot my Soul,
(As perfect Beauties often have a Mole)
Tho' I'm *secure* and free from all the foul ;

If none on me can *truly* fix Disgrace,

If I am neither Covetous, nor Base ;

If Innocent my Life, if (to commend

My self) I live belov'd by ev'ry Friend :

I thank my Father for't, for he being poor,

His Farm but small, the usual ways forbore ;

He did not send me to Sir *Fabius* School

To teach me Arts, and make me great by Rule :

Such as our Great Mens Sons and Nobles seek,
 With Book in Hand, and Satchel round their Neck
 And meanly pay their Master by the Week.
 But first he boldly brought me up to Town,
 To see those ways, and make those Arts my own,
 Which every *Knight* and *Noble* taught his Son:
 So well attended, and so richly dress'd (guess'd)
 I walk'd thro' *Rome*, and those that view'd me,
 I was a Man of Wealth, a *Knight* at least.
 Himself my carefull'st Guardian watch'd me still,
 In short, he so suppress'd the growth of ill,
 That (Virtue's hight) not only kept me pure
 From vitious Deeds, but ill Repute secure:
 Nor did he fear the Censuring World should blame
 His high Designs, or I be damn'd with Shame,
 If after all his^e *Cost* I should be made
 A Common *Cryer*, or a meaner Trade;
 Or else, as he himself, have poorly liv'd
 A mean *Exeise-Man*, nor should I have griev'd:
 I owe more Thanks, and more Respect for this,
 Nor shall I e'er, whatever *Fops* advise,
 Repent of such a *Father* if I'm wise.
 Therefore as Others when the haughty scorn,
 **Twas not our fault we were not nobly Born;*
 I do not say, nor mind those meaner Cares;
 My Words and Thoughts are different far from theirs

3. For should kind *Nature* bid my Soul retire,
Go back to Birth, and chuse a Noble Sire,
As great as Thought could frame, or Pride desire;
Content with those I have, let others chuse,
I would the *Noble* and the *Great* refuse:
And this is foolish, this a wild Design
Th' Crowds Opinion, Wise perhaps in thine,
Because I love my Ease, with prudent Care,
And shun a weight I am not us'd to bear:
For streight my small Estate I must enlarge,
Salute more Men, and live at greater Charge,
Companions get, lest I, in Field or Town,
The noble I, be seen to walk alone:
More Grooms and Horses keep, a Coach beside,
And all the costly Vanities of Pride:
Now on my bob-tail'd Mule all gall'd and sore,
My Waller galls behind, my Spurs before;
I ride when-e'er I will, I ride at ease
As far as soft *Tarentum*, if I please;
None, as of *Tullius* Baseness, shall of mine complain,
In whom, when *Prator*, as a noble Train,
The *Tiburtine* way five Boys did wait,
And bore a Stool and Flask of Wine in State.
I live, *Sir Noble*, I can justly boast,
Better than you, and happier far than most:
I walk alone where-e'er my Fancies lead,
And busie ask the Price of Herbs and Bread:

Thro' cheating *Rome* about the close of Day
I freely walk, I go to Church and pray,
Then home, where I shall find a sparing Treat,
And three small pretty Boys bring up the Meat:
Just by a White-stone-Table stands, to bear
Two Pots, one Cup, and equal to my fare
A Cruise and Platter, all poor Earthen Ware.
And then I go to Bed, and take my Rest,
No guilty Conscience frets, no Cares molest;
No sad Remembrance of my former Crimes;
No Suits to bid me be at Court betimes.
Where *Marsya's* Statue stands, and fears to brook
The Fury of the younger *Novius* look:
" I sleep 'till Ten, then walk, or read a while,
" Or write for Pleasure, 'noint my self with Oil,
Not such as *Natta* pours, the Rich, the Base,
Who robs the dying Lamps to grease his Face,
But when that heat invites to cooler Streams,
I bath, and fly the fury of the Beams;
I eat not greedily, but just enough
To stay my Stomach, and keep Hunger off;
This is their Life who are unloos'd from Fears,
Weighty Ambition, and its vexing Cares:
This Comforts me, this more Contentment brings,
Than if my Birth were high, my Race were Kings.

SATYR VI.

*A Scolding Law-Suit between Persius, and
Rupilius, Surnam'd The King.*

HOW mungrel *Persius* paid *Rupilius* off,
Surnam'd *The King*, that banish'd railing Huff,
And gave him *Quid* for *Quo*, I think is known:
To all the Blind, and Barbers Shops in Town:
This *Persius* rich half *Asia* did molest
With Law Suits, and the *King* amongst the rest:
Bold, Impudent He was, and still at Strife,
And as malicious as the *King* for's Life.
Haughty, and such a bitter Rogue to rail,
That *Piso* hardly could blow Wind in's Tail:
But to return, when nought could calm their Rage,
(For so 'tis still when *Two great Souls engage* :)
Thus in *Achilles* and in *Hector's* Strife,
Their Emulation was as long as Life;
Because they both were Brave, their Minds were
great,
Their Courage equal, and alike their Heat;
But when two Cowards, or unequal Foes,
As when soft *Glaucus*, *Diomed* did oppose,
The weaker yields unable to defend,
And gives the other Bribes to be his Friend.

When *Brutus*, *Asia* rul'd, this railing Pair,
Not *Byth* and *Bacchius* were a Match so fair,
Began their Suit; away to Court they run
Both hot, and gaz'd at both by ev'ry one.
Persius begins, and doth the Cause explain,
(We laugh, and, as he speaks, we laugh again)
And praiseth *Brutus* much, and all his Train:
He calls him *Asia's* Sun, a glorious thing,
And all were Stars benign except the King;
The Dog-Star He, that Star that poison yields,
And sheds malicious Influence o'er our Fields.
Thus heedlessly he still pursu'd his Theme,
As fierce and muddy as a Winter's Stream.

● The King enrag'd at this, and swoln with Hate,
Empties his Stomach straight in *Billingsgate*;
The finest *Rhetorick* the World hath known,
The very *inside* of a Bawling Clown.
But *Persius* nettled with his sharp Replies,
At last, *Brutus*, since *Thou art wont*, He cries,
To Murther Kings; for Heaven's sake why not This?
For this would prove a good and great design,
Brutus, this ought to be an *Act* of thine.

SATYR VIII.

1. Priapus tells how he came to be a God.
2. Discourses how the Witches come at Night and trouble him.
3. Discovers their Ceremonies.

LONG time I lay a *useless* Piece of Wood,
 'Till Artists doubtful for what the *Leg*
 was good,

A *Stool*, or *God*; resolv'd to make a God:

So I was made, my Form the *Leg* receives,

A mighty Terror I to Birds and Thieves:

My Hook and my vast Pole the Thieves affright,

And keep the Garden safe from Rogues by Night:

My ghastly Head is Crown'd with staring Reed,

To fright the Sparrows from the new-sown Seed.

This Plat where now I stand was heretofore

A Common Place of Burial for the Poor,

Here by the Common Beadle of the Town

The poorer Sort, and Spendthrifts Corps, were
 thrown,

They got this Plat when they had spent their own.

A thousand Foot in length, three hundred broad,

As the Inscription shows, by Will bestow'd

For Publick Use, and for the Common Good.

But now where only frightful Bones were seen,
That Checker'd with a ghastly White the Green,
Mecenas built a Summer's soft Retreat :

The Air is good, and 'tis a pretty Seat,
And now I take but very little Care,

For Thieves and Birds that come and rife here;
The troublesome *Whitches* vex me more than They,
Those Wirches I can never drive away :

For when the Moon is up, each comes and pulls
Her pois'nous Herbs, or gathers Bones and Skulls.

3. I oft have seen the Hag *Canidia* there,
Bare-foot, her Coat tuck'd short, and loose her Hair
With elder *Sagana*, I saw them run,

(They both were ghastly, pale to look upon.)
I heard them howl, and saw the furious Witch,
Whilst with her Nails she scrap'd a little Ditch,

Then tear black Lambs, and pour in all the Blood,
And call the hungry *Ghosts* to take their Food,
The *Ghosts* that were to tell her what she wou'd,

Of *Wooli* and *Wax* they made two Images,
Which the bewitch'd and Witches Forms express,

The *Wooli* the greater to torment the less:
The *Wax* was to be whipt, and seem'd to bow,
And there stood cringing as it fear'd the blow.

One *Hecate* invokes with dreadful Pray'r,
And one *Tisiphone*, and streight they hear
Black Serpents hiss and Hell-bounds barking there.
The Moon skulk'd streight, and as afraid to view
This ghastly sight, behind the Tombs withdrew.

Now if I lye let Birds disdain my Reed,
 And come and Perch, and dung upon my Head:
 Let me be spit, let me be pifs'd, upon
 By all the Rogues and Rascals of the Town:
 Why should I mention all I saw or heard?
 How in their Ditch they hid a Tyger's Beard;
 And Serpent's Tooth: how, with a squeaking Voice,
 The Witch and Ghost discours'd? how harsh the Noise?
 How, by slow Fires, the waxen Form did waste:
 And frighted I reveng'd my self at last.
 For loud, as a blown Bladder when 'tis broke,
 I stoutly Farted from my Arse of Oak;
 The frighted Witches start and drop for fear
 Canidia Teeth, and Sagana false Hair;
 Away their Charms and pois'nous Herbs were
 thrown,
 Each takes her ambling Switch, and hastes to Town,
 It would have made you split to see them run.

S A T Y R IX.

*The Description of an Impertinent Fop that
 plagu'd Horace in his Walk.*

AS I was walking thro' the Streets of Rome,
 And musing on I know not what nor whom,
 A Fop came up, by Name scarce known to me,
 He seiz'd my Hand, and cry'd, Dear Sir, how d'ye?

I thank you, pretty well as Times go now;
All Happiness: I wish the same to you:
 But when he follow'd me, I turn'd and cry'd,
 What farther Business, Sir? And he reply'd,
What don't you know me, Sir? No faith: What, no?
Come, Horace, now you jest, I'm sure you do;
Why I'm a Scholar: Sir, I'm glad of that,
'Twill make me prize you at a higher rate:
 Uneasie thus, and eager to be gone,
 Sometimes I walk'd but slow, now faster on,
 My Foot-boy whisper'd now, and now I stopt,
 Now turn'd about, still Sweating 'till I dropt:
 Ten thousand times I softly curs'd my Fate,
 And envy'd deaf Bolanus happy State:
 Whilst he, Eternal Clack, of all we meet
 Said something, praising Houses, Town, and Street:
 But when he saw me so uneasie grown,
 And answer nothing; *Sir, you would be gone,*
But faith, Dear Sir, we must not part so soon;
I love your Company, I'll follow still,
I must make one, Dear Sir, go where you will.
 'Tis too much trouble for you, I design
 Beyond the Bridge, to see a Friend of mine
 Unknown to you, your kind Attendance spare,
 It will be rude to trouble you so far.
Sir, I'm at leisure, I have Time to spend,
And I can walk, I'm sure, to serve a Friend:

I'll go: And thus when no Release appears,
Like an o'erladen Ass I hung my Ears.
Then he, Sir, if I don't mistake my Parts,
Nor Varius Wit, nor Viscus great Deserts
Can claim your Friendship half so much as mine;
Which of the Wits can write so smooth a Line,
Which more than I, or which with greater ease?
'Tis almost natural in me to please:
Who can his Limbs to softer motions bring?
Hermogenes might envy when I sing:
And then he stopt a while, and I put in.
Have you a Mother, Sir, or any Kin
That wou'd be glad to see you? *I have none,*
For thanks kind Stars they all are dead and gone.
Oh happy they, and I the last remain,
Come, pray Sir, quickly rid me of my Pain;
For now the fatal Hour, the time is come,
The Midwife told me when she read my Doom.
She turn'd the Sieve, and said, Nor Sword, nor Cough,
Nor Poison, Plague, nor Charms shall take him off:
Nor the Catarrh, nor Flux, nor Pox destroy,
But an Eternal Tongue shall kill the Boy,
And therefore wou'd he have his Life be long,
When grown a Man avoid a talking Tongue.
By this 'twas nine a Clock or somewhat past,
And we to *Vesta's* Temple came at last,
And there that Day he had a Cause to hear,
And was to lose his Suit or else appear.

Come

Come pray, Sir, as you love me, stop a while.

Faith Sir I cannot stand, nor have I skill

In any Point, and I'm oblig'd to go.

Well then, what must I leave my Cause, or You?

Me by all means: No, hang me if I do:

And so march'd on; and I (with one too strong
What Man can strive?) look'd blank, and sneak'd

How doth Mecænas (thence his Chat began) [along.

Affect you now? You are the subt'lest Man:

You make Hay whilst it shines, but take my word,

To have another always near my Lord,

And next to you in Favour, would secure

My Lord's good Will, and make your Fortune sure:

Fix me the Man, and let them do their best,

I'll lay my Life on't you shall rout the rest.

Sir, you mistake, that's not our Course of Life,

We know no Jealousies, no Brawls, no Strife;

From all those Ills our Patron's House is free,

None 'cause more Learn'd or Wealthy troubles me,

We have our Stations, all their own pursue:

'Tis strange, scarce credible: And yet 'tis true:

This whets my Wish, I'm eager for a Place:

I shall not rest 'till I am near his Grace:

Pray stand my Friend, I'm sure of good success,

He may be wrought on if you please to press:

But, Sir, at first he is of hard Access.

Well, when Occasion serves, I'll play my part,

I'll spare no Cost and Charge, try ev'ry Art,

Hang

Hang on his Coach, wait on him, all I can,
Bribe, Flatter, Cringe, but I'm resolv'd to gain;
'Tis only Labour, Sir, can raise a Man.

}

As thus he talk'd, a Friend of mine came by,
Who knew the Fellow's humour more than I.
We stop'd, and talk'd a while, as *How do'st do?*
Whence came you, Sir, I pray? And whither now?
Mean while I shrug'd, a thousand signs I show'd,
I squeez'd his Hand, and did what e'er I cou'd,
I nodded, cough'd, and wink'd to let him see
I stood in need of's help to set me free;
He cruel Wag, tho' knowing my Intent,
Pretended Ignorance of all I meant:
Irag'd; at last, *A little while ago*
Ten had some business, pray let's have it now.
I mind it well, but, Sir, another Day,
My business calls me now a different way;
'Tis Holiday, I visit yonder Shrine,
And must not mix Prophane with things Divine:
I don't mind Holidays; but Sir I do,
A little tender Conscienc'd, Sir, I vow,
One of the Crowd, I go to Church and pray,
Your pardon, Sir, we'll talk another Day.
Did ever such unlucky Beams arise!
Ever so black a Day! Unkind he flies,
And leaves me gasping for a little Life,
Just at the mercy of the Butcher's Knife:

When

When lo his Adversary cry'd, *Oh, Oh!*
Sir Rascal, have I caught you, whither now?
Pray Sir bear witness, gladly I consent,
 He's forc'd to Court, and I as freely went:
 The People Crowd and Shout; but 'midst the strife
 I scap'd, and so *Apollo* sav'd my Life.

S A T Y R X.

1. *He maintains the Censure he had given of Lucilius.* 2. *Discourses of Poetry.*
 3. *Satyr is his proper Talent.* 4. *He is content with the Praise of the best Judges.*

1. **W**ELL, Sir, I grant I said *Lucilius* Muse
 Is uncorrect, his way of Writing loose,
 " And who admires him so, what Friend of his
 " So blindly partial to deny me this?
 " And yet in the same Page I freely own,
 " His Wit as sharp as ever lash'd the Town;
 But this one sort of Excellence allow'd,
 Doth not infer that all the rest is good:
 " For on the same Account I might admit
 " *Labenius* Farce for Poems and for Wit.

2. Well

Well then 'tis not enough to please the Crowd,
And make them laugh, to prove the Poem good:
Yet this I grant a sort of Excellence:

He must be short, nor must he clog his Sense
With useless Words, or make his Periods long,
They must be smooth, and so glide o'er the Tongue:
And sometimes he must use a graver Stile,
And then jocose, and he must laugh a while.

Now like an *Orator*, a *Poet* now;
Their different Virtues, and their Graces show,
Now like a *Gentleman* whose fine Discourse
Design'dly easie is, and free from force,
Instructive Mirth, and where a waggish sneer
Doth hit the great Ones more than a severe.

This was the drift of all our Ancient Plays,
In this they may be follow'd, and with Praise.
But these *Hermogenes* (those blund'ring Heads)
Scarce knows; and t'other Ape-face never reads:
Poor thick-skull'd Sots that sing a Catch or two
From *Calvus*, and that's all that they can do.

Ay, but he's excellent; for many times
He mixes Greek with Latine in his Rhimes.
Dull Sots, to think that Poetry and Wit,
Which e'en the *Rhodian* poor *Pitholeon* writ.

Ay, but the Speech thus mix'd is neat and fine,
Tis sweet like Latine mix'd with Greekish Wine.
But you, Sir, that can't think this Censure true,
But doat on *Lucill*, I appeal to you,

Only

Only in Verse, or when you treat of Laws,
 Or plead, suppose, *Petillus* desp'rate Cause;
 Whilst *Pode* and *Corvin* eagerly accuse,
 Would you this mix'd, this Mungrel Language use:
 As 'twere forget your own, and *Greek* confound
 With *Latine*, like th' *Apulians* double sound?
 When I, a *Latin*, once design'd to write
Greek Verses, *Romulus* appear'd at Night;
 'Twas after Twelve, the time when Dreams are true
 And said; *Why Horace, what do'st mean to do?*
 'Tis full as mad the *Greeks* vast heaps t' encrease,
 As 'tis to carry *Water* to the *Seas*.
 While swelling *Alpin* in his lofty way,
 Murders poor *Memnon* in his Barbarous Play;
 Or awkwardly describes the head of *Rhine*;
 This pleasant way of writing Satyr's mine.
 'Tis not for Glory, nor to please the Age,
 Nor get the Bays, nor often tread the Stage.
 True Comedy *Fondanus* only writes,
Pollio the Acts of Kings, and Noble Fights;
 Strong Epic-Poems *Varius* best can raise,
 And *Virgil's* happy Muse in Eclogues plays,
 Natural, and soft, and justly wins the Bays.
 In Satyrs I, which *Varro* try'd in vain,
 And others too, may have a happy strain:
 Yet than *Lucilius* less I freely own,
 I would not strive to blast his just Renown,
 He wears and best deserves to wear the Crown.

ly, but I said his Fancy muddy flow'd,
And faulty Lines did oft exceed the good.
Well, Sir, and is e'en *Homer* all correct?
Is he, Sir Critick, free from all defect?
Both not *Lucilius*, *Accius* Rhimes accuse?
And blame our *Ennius*'s correcter Muse?
For too much lightness oft his Rhimes deride,
And when he talks of his own Verse, for Pride?
Then what's the Reason that his Friend repines,
That when I read *Lucilius* looser Lines,
Try if 'tis his Subject won't permit
More even Verse, or if 'tis want of Wit?
But now if any is content to chime,
And just put naked Words in Feet and Rhime,
And write two hundred Lines in two hours time,
As *Cassius* did, that full o'er-flowing Tide
Of Wit, and who was burnt, (or Fame hath ly'd)
With Piles of his own Papers when he dy'd.
Well then suppose *Lucilius* was a Wit,
His Virtue's more than Faults in what he writ.
Correcter than the *Older* Writers own,
And that we *Satyr* owe to him alone,
Satyr a Poem to the *Greeks* unknown.
Yet did he now again new Life Commence,
He would correct, he would retrench his Sense,
And pare off all that was not Excellence;
Take pains, and often when he Verses made,
Would bite his Nails to th' quick, and scratch his
Head. When

When you design a lasting Piece, be wise,
 Amend, Correct again, again Revise:
 Ne'er seek the Crowd's unthinking Praise, delight
 4 That few, and Judges, read the Verse you write
 Is't thy Ambition, mean unthinking Fool,
 To be a Classick thumb'd in ev'ry School?
 That's not my wish, for 'tis enough for me,
 As hift *Arbuscula* was wont to say,
Well, well, his on, for since I please the best,
And those approve me well, I scorn the rest.
 Why should I vex to hear *Pontitius* blame
 My Poems, or *Demetrius* carp my Fame?
 Or hungry *Fannius*, at *Tigellius* Treat,
 Disgrace my Verse to get a little Meat?
 Let *Plotius*, *Varius*, and *Mecenas* Love,
 Let *Cesar*, *Virgil*, *Valgius* all approve
 What I compose; to these wou'd I cou'd joyn
 The *Visci*, and *Messala's* Learned Line,
 And *Pollio*, and some other Friends of mine,
 Whom I for Modesty forbear to name,
 My good Acquaintance all, and Men of Fame,
 Commend my Lines, and I should grieve to know
 They do not please them, as I hope they do.
 I scorn *Tigellius*, and *Demetrius* noise,
 Dull Block-heads, let them Pipe among their Boys,
 And mind their Schools: Go *Roger* quickly run,
 Put this into my Book, and I have done.

The End of the first Book of Satyrs.

SATYRS

SATYRS.

BOOK II.

He adviseth with his Friend what he shall Write. 2. He concludes that his Humour is for Satyr. 3. Will hurt none unprovok'd. 4. No good Men have reason to be angry at Satyrists.

SOME Fancy I am bitter when I jeer,
 Beyond the Rules of Satyr too severe;
 Come, that my Verse is dull and flat, and say,
 A Man may write a Thousand such a day.
 What shall I do, Trebatius? Why, give o'er,
 Thy scribbling humour check, and write no more.
 The Counsel's good, and oh that I could chuse,
 But I can't sleep for my unruly Muse:

Why

Why then (for that will lay a rambling Head)
Go always tir'd, or else go drunk to Bed.
Or if you needs must write, go raise thy Fame
By Cæsar's Wars, for that's a noble Theme,
And that will get thee Wealth and an Esteem.
 I have the Will, but when I strive to fly,
 My Wing's too weak, nor can I rise so high.
 For 'tis not ev'ry one can paint a War,
 How Iron Armies dreadful gay appear;
 The Galli falling by a braver force,
 Or wounded Parthians tumbling from their Horses
Yet thou, for such the wise Lucilius show'd
Great Scipio, may'st describe him just and good.
 Well, when Occasion serves, my Muse designs
 To try that way; but my unpolish'd Lines,
 Unless by chance a happy Time appears,
 Will never pass the judging Cæsar's Ears,
 Whom if you try to stroke, he's free from Pride
 And kicks you off, secure on ev'ry side:
And this is better than with railing Rhimes,
To lash the Faults and Follies of the Times,
Since all think they are hit, and all resent,
And hate thee, tho' perhaps they are not meant.
 2. What shall I do?
 As most Men have their Humours, I have mine,
Milonius Dances when he's full of Wine:
Pollux on Foot, on Horse-back *Castor* fights;
 As many Men, so many their Delights:

Love to Rhime, to Satyr lies my Wit,
 And chuse the way that wise *Lucilius* writ:
 He did to's Book, as to a Trusty Friend,
 His secret Virtues, and his Faults Commend.
 And when a good or faulty deed was done,
 He trusted them with that, and them alone.
 And hence his Books do all his Life explain,
 As if we saw him live it o'er again.
 This Man I imitate; but what I am
 Faith I can't tell, nor know from whence I came;
 For whether I my Birth t' *Appulia* owe,
 Or to *Lucania*, faith 'tis hard to know,
 Since we *Venusians* live between these two;
 Plac'd here, as Tales of Ancient Fame relate,
 When the *Sabelli* bow'd to stronger Fate,
 On this side to secure the *Roman* State;
 Lest fierce *Appulian* or *Lucanian* Arms,
 Shou'd take them unprovided for Alarms.
 3. But yet this Pen of mine shall never wound
 If unprovok'd, yet still I'll keep my ground,
 Ready for all Assaults, make this my Guard,
 And stand on my defence, be still prepar'd,
 As with a Sword, yet sheath'd, and never draw
 Unless, assaulted, to keep Rogues in Awe. [Peace,
 Grant, bounteous Heav'n, oh grant me welcome
 Oh grant this Sword of mine might rust in Ease!
 Let none hurt peaceful me with envious Tongue,
 For if he does, he shall repent the wrong:

The

The warning's fair, his Vices shall be shown,
 And Life expos'd to all the Cens'ring Town:
 Affronted *Cervius* threatens Suits of Law,
Canidia Charms to keep her Foes in Awe.
 And Prætor *Turinus* shews he bears a grudge,
 If thou shalt plead a Cause when he is Judge,
 Each fights with that with which he can prevail,
 And pow'rful Nature thus instructs us all.
 The Wolves with Teeth; with Horns the Bulls begin
 And whence, but from a secret Guide within?
 Let *Scæva* have (for this he counts a wrong)
 A Mother, that he thinks will live too long;
 His pious Hand shall never wound her Heart,
 No wonder this, 'tis not his proper Art.
 A Wolf ne'er kicks, with Teeth a Bull ne'er kills
 But she shall take a Dose of poison'd Pills.
 In short then, whether I live long or no,
 Or Rich, or Poor, howe'er my Fortunes go,
 Live here at *Rome*, or banish'd take my flight,
 Whatever is my state of Life, I'll write.
Well, Sir, I see your Life then can't be long,
Some great ones, saith, will stop your railing Tongue.
 4. How, Sir, *Lucilius* that did first ingage
 In writing Satyrs, and that lash'd the Age,
 And strip'd our Foplings of their Lyons Skin,
 In which they look'd so gay, all foul within.
 Did *Lælius*, or did *Scipio* hate his Muse?
 Or storm, when he *Metellus* did abuse?

The Great-ones, and the Crowd did discommend,
And valued Virtue only, and her Friend?
No, no, they treated him, and thought him good,
And when remov'd from Business and the Crowd,
Wou'd keep him Company, wou'd laugh and jest,
And sport until their little Meat was drest.
Whate'er I am, altho' I must submit
To wife *Lucilius*, in Estate and Wit,
Yet I with Great-ones live, this all confess,
And Envy, tho' unwilling, grants no less.
And tho' she thinks me soft, will find me tough,
And break her Teeth, for I have strength enough;
I hope, *Trebatius*, this you grant is true;
Yes, Sir, but 'tis my pious Care for you,
My Love that makes me give you this Advice,
Take heed of Scandal, Horace, and be wise.
Well, Sir, if any wrongfully derides,
Then let him suffer as the Law provides;
If justly, mighty *Cesar* is his Friend,
He loves such Poems, and will such defend;
And thus if you a Man of spotless Fame,
Shall last another, that deserves the shame;
And he grows mad, Indicts or Sues thee for't,
The foolish Action shall be turn'd to sport;
He laugh'd and jeer'd at, you discharg'd the Court.

S A T Y R II.

1. *The profit of a spare Diet.* 2. *The Difference between that and a sordid Table.* 3. *The advantages of it, in respect of Mind and Body.* 4. *Against Luxury.* 5. *Thrift, the best security against Fortune.*

I. **H**OW great a Virtue 'tis, how a great good,
 To live content, and with a little Food,
 (These are not mine, but wise *Ofellus* Rules,
 An honest Man, but yet unlearn'd in Schools)
 Learn not when full, or when a sumptuous Feast,
 With show and sight disturbs the eager Guest:
 Or else oppress and leave the easie Mind,
 Averse to good, and to ill Rules inclin'd,
 But seek with me, before that thou hast din'd.
And why this Caution? If I can I'll tell,
 Bribe'd Judges ne'er examine Causes well:
 Go take some Exercise, pursue the Chace,
 Or Hunt, ride the great Horse, or run a Race,
 Handle the *Roman* Arms, those heavier far
 Than *Gracian* Toys, or else go throw the Bar;

Or play at Ball, be eager at the sport,
 And make thy Game seem pleasant, and but short.
 Now when this Exercise hath made thee sweat,
 And rais'd thy Stomach, and thou fain wou'dst eat,
 Then scorn to taste unless 'tis dainty Meat:
 When thirsty, scorn to drink, refuse to Dine,
 Unless thou hast the best and racy Wine.
 Besides the Butler's gone abroad to play,
 No costly Fishes can be caught to day;
 The Winds defend them, and the Seas are rough,
 Then Bread and Salt will please thee well enough.
How so? And prithe how can this be done?
 Why, Sir, the pleasure that's in eating known,
 Is not i'th' Meat, but in thy self alone.
 Make Exercise thy Sawce, let that excite,
 For steamy and a squeasy Appetite
 Nor Trout, nor Tench, nor Oysters can delight.
 Yet I shall scarce perswade our curious Men,
 Let me advise, and talk, and talk agen,
 Not to eat Peacock, rather than a Hen.
 For they are prejudic'd, because the price
 Is great, and his gay Feathers please the Eyes:
 As if those made it better; dost thou Feast
 On those prais'd Plumes? And do those fill thy
 Guest,
 Or doth it look as gawdy when 'tis drest?
 Then since Hens flesh is quite as good, 'tis plain
 The Peacock is preferr'd for's gawdy Train.

But grant some difference here, yet how dost know
If this same Pike be River Fish or no?

Caught here in *Tyber*, or in open Seas,
For thou dost make a difference too in these;
Mad Fool, thou praisest Mulletts vastly great,
Which thou must mash, e'er thou can'st dress or eat:
The Greatness pleases then, yet all dislike
Some bigger Fish, and scorn the larger Pike:
Pray what's the Cause of this? Oh! let me see,
Perhaps because, as Nature's Laws Decree,
One usually is small, the other great;
Men seldom hungry scorn the common Meat.
But, says the Glutton, I love larger Fish,
It looks so noble in a Lordly Dish.

But you moist Winds now hear, be kind and good,
Corrupt their Meat, and taint their costly Food:
Tho' 'tis but newly taken taint their Bore,
And let their *Rhombus* stink e'er brought to Shore:
When Plenty too profuse in vain invites,
And strives to raise the squeamy Appetites;
When the full Glutton strives in vain to eat,
And takes sharp Herbs before his dainty Meat.

We do not always feed on Sole and Bore,
But use cheap Eggs, and Olives mid'st our store,
So greatest Feasts have something that is poor.
First *Gallio's* Kitchen infamous did grow
For dressing Sturgeon, 'twas not long ago,
What had the Sea then fewer Soles than now?

No,

No, but the Soles did then securely rest,
Then nothing did but Winds and Waves molest,
And the poor Stork liv'd safely in his Nest :

Until a *Prator* taught us how to use
These things, and made us foolishly profuse:
And so if one would bring new sorts of Food,
And stoutly say, a roasted *Moor-hen's* good :
Our Fops would imitate, and praise his Skill,
Our Fops that are so easie bent to Ill.

2. A sordid Table, and a thrifty one,
Ofellus thinks distinct, in vain they shun
One Vice, that to the other madly run.

Old *Aviden*, Surnam'd *The Deg*, eats Sloes,
And Olives five Years old, as bad as those.
These are his Meat, and all the Wine he drinks
Is eager still; his Oyl corrupt, and stinks:

And that (when very fine, when neatly dress'd,
And at a Birth-day, or a Marriage Feast,
When he would be profuse, and Prodigal)
He pours himself upon his little Cale.

Well then, what would you have a Wise Man do?

What Table keep? you have propos'd me two;

And which, Sir, must I imitate of these?

The choice is hard, and it is hard to please.

Sir, he lives well that keeps the middle State,
And neither leans too much to this, nor that:
Such when he bids his Slaves do this and this,
And tasks them too, as ev'ry Master his,
Will not be cruel as old *Albutius* is:

Nor yet like *Nevius* when he makes a Feast,
With costly Oyntment will he wash his Guest,
For that too is a fault, a Vice at least.

3. Now learn what good attends a sparing Meal,
What Pleasure, and what Profit: First, thou'rt well,
Thy Health improv'd, thy Body free from pain;
But now that Meat confus'd doth hurt a Man,
Thou hast experience, and sufficient proof;
One single Dish did feed thee well enough,
Thy Stomach took it, but when boyl'd with stew'd,
Flesh mix'd with Fish, the indigested load
Is turn'd to Gall or Flegm, and spoils the Blood:
Observe how sickly and how pale the Guests,
How discompos'd they rise from sumptuous Feasts:
Besides, the Body, by the wild Excess
Enfeebled, doth the nobler Mind oppress,
It clogs it, and it makes its motions dull,
And fixes here the breath of Heav'n, the Soul:
The others go to Bed, just close their Eyes,
Such little slumber Nature's wants supplies,
Then vig'rous to their proper business rise.
Yet those can have their sparing Meals increas'd
On Holidays, or when they treat a Guest,
Or would indulge, and when they please to Feast.
Besides, old Age will come, and that must crave,
A softer treatment far than Youth shou'd have:
But thou, when Sickness comes, or feeble Age,
In vain dost hope, fond Youth, to calm their Rage,

By softer Usage, since thou dost enjoy
 The softest, while a young and vig'rous Boy:
 The Ancients did commend their stinking Bores,
 Yet not but that their Smell was good as Ours,
 But 'cause they thought it better far to stay,
 (That was the thriftier, and the nobler way)
 And keep it 'till their tardy Guest was come,
 Than eat it sweet, and by themselves at home:
 These, these were Heroes, these were gen'rous Men,
 And oh that Nature had produc'd me then.

4 Dost thou regard thy Fame, which charms our
 With softer Musick than the sweetest Airs? (Ears,
 Take heed, Luxurious Living ruins that,
 And wastes thy Name as much as thy Estate:
 It makes thy Neighbours angry, Friends distrust,
 And thee thy self unto thy self unjust,
 When thou shalt wish for Death, of all bereft;
 And not enough to buy a Halter's left:

*'Tis true, to some this is a just Reproof,
 This may be said to Tarsus well enough;
 But not to me; I am secure from Fate,
 For my Revenue's large, my Wealth is great,
 Enough to keep three Kings, a vast Estate.*

Then is there no way else to spend thy Store?
 Why since thou'rt Rich, is any good Man poor?
 Why are not ruin'd Fanes rebuilt? And why
 Dost not thy Wealth thy Neighbours wants supply?

And hath thy Country this superfluous Coin?
What measure hath it from this Heap of thine?
Kind Fortune still, forsooth, shall smile on thee,
O future Sport unto thine Enemy!

And which is better able to endure
Uncertain Chance? And which lives most secure?

He that doth never Fortune's Smiles distrust,
But pampers up himself, and feeds his Lust?
Or he that lives on little now, and spares;
And wisely when 'tis Peace, provides for Wars?

But by one Instance to confirm this Truth,
I knew *Ofellus* when I was a Youth;

Then he was rich, yet 'midst his greatest Store
He liv'd as now, since Rapine made him poor:
Now you may see him with his Wife and Son
Till that Estate for Hire which was his own:
He ploughs, he sweats, and stoutly digs for Bread,
Contented still, and as he wrought, he said,

On working Days I never us'd to eat

But Cale and Bacon, that was all my Meat:

But when an old and honest Friend of mine,

Or else my welcome Neighbours came to dine;

When it was rainy, or my Work was done,

We feasted not on costly Fish from Town;

But took what I could easily provide

From my own Field, a Puller, or a Kid:

And then for second Course some Grapes were press'd,

Or Nuts, and Figs, and that was all my Feast:

And

And after this we drank a Health or two,
 As far as harmless sober Mirth would go;!
 And then thank'd *Ceres* for our present Cheer,
 And beg'd a plenteous Crop the following Year:
 And now let Fortune frown, I scorn her Force,
 How can she make our way of living worse?
 Have we not had enough since we grew poor,
 Have we liv'd worse, *my Sons*, than heretofore,
 Before a Stranger came and seiz'd my Store?
 For Nature doth not me or him create,
 The proper Lord of such and such Estate:
 He forc'd us out, and doth possess my Plain;
 Another Cheat shall force him out again,
 Or Quirks in Law; or when those Fears are past,
 His long-liv'd Heir shall force him out at last:
 That which was once *Ofellus* Farm is gone,
 Now call'd *Umbrena's*, but 'tis no Man's own:
 None hath the Property, it comes and goes,
 As merry Chance, or stubborn Fates dispose,
 As God thinks fit, and his firm Nods decree,
 Now to be us'd by Others, now by me:
 Then live resolv'd, *my Sons*, refuse to yield,
 And when Fates press make Constancy your Shield.



SATYR III.

- x. *The Stoicks chide him for his Laziness.*
 2. *According to the Stoicks Opinion all*
are mad. 3. *The Covetous are mad.*
 4. *The Ambitious.* 5. *The Spend-thrifts.*
 6. *Lovers.* 7. *The Superstitious.* 8. *Con-*
cerning his own Humour.

I. **Y**OU write so seldom, scarce four Sheets a Year,
 A lazy Writer, but a Judge severe!
 Still mending, and revising ev'ry Line,
 Still vext that after all thy Sleep and Wine,
 Yet nothing comes that doth appear to be
 Worth publick View: What will become of thee?
 You here at Winter's first Approach did come,
 And left the Mirth, and drunken Feasts of Rome:
 Then sober now write something as you vow'd,
 Write something that may make thy Promise good
 Begin, nought comes, thou dost in vain accuse
 Thy Paper, Pen, and Ink, and angry Muse;
 And yet you seem'd to promise something great,
 If e'er you came to your warm Country Seat.
 Why comes *Menander*, *Plato*, *Sophocles*?
 And why such learned Company as these?
 If thou design'st to spend thy time in Ease?
 What, wilt thou write no more, to live exempt
 From Envy? Blockhead, thou shalt meet Contempt:

The

The Siren Sloth thou must resolve to shun,
Or lose that Fame thy better Life has won.

*Thanks, Damasippus, thou art grave, and wise,
And let the Gods bestow 'tis a small Price)*

A Barber on thee for thy good Advice :

But how came you to know my Mind so well?

Why once I traded 'till my Stock was gone,

And now I mind, as here I live in Town,

Others Concerns, since I have lost my own.

For heretofore I drove a mighty Trade

In ancient Pieces, knew what Piece was made

By such an Artist, and cou'd tell what part

Was rudely drawn, and what agreed with Art.

Then sold them dear, I had the only Skill

To purchase Lands, and with Advantage still.

And hence among the Crowd my Name was known,

The Mercury, the Trader of the Town,

All this I know, and wonder now to view

The Change : Why, Sir, a Fancy strangely new

Hath cur'd the old : Thus from another Part,

As Head or Side, Pain falls into the Heart.

2. Thus this Lethargick sometimes leaves his Bed,]

In frantick Fit, and breaks the Doctor's Head.

Well, Sir, suppose you ben't as mad as he,

And beat me too, be what you please to be.

Good Sir, do not deceive your self, for you,

And all, if what *Stertinus* says be true,]

Are

Are mad: He taught me this when first he cheer'd
 My drooping Mind; and bad me wear this Beard.
 For when by Trading I was quite undone,
 Thither I went, poor Fool, resolv'd to drown:
 But he stood by, and in a lucky time
 He cry'd, Take heed young Man, forbear the Crime,
 'Tis foolish Modesty that makes Thee dread,
 Amongst Mad-men to be accounted Mad:
 For first inquire what Madness is, and see
 If ev'ry Man be not as mad as thee,
 Tho' they pretend to be so grave and wise,
 Then go and hang thy self, that's my Advice,
 He who's to Folly, or to Vice inclin'd,
 Or whom dark Ignorance of Truth doth blind,
 The *Stoicks* call him mad; thus ev'ry one,
 Whether he holds the Plough, or fills the Throne,
 Is counted mad, but their *Wise-man* alone. }
 Some call thee mad, but those that call thee so,
 Observe, I'll prove them quite as mad as you:
 As Men that lose their Ways in Woods, divide;
 Some go on this, and some on t'other side,
 The Error is the same, all miss the Road,
 Altho' in different Quarters of the Wood.
 Thus, as they call thee, think that thou art mad;
 But those that call thee so are quite as bad.
 For first, one sort of Madness is, to fear
 When nothing frights, and when no Danger's near;

As if when on an even Field he goes,
 He shou'd complain that Flames and Rocks oppose.
 Others, altho' through different ways they run,
 Are quite as Mad, for they rush boldly on,
 Thro' Flames, and boisterous Seas to be undone.
 And tho' his Mistress, Sister, Father, Wife
 Should cry, *Ah Dear, be cautious of thy Life;*
Look, there's a Ditch, take heed: He hears no more
 Than drunken *Furins* did, when heretofore
 He acted *Hecuba*, a lazy Drone,
 He fell asleep, and slept securely on,
 Nor cou'd be wak'd, tho' *Catien's* Voice did rage,
 And *Mother*, hear, *I call thee*, crack'd the Stage:
 Now grant this Madness, I design to show,
 If this Man's mad, then all the World is so.
 First *Damasippus's* mad, because he buys
 Old Statues, true; for what's more plain than this?
 Is he that trusts him sober? Grant he is:
 Suppose here take this Sum of Gold, I said,
 I never do expect to be repaid,
 Are you mad if you take it? No, but more
 If you neglect this easie offer'd Store.
 For twenty Bonds on cheating *Nereus* draw,
 'Tis not enough, add all the chains of Law
Cicuta can invent to hold him fast,
 This *Proteus* will avoid these Bands at last;
 This *Proteus Debtor*, for when e'er you bring
 Your Action, he's a Stone, or any thing,

A Bore, a Bird, a Tree whene'er he will,
 And thus deride your Loss, and cheat your Skill.
 Now if he's mad that wastes, and sober he
 That gets, *Petillus* is more mad than thee,
 Who trusts thee so, and lets his Stock decay,
 By lending more than you design to pay. (swell,
 Sit still and hear, those whom proud Thoughts do
 Those that look pale by loving Coin too well;
 Whom Luxury Corrupts, or fancy'd Fears
 Oppress, and empty superstitious Cares;
 Or any other Vice disturbs, draw near,
 I'll prove that all are mad, sit still, and hear.

3. First give the Covetous the largest Dose
 Of *Hellebore*, or rather let's suppose
 That whole *Anticyra* is design'd for those.
Saberius Heirs did write upon his Grave,
 How much he left, what Legacies he gave,
 Or were to give, as he by Will allow'd,
 Two hundred Fencers to delight the Crowd,
 And costly Treats as great as *Arrus* wou'd,
 And Corn as much as *Afric* yields a Year:
 Now whether this be well, or ill, forbear
 To censure me, and be not too severe:
 For *Saberus*, I think, was wise enough
 To know that he deserv'd and fear'd Reproof:
 What did he mean when he his Heir injoin'd,
 To write on's Tomb how much he left behind?

Why whilst he liv'd he thought the being Poor
Was heinous, and avoided nothing more ;
And should be guilty of a damn'd Excess,
If he had left behind one Farthing less.
For Honour, Virtue, Fame, and all Divine
And human Things, must follow charming Coin ;
And he that gets but that, is any thing,
Whate'er he please, Just, Valiant, Wise, a King.
And this he thought, as virtuous Acts, wou'd raise
His Fame, and get him an Immortal Praise.
This was his Thought of Wealth ; *how far from this*
Did Aristippus think and do with his ?
Who had his Slaves, as he o'er Lybia past,
Leave all his Wealth, because it stop't his haste.
Which was most mad ? Sir, that Example's vain,
That solves old Doubts by raising more again.
He that buys Harps, and throws his Wealth away
On Pipes, yet never does design to play :
He that buys Awls, and Lasts, yet doth not know,
And ne'er designs to try to make a Shoe.
Or Ships, and Oars, yet is averse to Trade,
All, and there's Reason for't, wou'd count him Mad.
And what's he better, that still strives for more,
Still heaps up Wealth, yet cannot use the Store,
But fears to touch, as if, 'twere Sacred Ore. }
He that all Night lies stretch'd on heaps of Wheat,
And watches what he does not dare to Ear,
With Bill in Hand ; yet after all this pain,
Tho' 'tis his own, he cannot touch a Grain.

But still on Haws, and bitter Herbs doth Dine;
And tho' his Cellar's stor'd with racy Wine,
Drinks Vinegar; and tho' extreemly old,
Yet lyes on Straw, or Flocks, and lyes a-cold;
Whilst his embroider'd Silks, and costly Cloaths,
Lye rotting in his Chests, and feed the Moths.
Yet few do think these Mad, for most like these,
Are sick and troubled with the same Disease:
What dost thou keep it for thy squandering Boy,
Or for thy Slave, old Chuff, and ne'er enjoy?
He'll drink it out, and prove a mad Gallant?
Or dost thou keep't lest thou thy self should'st want?
Oh Fool! how little would thy Mony waste,
If thou on better Cale and Oil did'st Feast?
Wore better Cloaths, and went more neatly dress'd?
If thou canst live upon this little Store,
Why dost thou swear, and lie, and cheat for more?
And are you Sober? If you walk'd the Street,
Throw Stones, and fight, and jussle all you meet,
Or stab your Slaves, you wou'd be quickly known,
Call'd mad by ev'ry Boy and Girl i'th' Town.
Now thou dost hang thy Wife, and now dost kill
With Drugs thy Mother; art thou Sober still?
For why? Thou dost not do this impious Deed,
At Argos Town, nor dost thou make her bleed,
With a sharp Sword, as mad Orestes did.
And dost thou think Orestes, heretofore,
After he stain'd his Sword in's Mother's Gore,
Grew mad alone, and was not mad before?

Yet after that, when you suppose him Mad,
 What did he do? And were his Actions bad?
 What did he do, that you dare discommend?
 He neither stabb'd his Sister, nor his Friend,
 But only as his Frenzy forc'd, did call
 One Rogue, the other Witch, and that was all.
Opimus, that old Chuff, and richly poor,
 Who wanted e'en the Wealth he had in store;
 That on Feast-days did meanest Wine provide
 In Earthen Jugs, and Lees on all beside;
 Lay in a Lethargy, all hope was gone,
 And now his joyful Heir ran up and down,
 And seiz'd the Keys and Chests as all his own:
 This the kind Doctor saw, and this design
 He us'd for Cure, he brought a Table in,
 And order'd some to tumble o'er his Coin:
 This rous'd him, then he cries, Sir you're undone,
 Wake Sir, and Watch, or else your Mony's gone:
 Your Heirs will seize it: What, *While I'm alive?*
 Then wake and show it, Sir, come, come revive.
What must I do? Eat, Sir: What, are you loath?
 Pray take this little Dish of Barley Broth.
What doth it cost? Not much upon my Word,
How much pray? Why, Two Groats: *Two Groats!*
'Tis the same thing to me to be undone (Oh Lord!
 By Thieves, or Physick; Doctor, I'll have none.

Who's

Who's Sober? He that's not foolish, that's my Rule.

What is the Covetous? Both Mad and Fool.

Suppose I am not Covetous, am I

Streight Sober? No; *Why Sir?* I'll tell thee why;

Suppose the Doctor says, this Patient's Thighs

Are free from pain, what may he therefore rise?

No, tho' his Thighs are free, yet violent Pains

May vex his Side, his Kidneys, or his Brains.

So this Man neither Covets, nor Forswears,

He is not Perjur'd, let him thank his Stars;

But he is Lavish, he is Bold and Proud,

Then to *Anticyra* let him cross the Flood:

For 'tis as great a Fault to be profuse,

As 'tis to get, and keep, and never use.

Opidius did, as Story goes, divide

His Farms between his Sons before he dy'd;

And said, and as he said he gravely smil'd,

My *Aulus* I observ'd thee from a Child;

And when I saw thee careless of thy Toys,

And free to give thy Nuts to other Boys:

And you *Tiberius* tell them o'er and o'er,

And hoard them up, and still encrease thy Store:

I fear'd both mad, wou'd different Vices chuse,

And one be Covetous, and one Profuse.

Therefore I charge you both by all that's dear,

As you my Blessing love, and Curses fear,

That neither you encrease your small Estate,

Nor you consume, but live content on that;

or that will all your proper Wants supply,
and Nature thinks enough as well as I.
and lest you be Ambitious, hear my Oath,
observe, I leave this Curse upon you both:
that of you shall be *Edilis* first,
or else a *Prator*, let him be accurst; (Groat
What would'st thou waste thy Wealth? spend ev'ry
to Bribe the heedless Crowd, and get their Vote?
that when thy Father's Lands, his ancient Rent,
and all the Mony he hath left, is spent,
poor naked Mad-man, thou may'st only gain
A Brazen Statue, or a gawdy Train:
Or be as fam'd (thus once the foolish Afs
Would be a Lyon) as great *Agrippa* was?
Great *Agamemnon*, why did you forbid
A Tomb for *Ajax*? Why? Because I did:
I am a King, what I Command is right,
And just. Well, I a private Man, submit:
let if I seem unjust, and too severe,
let any speak, and I will fairly hear.
Great King, may'st thou a happy Reign enjoy,
And have a safe Return from Conquer'd Troy.
And may I freely ask, and answer thee?
Thou sha't, speak what thou wilt, thou may'st be free.
Then why doth *Ajax*, he the Stout, the Brave,
And who so oft the Grecian Ships did save,
Achilles Second, rot without a Grave?

That

That joyful *Troy* and *Priam* laugh to see,
That He, by whom their Youth, that mighty He
Is now deny'd himself a Grave by thee?

*Why? He slew Flocks of Sheep o'er all the Field,
And when in's frantick Fits, he thought he kill'd,
My Brother, Me, Ulysses; and he smil'd;*

And you, when you your lovely Daughter led
To Sacrifice, and o'er her weeping Head
You pour'd the Salt and Meal, was sober still?

*Why not? When frantick Ajax strove to kill
The Innocent Flocks, how was the Action ill?*

He curst the both *Atrides* much 'tis true,
But never e'en upon *Ulysses* drew,

Nor Wife, nor Innocent Son, nor Brother slew:

*But I to get a Wind appeas'd the God,
To have my Navy sail I offer'd Blood.*

Thy own Blood, Frantick, 'twas that did Atone:
My own, but yet not Frantick, tho' my own:

He that shall take apparent Good with Bad,
Confus'dly mix'd, must be accounted Mad.

And 'tis all one, whate'er these Crimes begin,
Whether 'tis Rage or Folly makes him sin.

Whilst *Ajax* kills the harmless Flocks you blame,
He's mad, whilst thou design'dly sin'st for Fame,
And empty Titles, art thou not a Fool?

Art sober, whilst Ambition swells thy Soul?

If one should bear a Lamb about the Town,
Allow her a Sedan, and gawdy Gown,

all her his Daughter, Slaves and Gold provide,
and a stout Husband for the youthful Bride,
the Law would seize that Wealth he wildly spends,
and give it to the Care of sober Friends.
and he that kills his Daughter for a Lamb,
canst thou pretend him Sober? Fye for shame.
then where there's Folly, greatest Madnes's Rules,
and Wicked Men must needs be Frantick Fools;
he must be Mad that Courts an empty Name,
every Bedlam he, that's Slave to Fame.

Now next the foolish *Spend-thrift's* case propose,
that he is Mad e'en common Reason shows;
the Squire when come of Age, he takes his Land,
amaz'd with Wealth, he sends his strict Command,
It's known to All that I have an Estate,
And therefore let the Pimps and Tradesmen wait
to Morrow Morning early at my Gate:

What then? A thousand come at his Desire,
and thus the crafty Pimp bespeaks the Squire;
We're Proud to serve you, Sir, and all that's Ours,
Thrice noble Squire, send when you please 'tis Yours.
and thus the easie Squire replies again,
Good honest Men, you take a World of Pain:
You watch in Snow to catch a Bore for Me,
And you fish for Me in the boisterous Sea:
Whilst I'm a Drone unworthy this Estate,
There ere do you take this, and you take that;
And you these Farms, I freely give you these,
That I may use thy Wife, whene're I please.

A costly Gem from his *Metella's* Ear,
Æsop's loose Son dissolv'd in Vinegar,
And drank it down, and then profusely Laugh'd,
To think he drank a Province at a Draught.
Was't not as Mad as to have thrown the Gem
Into a Common Shore, or muddy Stream?
The Sons of *Arrus*, those of high Renown,
Those famous Bully-Brothers of the Town:
The most agreeing Pair in ev'ry Vice,
Still fed on Nightingales of costly Price,
And were those Mad or Sober, Fools or Wise?

6. If any grown a Man delights to raise
Dirt Pyes, and like a Child, at Push-pin plays;
Yokes Rats and Mice unto a little Plough,
And rides upon an Hobby-Horse, or so,
Sure he is Mad: Now I can prove with ease,
That *Love* is a more childish Thing than these:
And 'tis all one whether you Sport and Toy,
Play wanton Tricks, as when a little Boy,
Or court and labour for a jilting Miss,
Grow Pale and Whine: For let me ask thee this,
Canst thou, like *Polemon* reclaim'd, remove
Thy foppish Dress, those Symptoms of thy Love;
As he when Drunk, with Garlands round his Head
Chanc'd once to hear the sober *Stoick* read,
Asham'd he took his Garlands off, began
Another Course, and grew a sober Man?
Offer an Apple to a peevish Boy,
He will refuse it; here my pretty Joy,

Come prithee take it: *No, Sir, I'll have none:*

Yet, if unoffer'd, he will beg for One.

Like him's the Lover, who hath ask'd in vain,

Doubting if e'er he shou'd return again:

Altho' deny'd, when he would gladly wait,

Unask'd, and linger at the hated Gate:

Now she invites, and Swears she will be kind:

What shall I go, or rather cure my Mind?

She shuts me out, then asks me to return.

What, shall I go? No though she begs, I'll scorn.

But lo, his wiser Slave did thus reprove,

Sir, Reason must be never us'd in Love:

Its Laws unequal, and its Rules unfit,

For Love's a Thing by Nature opposite

To Common Reason, Common Sense and Wit.

All that's in Love's unsteady, empty, vain,

There's War and Peace, and War and Peace again.

Now he that strives to sett le such as these,

Meer things of Chance, and faithless as the Seas,

He were as good design to be a Fool

By Art and Wisdom, and be Mad by Rule.

And 'causethy Nur (a sign that thou shalt prove

A happy Man, and Conqueror in thy Love)

Prest thro' thy Fingers, strikes the Roof above;

You leap for Joy, unable to contain,

Is that the Action of a sober Man?

And when, tho' old, and so the wiser grown,

You prattle with her in a Childish Tone:

Art thou not Mad as he, that loves his Toys?
 And plays at Push-pin with the little Boys?
 To this add all the Rage of wild Desire,
 The Murders that attend this Frantick Fire;
 Observe, poor *Nereus* lately struck his Mifs,
 Then kill'd himself, what dost thou think of this?
 Was he quite Frantick, when he thus design'd?
 Or only somewhat troubled in his Mind?
 Wilt thou absolve the Man, and yet accuse?
 And Us by seeming different Terms abuse,
 That signifie alike, as People use?

7. A *Libertine*, and old, ran ev'ry Day,
 To all the Temples in the Town to Pray:
 Fasting he went, and he was neatly Dress'd,
 His Hands were clean, and he had one Request:
Grant ye kind Gods, grant I may always live,
It is an easie thing for you to give.

Now he that sold him might have safely sworn,
 He's sound both Wind and Limb as e'er was born;
 But cheated, if he swore him Sound in Soul,
 And this Man too the *Stoicks* count a Fool.

The Mother, whose dear Son had lain oppress'd
 With violent Quartan half a Year at least;
 Gets up betimes, and prays, Thou mighty *Jove*,
 That dost Diseases bring, and dost remove,
 If thou wilt stop the Fits, restore my Joy,
 And spare the Body of my lovely Boy,

At thy next Solemn Fast, kind mighty God,
I vow, and I will make my Promise good,
I'll set him naked in cold Tiber's Flood.
And now let Chance or Physick's strength release,
Or Doctor's Care suppress the strong Disease,
The Frantick Mother will perform her Vow,
And her weak Son into cold Tiber throw;
And this brings a Relapse and kills the Lad:
And hath not Superstition made her mad?

All this *Stertinus* taught me as a Friend,
That Eighth Wise-man; and I my self defend
By his learn'd Rules; none vexes me in vain,
Who calls me Mad, I call him Mad again:
And he shall learn, what he doth feldom mind,
To see what a Fool's Coat he wears behind.

Well, *Stoick*, may you sell at dearer Rate
Your Merchandize, and get your lost Estate;
To you (for there are many sorts) explain
What kind of Madnes 'tis that heats my Brain,
For sure methinks I am a sober Man.

Dost think *Agave*, when she grasp'd the Head
Of her own Son, thought she her self was Mad?
Well then I'm Mad, 'tis true, but fain would know,
Oblige me, *Stoick*, once, and freely show
What kind of Madnes I'm addicted to.

Then learn, tho' you are dwarfish, thin, and small,
You raise your self to be accounted tall:

Yet laugh when *Turbo* in his Arms appears,
Look how he Struts, and what a Port he bears!
 Tho' he hath far a greater Bulk than thee,
 And therefore art thou not as vain as he?
 What-e'er *Mecenas* does, and is it true,
 That he is Rivall'd by Pedantick you?
 When the old Frog was gone by chance abroad,
 An Ox came by and on her young ones trod:
 One scap'd, and told her that a mighty Beast
 Had trod upon her Young, and kill'd the rest:
How big? said she: *As big as I am now?*
 And swells. *Yes, yes, as big again as you.*
What, bigger still? And then she swells again.
Yes, bigger, bigger, and you strive in vain;
You'll never be as big, altho' you swell
Until you burst. This Image fits thee well.
 And thus to prove thee Frantick all conspire,
 Now add thy Poems, that is Oil to Fire,
 Those prove thee Mad, if nothing else were shown;
 If any Poet's Sober, thou art one.
 Thy Malice I conceal, by why dost wear
 A finer Suit than thy Estate will bear?
Hold, Damasippus; I forbear to shew
 Thy burning Lust, *The greater Mad-man you;*
Spare me at last the lesser of the two.

SATYR IV.

He makes Catus tell him the several Precepts that are to be observ'd in making a Feast, by this means showing those, that pride themselves in this Art, to be very Ridiculous.

WHence Catus, pray? and whither? Sir, I vow
I wish I had, but I han't leisure now

To tell my Rules, the best that e'er were known,

Better than what *Pythagoras* has shown,

Or *Plato* taught; but, Sir, I must be gone:

I must confess 'twas rude Impertinence

To interrupt a busy Man of Sense

At such a time, but pardon the Offence:

For, Sir, what-ever 'tis you have forgot,

You'll mind again, and soon recal the thought;

Whether 'twas fix'd on Nature, or on Art;

For you are deeply skill'd in either part:

I was considering how I should retain

What I have learn'd, it asks a subtle Brain,

A Man of deep Contrivance, Sense and Thought,

So fine the Precepts, and so finely wrought.

His Name, a Stranger, or a Roman, tell;

I'll sing the Precepts, but the Man conceal:

Chuse *Long Eggs* still, for those are hard and
sound,

Cock-Eggs, more white and sweeter than the *round*.

The *Cale* that grows on Hills, or barren Fields,
Is better far than what the *Garden* yields:

Moist Ground e'en *Odcomb* Plants will quickly spoil,
They tasteless grow, and watrish as the Soil.

Suppose a Friend, an unexpected Guest,
Comes late, and you have nothing ready dress'd,
Drown *Hens* in Wine; I learn'd this Art at Court,
'Twill make the Flesh eat *wonderfully* short.

The *Meadow* Mushrooms are the safer Food,
Pois'nous the *rest*, at least not half so good.

I'll give him Health, who when his *Meals* are done
Eats juicy *Mulberries*, pluck'd before the Sun
Doth rise too high, and scorch with heat of Noon.

Ausidius, thus says Story, us'd to take
His Morning's Draught of Honey mix'd with Sack,
This was ill done; with Liquors only *mild*,
E'er Breakfast, empty Veins are safely fill'd.
What-e'er some fancy, I have Cause to think
Smooth *Mead* in Morning is the better Drink.
When bound too much, sweet *Mallows* quickly clear
Thy *Guts* from stoppage, and thy *Mind* from fear;
Or *Cockle* Fish, or *Sorrel* newly ripe,
With *Coan* White Wine Sauce will ease the Gripe,
Better than the old *Midwife* Glisten-pipe.

The *Shell-fish* with the growing Moon's encrease,
 Yet different sorts are found in different Seas;
 All have not good: The *Lucrine* Shells exceed
 Those various *Purples* that soft *Baja* breed.
Oysters low *Circe*, some *Misenian* Coasts,
 And *Scollops* large soft *Tarent* loudly boasts:
 Let none pretend to have an Art in Feasts
 'Till he's exact, and *Critical* in Tastes:
 'Tis vain for him to buy the dearest Fish,
 That after knows not how to cook the Dish;
 What must be *flew'd*, what *boil'd* will grace a Feast,
 And whet the Stomach of the *glutted* Guest;
 Make him forget his Belly's full, restore
 Lost *Appetite*, and tempt him on to more.
 Boars fed on Acorns, caught in *Umbria's* Wood;
 Bend down his Dishes with their weighty load,
 That would avoid dull, mean, or *tasteless* Food:
 For no wise Palates the *Laurentians* chuse,
 Vile Meat and fat with plashy Reeds and Onze.
 Goats bred on *Vines*, not always dainty Fare,
 Wise Palates chuse the Wings of breeding Hare.
 What *Fish* of all the sorts, what *Birds* are best,
 And at what Age, and how they shou'd be dress'd,
 Before the World saw me were hardly known,
 All those are pure Inventions of my own.
 Some spend their *Time*, and hope to gain Applause
 For minding nothing but *new Cates, and Sauce*;

But Men of *Art* must still their Cares divide,
 Not mind *one* thing, and neglect *all* beside,
 Nor whilst they're *curious* in their *Wine* and *Ale*,
 Ne'er heed what *Oil* they pour upon their *Cale*.
 If full of *Lees*, if thick your *Massick* *Wine*,
 Set it abroad by *Night*, 'twill make it *fine*;
 Take off those *Smells* that hurt the *Nerves*, and waste
 The *Spirits*; *Hemp-seed* spoils the proper *taste*.
 Those *cheating* *Rogues*, that when the *Wine* decays,
 With their *Surrentine* mix *Falernian* *Lees*,
 This dash'd *Wine* quickly cleanse with *Pigeons* *Eggs*,
 Those falling down *precipitate* the *Dregs*.

Have you drunk *briskly*, and your *Friend* decays? }
 Then give him *pickled* *Herrings*, those will raise }
 And whet his *Stomach* for another *Glass*. }
 For *Lettice* after *Wine's* not half so good,
 It swims on *Drink*, and makes the *Stomach* crude:
 When he's *too full*, then *Gammon's* only fit,
Sausage provokes him to another *Bit*;
 If these won't do, or if he scorns them both,
 He may be whetted with a *Dish* of *Broth*.

To know both sorts of *Broth*, 'tis worth your while
 The *Simple* is compos'd of sweetest *Oil*,
 This *Oily* *Wine*, and *Caviare* only asks,
 Such as grows mellow in *Byzantian* *Casks*:
 To this shred *Herbs*, with *Saffron* mix'd, and boil,
 And when 'tis *cool* then add *Venafrian* *Oil*.
 Some *Grapes* are best in *Pots*, all ways are try'd,
 In *smoak* the *Alban* *Grape* is better dry'd:

This Grape with some sharp Sawce, round Plates
to strew,

With Salt and Pepper; I'm the first that knew,
And told it others, as I tell it you.

'Tis a grand fault to buy the dearest Fish,
And after crowd them in too straight a Dish :
The Guests won't like to see one take the Cup,
Who stole a Pidgeon, as he brought it up,
With the same hand, for that will stain the place;
Nor yet to see old Dust stick round the Glasse:
How little Beasoms cost? how quickly bought?
Yet if not gotten, 'tis a grievous Fault.

Dost think it decent to neglect thy House,
Or sweep the marble Floor with dirty Boughs?
Dost think 'tis handsome, for the Page to spread
A dirty Covering o'er a gawdy Bed,
Forgetful still that since these things are mean,
And such as all must have that wou'd be clean,
'Tis worse to want these, than such dainty Meat
Which only *Luxury* or *Wealth* can get.

Learn'd Catius, by the Gods I ask this boon,
Where-e'er you go, Sir, I must have it done,
Pray bring me to this copious Spring of Truth,
That I may hear it drop from his own Mouth;
For though you talk, as if you understood
His Precepts well, and knew the Rules for Food,
Yet from your Lips, I'm sure they can't be known
As well, as if I heard them from his own;

*Besides, to see the Figure of the Man
 Wou'd please me much, pray show me if you can,
 A sweet with which blest you are almost cloy'd,
 And do not value, 'cause so oft enjoy'd;
 But eager I to unknown Fountains press,
 To draw from thence the Rules of Happiness.*

SATYR V.

A Dialogue between Tiresias and Ulysses, where he instructs him how to get an Estate.

Tiresias now indulge one favour more,
 And teach, beside what thou hast taught before,
 How to regain my Wealth, now I am poor:
 Why do you smile? Let me not beg in vain.
 Is't not enough that you have scap'd the Main,
 And safely come to Ithaca again?
 Unerring Prophet, see as you foretold,
 I am come home again, Grey, Wrinkled, Old,
 And Poor: my Wife's Gallants have seiz'd my Gold;
 My Wealth is theirs, and what is Virtue worth
 Without a good Estate to set it forth?
 Well then, since to be poor you fear and hate,
 In short learn how to get a good Estate.

If thou dost light on any thing that's rare,
Send it thy old rich Neighbour, never spare,
If he be rich and old, without an Heir.
The first ripe Apples of thy choicest Tree
Offer to him, before thy Deity:
The rich Man must be reverenc'd more than he
What tho' he be a Villain, basely bred,
Hath kill'd his Brother, or his Country fled:
Yet wait upon him when he please to call,
And when you meet him, cringe, and give the Wall.
What, wou'd you have me cringe to ev'ry Slave?
At Troy I did not so my self behave:
Contending always with the Great, the Brave.
Then thou'lt be poor. *Well, Sir, my Mind I'll force*
To suffer this: for I have suffer'd worse.
But, pray now, tell me, for I wish to know,
What way I may be rich, and quickly too.
Then as I told, I'll tell thee o'er again,
Still strive to please the old and wealthy Men,
Try still to get into their Wills, secure
Their Love, their Humours patiently endure;
Tho' two or three discerning Eyes perceive
The Hook, and fly the Bait, yet never leave:
Others will bite when those sly Fops are gone,
Still bait thy Hook, and urge thy purpose on.
If any Cause, or great or small be try'd,
I'll teach thee how to chuse the better Side,

Be sure to plead for him that's childless, old,
 And rich, tho' he is impudently bold,
 And sues his Better, still pervert the Laws,
 And start new Quirks, and scorn the better Cause,
 And better Man, if he hath hopeful Boys
 To be his Heirs, or teeming Wife enjoys.
 Then *Sir* or *Squire* (for Title hugely takes
 Grave Softheads) *Me your Friend your Virtue makes,*
I know the Law, and have a ready Tongue,
And rather, Sir, than you shall suffer wrong
I'll lose these Eyes; My utmost Care be us'd
That you be neither cheated nor abus'd.

And you may take your pleasure, sit at ease,
Ne'er fear, I'll pawn my Life for your Success.
 Do you still mind this Cause, and that alone
 Whatever Weather 'tis, or if the Sun [Stone;
 With Dog-days Beams cleaves e'en the Marble }
 Or (as fat *Furius* hath it) all below
 Is Ice, and *Jove* o'erspews the *Alps* with Snow.
 While one stands by, and jogs his Neighbour, see
How fine a Lawyer's that, That, that is he,
How useful to his Friends, and how he sweats,
And Pleads! This brings more Gudgeons to thy Net.

Besides, if any hath a sickly Heir
 And good Estate, then make thy Interest there,
 Left courting childless Persons still, thy Arts
 appear.

Creep gently in, until your hopes you seize,
 Be second Heir, and rise by just degrees,

And so if your young Boys Disease prevails :
Thou shalt have all : This method seldom fails.

If any bids thee read his Will, deny ;
Yet slyly with the corner of thy Eye
Run quickly o'er the two or three first Lines,
(There's Reason for't) and see if he designs
Thee the sole Heir, or else with many joyns.
For time shall come, as Years in order flow,
When one a Scribe shall bob the gaping Crow :

*What art thou mad, or dost design to see,
If such abstruse Discourse can puzzle me ?*

Ulysses, what I sing shall be the state
Of things to come, I read the leaves of Fate,
And distant Objects see in the Event :

Then prithee tell me, what that Riddle meant.

When one, a Youth of Great *Enaas* Race,
The Parthian's Terror, rules the Earth and Seas ;
Coranus, weary of a single Life,

Takes chuff *Nasica's* stately Maid to Wife ;

Coranus then shall beg him to peruse

The Will he makes, *Nasica* long refuse,

At last consents ; but what he reads, appears

No Legacy to him, and his, but Tears :

Now if his Servants manage him ; commend,

And make his greatest Favourite thy Friend,

Before be lavish in his Praise, and then,

When thou art gone, he'll praise thee o'er again.

This Method's good, but 'tis the best design

To storm the Man himself, and take him in.

If he makes Verses, tho' extremely lewd,
 Admire, and swear his Eustian Rhymes are good;
 Or if he Whores, besure his Wish prevent,
 Let thy *Penelope* be freely sent:

*And dost thou think, that she the Wise, the Chast,
 Who all the numerous Wooers Arts surpass,
 Will yield to him, and be a Whore at last?*

Ay, those were Artless Youths, they knew not how
 To treat, and rather come to Eat than Woove;
 So she was chast: but when she shall perceive,
 And share with thee, the Presents he can give,

Like Dogs once blooded, she will never leave.

I'll tell thee true, and what I chanc'd to know,

A Woman dy'd at *Thebes* not long ago;

And thus by Will she did injoin her Heir,

First oyl my Corps, and to the Sepulcher,

Upon thy naked Back my Body bear.

This spake the Wili, and this, as most believ'd,

That she might then slip from him she contriv'd,

For he was too observant while she liv'd:

Do you be cautious still in your Address:

Too often, or too seldom will displease.

The grave *Morose* do hate a pratling Tongue,

That speaks unask'd, yet be not dumb too long:

But, like arch *Davus* in the Play, attend,

Your Neck awry, as fearful to offend:

Still show the greatest Care that can be shown,

More careful of his Life than of your own:

When

Whene'er the Air is sharp, besure to mind,
And eagerly request him, *pray be kind*
To your dear Health, and me, nor trust the Wind.
If throng'd, thrust thou, and free him from the
If talkative, endure his tedious Tongue: [Throng:
If he be vain, and loves his own dear Praise,
Be sure commend, and high Encomiums raise,
Still blow the Bladder, never leave him off,
Till he shall bless himself, and cry, Enough:
Now when he dies, and frees thee from thy Care,
Thy dreaming Hopes, and melancholly Fear,
And broad awak'd, you find that you are Heir:
Then sigh, *And is my dear Companion gone!*
Where shall I have so kind, so good a One!
If possible, your greatest Art imploy
To shed some Tears, 'tis good to mask your Joy:
And if you are to make the Funeral,
Be sure be noble, that will take with All;
Or if thy Fellow-Heir's a sickly Man,
Then wheedle thus, and chouse him if you can:
I want that ready Mony you can spare,
And if you please, Sir, you shall buy my share;
But hold, fierce *Pluto* calls me back to Hell,
And I can talk no more, good speed, farewell!

SATYR VI.

1. *His moderate Wishes.* 2. *The Troubles of a City Life.* 3. *The Pleasures of the Country.* 4. *Little without Fear is best.*

1. **T**Hese were my Pray'rs, and these my constant Vows,

A pretty Seat, a Fountain near my House,
 A Garden, and a little Grove of Trees,
 'Tis well, the Gods have giv'n me more than these;
 Enough kind *Mercury*, no more I crave,
 Only continue still, what I now have,
 If I am not profuse, and waste, or raise
 My moderate Fortune, by unlawful Ways.
 If I ne'er wish, Oh that the Gods wou'd yield
 That Nook, that spoils the Figure of my Field:
 Or, oh that I a Pot of Gold had found,
 As he, who, hir'd to till another's Ground,
 By the Assistance of a lucky God,
 Grew rich, and bought the very Land he plow'd,
 But, if I live content, preserve my Store,
 And be my Guard, as thou hast been before;
 Defend my Cattle, and my Flocks, be kind,
 And fatten all I have, except my Mind:
 Then, when I from the noisy Town retreat,
 And free from Bus'ness take my Country Seat,

What

What shall I do but write, what Subject chuse,
But easy Satyr, and improve my Muse?
Here no Ambition kills, no heavy Wind,
Affects my Body and corrupts my Mind.
To Fields the Gods long Life, and Plenty gave,
No sickly *Autumns*, here, enrich the Grave.
Old Father *Janus* (thus the Gods decree)
We Men begin our Years and Toil with thee.
With thee my Verse, you hurry me to Town,
To be a Witness, and I must be gone,
Tho't Snows, and Winter whirls the freezing Day
In shortest Circles, yet I must away.

And then, when my ungrateful Task is done,
Press thro' the Crowd, and jostle ev'ry one
That doth not make me room, and throw'em down
While he that's kick'd, cries *Plague! and why so fast?*
Pox! What d'ye mean, and why in so much haste?
When you run to my Lord, you scour the Street,
Press on, and kick and jostle all you meet,
And this I swear is pleasant, this is sweet!
But when I come a busy Crowd appears
Of loud impertinent Petitioners,
And their Requests dance thick about my Ears.
One begs that you wou'd be at Court betime
To morrow Morning, and appear for him.
The Scribes Request, that I wou'd get your Ear,
About a publick, new, and great Affair;

And

*Another cries, good Horace, get this Bill
 Sign'd by Mecenas. If I can I will.
 But he seems discontent, and urges on,
 Nay, if you will, I'm sure it may be done.
 'Tis eight Years since almost Mecenas chose,
 And made me a Retainer to his House:
 Yet only such a one, as free from Care,
 He'd sometimes take in's Coach to take the Air,
 Talk common Talk, as how d'ye like the Play,
 The Fencers were well match'd, what news to Day,
 The Morning's cold, and we must have a Care,
 And such like common Things, as these appear,
 That may be trusted in a leaky Ear.* }
 Hence ev'ry day Men envy more my State,
*He at the Play with great Mecenas sate,
 Or Bowl'd; all cry, He's Fortune's darling Son,
 And thus the silly Chat spreads thro' the Town.
 Then all that meet me, come and ask the News,
 My Patience and my precious Time abuse:
 Pray Sir (for you so much at Court must know,)
 D'ye hear what News from warlike Dacia? No.
 Come, you but jest. Fox take me if I do.
 Pray Sir, the Lands that Caesar vow'd to share
 Among the Soldiers, to reward the War,
 What, must they be in Sicily, or here?* }
 When I profess my Ignorance, Morose
 They all imagine me, and plaguy close.
 And thus I lose my Days, but With repeat,
 3. Oh! When shall I enjoy my Country Seat?

Oh! When remov'd from Noise to quiet Peace,
Amidst my learned Books, my Sleep and Ease;
While hours do smoothly flow, and free from strife,
Forget the Troubles of a busy Life?

Oh Beans, *Pythagoras* his nearest kin,
You lovely Herbs, and most delicious Chine,
When shall I see, when feed on you again?
Oh sweet, Oh heav'nly Feasts, where I and mine,
Before my Household Gods securely dine;
When I my self shall taste a dish of Meat,
Then give't my wanton Slaves, and bid 'em Eat:
When all my Guests drink freely what they please,
No Glas is mark'd or fill'd, but more or less,
As Mirth invites; no drunken Laws to force;
And all the time is full of good Discourse;
We talk of no Man's Farms, or Wealth, or Skill,
Or whether *Cesar's* Fool danc'd well or ill.
But we discourse of what we ought to do,
And what 'tis fault and folly not to know;
As whether Wealth or Virtue brings a Man
To Happiness, or whether Leagues began
From Interest or Right, what cheats the Crowd,
And what is good, and what the greatest Good:
My Neighbour *Gerrius*, as the Matter falls,
Mixes his merry, pat, instructive Tales:
And thus for Instance, when by chance he hears
Old *Alpius* Wealth admir'd, tho' full of Cares,
He tells this Story. Once upon a Time,
(As Tales begin) and in a moderate Climate;

A Country Mouse a City entertain'd,
 His old Acquaintance, and his special Friend;
 This Mouse was thrifty, yet wou'd kindly Feast
 When time requir'd, and nobly treat his Guest:
 In short, now striving ev'ry way to please,
 He freely brought his hoarded Oats and Pease,
 His nibbled Bacon in his Mouth he brings,
 His Apples, and a thousand pretty things,
 His Nuts, his Grapes well-dry'd, and try'd his best
 By choice Variety to please his Guest.
 Who sate, and as afraid to hurt his Mouth,
 Did nibble here and there with dainty Tooth:
 Whilst he lies by in Straw, and Barley eats,
 Or Chaff; and leaves his Guest the better Meats.
 At last the City Mouse, begins; *my Friend*
Pray how can you delight, how love to spend
A Life in Woods, and this unwholsome Cave?
'Tis Melancholy, 'tis so like a Grave.
Now wou'd you rather live in Town than here,
And Mens converse, before the Woods prefer;
Come, go with me, I'll get thee better Cheer.
Since all must die, and must resign their Breath,
Nor great, nor little is secure from Death;
Then spend thy days in Pleasure, Mirth and Sport,
And live like one, that minds his Life is short.
 These Words prevail'd upon the Country Mouse,
 So she grows jocund strait, and leaves the House,

Longing for those fine things; so both go on,
Eager whilst now 'twas Night to reach the Town.
Twas Midnight full; when now the Mice are come
They take a rich Man's House, a stately Room,
Where Purple Covering shone on Ivory Seats,
And in the Pantry lay whole Heaps of Meats,
The sumptuous Relics of his Noble Treats. }
The City Mouse strait seats his country Guest
On Cloth of State, and waits, and carves the Feasts
Course after Course, a thousand dainty things,
And like a Servant, tastes what-e'er he brings.
The country Mouse, pleas'd with his Bed of State,
And various Dainties, blest his Change of Fate.
Feeds heartily, when lo the Servants come,
And Dogs rush in and bark about the Room.
Both start, both leave their Beds with eager Haste,
Both fly for Life, and hardly scape at last.
Then says the Country Mouse, *False Joys farewell,*
I do not like this Life, my quiet Cell
Is better, I can feast and wanton there,
On Chaff or Acorns, free from Noise and Fear.



SATYR VII.

1. *A Servant instructs his Master, about his Unsettledness in Humour.* 2. *His Lust.* 3. *The vicious Man the greatest Slave.*

1. **W**ELL, Sir, I hear, and have some News
 But I'm afraid, you will not like it well
 From me your Slave. *Who Davus, is it you?*
Davus the faithful Servant and the true,
Davus who fancies That sufficient Store,
Which Nature's Wants supplies, and asks no more.
Go to, and as our Ancient Laws decrees,
Use boldly thy December's Liberty,
Speak fairly what thou wilt, thou may'st be free.
 Some Men are constant in their Vice, and run
 The same Course still, and urge their Purpose on
 Some are unsteady, varying in a Trice,
 Now all for Virtue, and now all for Vice.
 Fop *Priscus* with himself doth disagree,
 Sometimes he wears no Rings, and sometimes three
 He changes ev'ry Hour his Cloaths and Gown,
 Now takes the best House, now the worst in Town
 And there he goes as nasty as a Clown.
 Now studies hard at *Athens*, now he'll come,
 And turn Gallant, and follow Whores at *Rome*,

the most unsteady, fickle Man on Earth,
if *Vertumnus* self had rul'd his Birth.
Opposite to him *Vulturius* stands,
when the just-Gout had lam'd his Hands,
and hire a Boy, so much he lov'd the Vice,
to take up for him, and to throw the Dice.
That is constant in his vicious Race,
runs the same Course, and keeps an equal Pace,
certainly not half so great a Wretch,
as he that now rides loose, and now on stretch.
Will now you *Rogue*, suppose this Railing true,
What doth it mean? Sir, it reflects on you.
Now so, you *Rascal*? Sir, you use to praise
the Antients living, and commend their Ways,
if some God wou'd give you leave to chuse,
force you to the like, you wou'd refuse;
cause you don't think that right you now commend,
else are too unsteady to defend
that you once thought; you stick, and strive in vain,
from this deep Mire to free your Foot again.
Rome, oh how you praise the Country Air!
and, ficklely, Rome commend, when you are here.
Uninvited, Oh what dainty Fare
our little Sallet yields, and free from Care;
these troublesome Lords at Rome invite me still,
go, 'tis true, but 'tis against my Will.
And happy, happy me, you use to say,
that I have leave to sup at home to Day;

But

But if my Lord *Mecenas* doth invite,
 Tho' you are not to go before 'tis Night;
 Yet eager you by Peep of Day prepare, (there?)
 The House streight rings, So ho, *Jack, Tom*, who's
 Who brings me Oyl, you Dogs, does no one hear?
 My Lord waits for me; then in haste you run,
 While thy Retainers curse, when thou art gone.
 Well then, I grant a Feast's a powerful Charm,
 Oh the resistless Force of Meat that's warm,
 It leads me captive, and my Sense does seize,
 I'm Glutton, Tofspot, and what-e'er you please:
 So you but freely grant your Vice at least,
 As bad, altho' in softer Terms 'tis drest.
Suppose I'm not so wise, as thee my Slave;
 Then cease to look so haughty and so brave,
 And do not rage, and do not break my Head,
 While I discourse what *Crispin's* Porter said:
 2. You love Mens Wives, and I, my little Whores,
 Which is the greater Fault now, mine or yours?
 When Nature fires, and they have quench'd my Flame,
 I'm satisfy'd, nor do I lose my Fame,
 Nor fear that they will Jilt, and entertain
 A wittier, richer, and a finer Man.
 But when you slyly sneak abroad by Night,
 Your Rings, and all the Habit of a Knight,
 Thy *Roman* Garb thrown off; from nobly brave,
 You sink into the Figure of a Slave:

naked Vail thrown o'er your fragrant Head,
 and softly brought to the adult'rous Bed,
 are you not such a One as you appear?
 When introduc'd you shake and tremble there,
 your raging Lust disputing with your Fear:
 What difference is it whether you engage
 to fight for Hire, and bear the Victor's Rage,
 be cut and slash'd and kill'd upon the Stage?
 Or, by the conscious Chamber-maid, be prest
 quite double, Neck and Heels into a Chest!
 Hath not the injur'd Husband of the Whore
 to punish both a right and lawful Pow'r?
 and will not all his fiercest Rage be just
 On thee, that didst debauch her to thy Lust?
 Let the ne'er changes Garb, nor shifts her Place,
 Nor takes such Pains to get the foul Embrace;
 Nor injures Heav'n, nor swears such Oaths as you,
 While the fond Creature doubts you'll prove untrue.
 But wise you venture Slaves severest Fate,
 And to a Man enrag'd, and swoln with Hate,
 Commit your Fame, your Life, and your Estate.
 Have you escap'd? I hope the Warning's fair,
 And you'll prevent the like with greatest Care.
 What, nothing do? Why dost thou strive to run
 The same mad Course, and once more be undone?
 Oh! Slave so oft! What Beast that breaks the Chain,
 Once free, will come and take the Clog again?

You

You say you're no Adulterer, nor I
 A Thief, because when some Observer's nigh,
 I leave your Plate, though with a longing Eye.
 Remove the Danger and restraining Force,
 And Nature loose will run an evil Course.
 Are you my Master? you that do appear,
 A worse and greater Slave than me by far,
 Whom nothing can redeem from wretched Fear?
 Three Stroaks o' th' Prator's Rod can make me free,
 Whilst Tyrant Passion still will Master Thee.
 Besides,

If He's a *Vicar*, as you please to phrase,
 (This Reason's good) that other Slaves obeys,
 Or fellow Slave; Sir, I would gladly know
 What 'tis that I am in respect of you?
 For you, my Master, others basely serve,
 Like Puppets moving by anothers Nerve.
Who then is free? The Wise, that can controul,
 And govern all the Passions of the Soul:
 Whom Poverty, nor Chains, nor Death affright,
 And proof against the Charms of vain Delight.
 Whom feeble Fortune strives in vain to wound,
 so closely gather'd in a perfect Round,
 And so exactly smooth'd by honest Arts,
 That nought without can stick upon the even Parts.
 Observe this *Free-man's* Character, and see
 If any part of it belongs to thee:

A thousand Pound begg'd by thy costly Whore,
And if deny'd, she turns thee out of Door,
Throws Water in thy Face, then change her Mind,
And call thee back, and vow she will be kind.
Now loose your Neck from this Ignoble Chain,
And boldly say that you are free; in vain,
You can't, for Tyrant Lords thy Will controul,
They prick thee on, and scourge thy wav'ring Soul.

You, when you spend whole Hours and trifle Days,
While you upon a Piece of Painting gaze :
Why do not you commit as great a Fault,
As I that stare upon a meaner Draught ?
Admire how *Janus* and how *Fulvius* stand,
In fencing Postures, drawn by a rude Hand,
In Chalk or Char-coal Paint, and there they look
As if they fought, and mov'd to shun the Stroke :
But I'm call'd lazy Rogue, and beaten still ;
A Judge in Painting you, and Man of Skill.
If I but trivial Cakes delight to Eat,
Tis Gluttony, whilst your Luxurious Treat
Is Virtue, for it shows your Mind is great.
Why now to serve my Palate should it be,
(For I am whipt) a greater Crime in me,
Than you? Since thine's more costly Luxury,
Why then are you not scourg'd as well as I?
Because, perhaps, thy Feasts corrupt thy Blood,
Diseases spring from thy Luxurious Food,
And weakned Legs refuse their sickly Load.

Doth that Boy sin that steals a Comb by Night,
 To buy some Grapes to please his Appetite?
 And is he faultless, that, when Lust commands,
 To please his lavish Belly sells his Lands?
 Besides all this, You with your self can't stay
 One Hour, nor rightly spend a leisure Day,
 You like a Vagrant shun your self, design,
 Now by forgetful Sleep, and now by Wine,
 To steal from Cares: Poor Slave! In vain you try
 Black Care pursues as fast as you can fly.
Death! Where's my Stick: Why so? Death! Where's
my Sword?

He's mad, or else makes Verses: *Dog, one Word,*
One Tittle more! You censure my Designs?
Fly Rascal, fly, or thou shalt to the Mines.

S A T Y R V I I I.

A Description of a sordid Feast, with which
one Fuscus Nasidenus entertain'd them.

HOW do you like rich Nasidenus Cheer?
 For when I thought last Night to have you here
 'Twas said, that e'er since Noon you had been there.
 Troth never merrier; Pray, Sir, grant my Wish,
 "And, if no Trouble, what was the first Dish?"
 "The first Dish, Sir, was a Lucanian Bore, [sw
 "Caught whilst the Wind was South, the Ma

And round the Brim lay Lettice to excite,
And Beres to raise the lazy Appetite;
Anchove, Pickled-Herrings, mixt with these
Lay Raddish, bitter Herbs, and Coan Lees.
This Dish remov'd, two ready Servants come,
One clean'd the Table, t'other swept the Room,
And gather'd up the Relicts of the Feast,
The Bones, and all that might offend the Guest:
Just as at *Ceres* Feast th' *Athenian* Maid,
Comes black *Hydaspes*, bearing on his Head
Large Flasks of White, and *Alcon*, Flasks of Red }
Then says mine Host: *My Lord*, if more than these
You like another, call for what you please,
My Cellar's stor'd; *Poor Wealth*, *dishonest Pride*,
But prithee tell me who was there beside?
Sir, I sate first, and, stay, I think 'twas so,
Twinnus next, *Vibidius* sate below,
Next *Balatro*; below him *Porcius* lyes,
Porcius the merry'st archest Wag that is, }
Toswoop whole Custards, and to swallow Pies.
All uninvited, but as Lords are wont,
Mecenas brought them all on his Account.
Next above these *Nomentan* takes his Place,
He that could point at ev'ry hidden Sawce;
For we, the rest, on Fish and Fowl did feast,
Concealing different from their proper Taste.
This streight appear'd, when by his luscious Rules
He carv'd for me th' untasted Guts of *Soles*.

And after to instruct me, gravely said,
Figs pluck'd before the Moon is full, look red;
 But thro' this difference would you nicely pry,
 He'll tell you more, he's more expert than I.

Mean while *Vibidius* in a jeering Tone
 Cries; *Balatro, come prithee nothing's done,*
Unless we drink him dry; a bigger Glass;
 At that Death-pale spread o'er our *Fuscus* Face,
 For good stout Drinkers he did chiefly fear,
 Cause such, when full, with greater Freedom jeer:
 Or 'cause hot Liquors pall the subtle Taste,
 And so would spoil the Goodness of his Feast:
 Yet on it goes, the Bowls are freely crown'd,
 And *supernaculum* the Health goes round:
 The chiefest Guests the while full Bumpers tost,
 They spar'd the Bottles, and the bleeding Host.

Now comes midst swimming Shrimps a Lamprey
 In a large Dish, and thus the Master said; [*spread*]
This Fish was caught when full of Spawn, (that Cooks
Is good) for after Spawning's done, 'tis worse:
The Broth is made of Oil, the best that flow'd
From the Venafrian Press; to make it good,
Wine five Years old, and Caviare I join,
In boiling, Sirs, I use Italian Wine;
But when 'tis boil'd, with Pepper spic'd and dress'd
With Vinegar, the Chian Pickle's best:
To boil green Rockets with't, was never known
Before my time, I'm sure that Art's my own.

*alt Water Crawfish first Cotillus stew'd,
And kept them whole, for they are better Food
Than when i'th' Shell, the Pickle makes them good.*

But while he talk'd, and while he prais'd the Fish,
The Hangings tumbling down fell o'er the Dish:
Bringing black Dust, as much, as Whirlwinds raise,
When nimble Storms sweep o'er the dusty ways:
We started all, and thought it worse than 'twas,
But when no harm appear'd, each kept his Place:
Our Host streight hung his Head, he wept and sigh'd
As if his darling Son had lately dy'd;

He had wept on, his Grief have known no end,
But wise *Nomentan* thus reliev'd his Friend;

Unlucky Chance what God is so unkind,

You lov'st to break the measures Man design'd;

Some bit their Napkins, yet cou'd scarce forbear

To laugh aloud, whilst with a bitter Sneer

Cries jeering *Balatro*, Well, we strive in vain,

'Tis the sad Fate of Life, and none can gain

By Labour, Fame that answers to their Pain.

That ever I shou'd prove so troublesome

For one fine Treat, when I cou'd dine at home?

That I shou'd vex you to provide a Feast,

To see your Broth well boil'd, your Servants drest,

Besides th' unlucky Chance that waits on all,

As if, as but just now, the Hangings fall;

The Foot-boy stumbling spoils a costly Fish,

The Plow-man Servant trip and break the Dish.

But as in Captains oft ill Chance reveals
The Entertainers Wit, which good conceals;
Then says mine Host, *Ah, may'st thou still be blest,
Thou art so good a Man, so kind a Guest:*
And calls for's Shoes; then you may quickly hear
Divided Whispers spread thro' ev'ry Ear.
*No Play cou'd ever please me half so well,
But what you laught at after prithe tell :*
While hot *Vibidius* with a waggish Look
Cries to the Servants, *Is the Bottle broke
That I can get no Wine to this dry Feast?*
And merry *Ealatro* promotes the Jest ;
Mine Host comes in, and with a smiling Face,
About to mend by Art his late Disgrace,
His Servants following brought a Charger fill'd
With one poor little Crane cut up and grill'd,
Cover'd with Salt and Meal; another brings
Pluckt off and by themselves a Rabber's Wings,
For those, forsooth, when by themselves, are best,
And sweeter far than eaten with the rest :
Then roasted Blackbirds, Doves their Rumps cut off
All pretty sorts of Meat, and sweet enough ;
But he with long Harangues to ev'ry Guest
Explain'd their Natures, how and why 'twas dress'd
Whom thus we punish'd, each Man left his Seat
We fled the Banquet, and refus'd to eat ;
As if the Witch *Canidia's* pois'nous Breath
Had blown upon't, and fill'd the Feast with Deaths

The End of the Second Book of Satyrs.

EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPIST. I.

1. *He shews his Desire for Philosophy.*
2. *'Tis to be preferr'd before all.*
3. *The People prefer Gold before Virtue.*
4. *Why he cannot agree with the Crowd.*

MY Lord *Mecenas*, whom I gladly chuse,
 The first, and the last Labour of my Muse;
 Tho' I have fought enough, and well before,
 And now dismiss, have leave to fight no more;
 You strive to bring me on the Stage again:
 My Age is not alike, unlike my Brain,
 Unlike my Mind, and now I write in Pain.
 The Fencer *Vejan* now grown weak with Age,
 Lives quietly at Home, and leaves the Stage;

His Arms in great *Alcides* Temple plac'd,
 Left after all his former Glories past,
 He worsted, meanly beg his Life at last:
 And still methinks sounds thro' my well purg'd Ear,
 A little Voice, Fond *Horace* have a Care,
 And while 'tis well release thy aged Horse,
 Left when he runs but with unequal force,
 And stretches hard to win, he breaks his Wind,
 Derided, distanc'd, basely lags behind.

I. And therefore all my trifling Songs adieu,
 I now design to seek what's good and true,
 And that alone; I scorn my wanton Muse,
 And lay up Precepts, such as I may use;
 But if you ask me now what *Sect* I own,
 I swear a blind Obedience unto none:
 But as the Tempest drives me so I Steer,
 This way or that, not settled any where:
 Sometimes an Active Life my Fancy draws,
 A strict Observer of true Virtue's Laws:
 Then gently slide to *Arissippus* School,
 And strive not to be rul'd by Things, but Rule.
 As Night to those their Mistress fails appears,
 As Days to Labourers, and as long the Years,
 When Jealous Mothers curb, to eager Heirs:
 So dull, and so ingrate my Time doth flow,
 Which hinders what I hope and wish to do:
 What done will profit Rich and Poor, what long
 Forborn, prove equal harm to Old and Young:

Well

Well then, I must content my self with this,
 Yours cannot be as good as *Lyncæus* Eyes,
 What then, when Sore must I sit Cures despise?
 You cannot hope to have your Limbs as great
 As *Glyco's*, nor so strong and firmly set;
 Yet to prevent the Gout hast thou no care?
 What, if of farther progress you despair,
 'Tis somewhat surely to have gone thus far:
 Doth creeping Avarice thy Mind engage?
 Or doth it boil with fiery Lust, and Rage?
 Why, there are Rules and Precepts that can ease
 Thy Pain, and cure great part of thy Disease:
 Or art thou Vain? Books yield a certain Spell,
 To stop thy Tumor; you shall cease to swell,
 When you have read them thrice, and studied well:
 The Rash, the Lazy, Lover, none's so wild,
 But may be tame, and may be wisely mild,
 If they consult true Virtue's Rules with care,
 And lend to good Advice a patient Ear.
 2. 'Tis Virtue, Sir, to be but free from Vice,
 And the first step tow'ards being truly Wise
 Is to want Folly; You use all your Skill,
 To shun what you suppose the greatest Ill,
 A small Estate, or while you seek to gain
 An Office, a Repulse; you spare no pain,
 You try your utmost Wit, and rack your Brain:
 You Sail to *India*, you forsake your Ease,
 Thro' raging Storms, thro' Rocks and boist'rous Seas,
 P 5 Thro'

Thro' Heat and Cold, and gather ev'ry Wind,
To get more Wealth, and leave pale Want behind;
And yet thou wilt not take the pains to hear
A wiser Man advise thee how to Steer:

Who kindly bids thee check thy wild Desire,
And leave what thou dost foolishly admire:

What Wrestler that shall strive in ev'ry Town,
At ev'ry Wake, will scorn th' *Olympian* Crown?
Who doth not cheap and easie Wreaths disdain?

And who would have a Crown without the Pain?

3. The Saying's true, and hath been often told,
Silver's more base than Gold, than Virtue Gold:

O *Romans, Romans*, Gold must first be sought,
Then Virtue, that's worth but a second Thought:

This is the Tune of ev'ry Trading Fool,

Old Men, and ev'ry Boy repeats this Rule,

That with his Books and Satchel goes to School.

If you have not Ten thousand Pound in store,
But want a thousand or a little more,

Tho' you have Virtue, Constancy, and Skill

In Arts, thou shalt be thought a *Common* still:

And yet our Boys another Tale will tell,

And say, You shall be *King* if you do well;

Be this thy Guard, and this thy strong Defence,

A virtuous Heart, and unstain'd Innocence;

Not to be Conscious of a shameful Sin:

Nor yet look pale for Scarlet Crimes within.

Now prithee tell me which you think is best,

Or *Otho's* Law, or this by Boys exprest,

This Song which makes the Virtuous Man a King,
 And which the noble Ancients us'd to sing?
 Which best adviseth, he that bids thee hate
 Thy common Rank, and get a vast Estate,
 Justly if thou canst; if not, at any rate;
 Only that at a Play or Puppet Show,
 You may sit nearer by a Seat or two?
 Or he that bids thee Steer a Virtuous Course,
 And nobly scorn proud feeble Fortune's force?
 4. Shou'd the Crowd ask, why since I live in Town,
 Walk the same Streets with them, I do not own
 The same Opinion? Why I don't approve,
 And hate the Things that they do hate and love?
 My Answer must be what fly Reynard said
 To the old sickly Lion, I'm afraid,
*Great King of Beasts, for all the treads I see
 Are to thy Deu, none back; that frightens me :*
 Thou art a Many-headed Monster, Rome,
 I know not what to imitate, or whom:
 Some love to Farm Revenues, others Bait
 With Gifts to catch a Widow's great Estate:
 While others spread their Nets for wealthy Fools,
 And catch them, and secure the doating Shoals:
 Some by base Usury their Wealth increase:
 But grant that various Humours various please:
 Yet are they constant still, do they approve
 For one hours time together what they Love?
 For instance, if the wealthy Wanton says,
 This little *Bait* is the pleasant'st Place:

His hasty Wishes no delays afford, •
 And the Sea quickly sees her loving Lord:
 There if his Fancy leads another way,
 As if a Sign from Heav'n he must obey;
 Come Work-men gather up your Tools, and drive
 To morrow to *Theannum*, there I'll live:
 Doth he design to day to take a Wife?
 No Life, he cries, is like a single Life:
 If not, he Swears the marry'd only blest;
 What Chain can hold this varying *Proteus* fast?
 What doth the Poor Man? Laugh, he shifts his home,
 His Baths, his Barbers, and his eating Room,
 Or hires a paltry Sculler for a Groat,
 And spews like Nobles in their Pleasure-Boat.

Suppose some blundering Barbers notch my Hair,
 And then I meet you, straight you smile and stare;
 Or if my Gown is botch'd, my Vest unfit,
 My Cloaths ill made, you laugh at such a sight:
 What when my Mind is with it self at strife,
 And disagrees in all the Course of Life;
 When what it hated now, it now desires,
 What now it threw away, it now admires,
 Unsettled as the Sea, or flitting Air,
 It razes, builds, and changes round to square;
 You count me mad in Fashion, you forbear
 To laugh, nor think I need a *Doctor's* care;
 Or Guardian from the *Prator*, tho' my Friend,
 On whom my Fortunes and my Life depend,
 Who grieves if I but cut my Finger's end.

In short, the Wise Man's less than *Jove* alone,
For all is his, and he himself's his own;
Rich, King of Kings, and of a Noble Stem,
But chiefly well, unless when vex'd with Flegm.

EPIST. II.

1. *He commends Homer to his Friend Lollius.* 2. *Delivers several Precepts for a good Life.*

1. **W**HILE you to plead at *Rome*, my Friend, ^{[main,} re-
I here have read my *Homer* o'er again:
Who hath what's base, what decent, just and good,
Clearer than *Crantor* or *Chrysippus* show'd:
My Reasons for't, if you have leisure, hear;
That Part that tells us how in tedious War,
For *Paris* Lust, *Greece* strove with *Phrygia*, sings
The Passions of the Crowd, and foolish Kings:
Antenor thinks it best to end the Wars,
And give back *Helen*; wanton *Paris* Swears,
He can't be happy if he lives alone,
His Kingdom can't content when she is gone!
Atrides and *Achilles* chide, and hate,
And *Nestor* strives to cool the hot Debate:
One robb'd of what he eagerly desir'd,
Was rais'd by Love; but both by Fury fir'd:
He counsels both, and strives to make them Friends;
The People suffer when the Prince offends:

By Lust and Rage were thousand Mischiefs done,
By Pride and Treachery, in Camp and Town:
And then what Courage, and what Wit can do,
He usefully doth in *Ulysses* show;
Who, *Troy* o'erthrown, to many Countries went,
And strictly view'd their Towns and Government.
And while thro' raging Seas he ventur'd home,
Met thousand dangers, and did overcome:
Still careful of his Men he did advance,
And safely stem'd the Waves of dang'rous Chance:
The *Sirens* Songs, and *Circe's* Bowl you know,
Which like his Mates had he but tasted too,
Base and unthinking he had serv'd the Whore,
In shape of nasty Dog, or mi'ry Boar:
We are the number, born to drink and eat,
The Wooders of *Penelope*, the spruce, the neat,
The lazy Rascals; and whose whole design,
Was to get vicious pleasure, and be fine:
Who thought it virtuous to sleep half the Day,
And lull their Cares with Musick, Dance and Play.
2. Rogues rise before 'tis light to kill and Thieve,
Wilt thou not wake to save thy self alive?
If now, when well, you will not leave your Ease,
In vain you'll try when prest with a Disease:
And when you cannot sleep, except you read,
And in good things employ your watchful Head,
Pale Treacherous Sins will swift approaches make,
And Lust or Envy vex thee whilst awake:

For why, when any thing offends thy Eyes,
 Dost thou streight seek for ease. and streight advise;
 Yet if it shall oppress thy Mind, endure
 The Ills with Patience, and defer the Cure?
 He that hath once begun a good design,
 Hath finish'd half; dare to be wise, begin:
 He that deferrs to live is like the Clown,
 Who waits, expecting 'till the River's gone:
 But that still rould its Streams, and will roul on. }
 We seek for Wealth, a good and fruitful Wife,
 The Pleasures, Comforts, and Supports of Life;
 Our Woods are tam'd, and plough'd encrease our
 He that hath got enough desires no more. [store;
 Did ever Lands, or heaps of Silver ease
 The feav'rish Lord? Or cool the hot Disease?
 Or free his Mind from Cares, he must have Health,
 He must be well, that wou'd enjoy his Wealth.
 He that desires or fears, diseas'd in Mind,
 Wealth profits him as Pictures do the blind;
 Plaisters the Gouty Feet; and charming Airs,
 And sweetest Sounds, the stuff and troubled Ears:
 The musty Vessels shew what they contain;
 Scorn Pleasure, Pleasure hurts that's bought with pain.
 The Greedy want, to Wishes fix an End;
 The Envious pine at th' fatness of their Friend.
 The fiercest Tyrants never yet could find,
 A greater rack than Envy to the Mind:
 The Man that doth too hastily engage,
 That is all fire, and cannot curb his Rage,

Baffles his own Design, while weaker grown,
 With Malice unreveng'd he strikes too soon:
 Anger is a short frenzy, curb thy Soul,
 And check thy Rage, which must be rul'd, or rule:
 Use all thy Art, with all thy force restrain,
 And take the strongest Bit, and firmest Rein:
 The Jocky trains the young and tender Horse,
 While yet soft-mouth'd he breeds him to the Course:
 The Whelp, since when i'th' Hall he learn'd to bark
 At Bucks-skins stuff'd, now ranges o'er the Park:
 Now, now, while young, with virtuous Rules begin
 Suck holy Precepts now, and free from Sin.
 What season'd first the Vessel keeps the Taste;
 Now if you lag behind, or run too fast,
 I stay not for the slow, I mind my Race,
 Nor press on those that run a swifter Pace.

EPIST. III.

To his Friend JULIUS FLORUS.

A familiar Epistle enquiring about several Matters.

MY *Julius Florus*, I would gladly hear,
 Where *Claudius Caesar's* Kinsman kindles Wars,
 Doth *Tbrace*, or *Hebrus*, bound in Chains of Snow,
 Or doth the *Hellepont*, I wish to know,
 Or *Asia's* fruitful Fields, detain you now?

What do the Wits design? Who nobly dares,
 (This wou'd I know) to write great *Cesar's Wars*:
 And who inspir'd with an unusual Rage,
 Shall spread his Fights and Leagues thro' future Age.
 And what doth *Titius*, he of growing Fame,
 Who doth not fear to drink of *Pindar's Stream*?
 Who scorns known Springs and Lakes, that glorious he,
 And is he well, and doth he think of me?
 Doth he, the Muse propitious, nobly sing,
 And fit to *Roman Harps* the *Theban* string?
 Or is he writing Plays, and treads the Stage,
 In murd'ring Verse, and swells with Tragick rage?
 And how doth *Celsus* do?

Whom I still warn, as I have often done,
 To get some Stock, some Riches of his own:
 And not from others Labours kept for Fame,
 In wife *Apollo's Temple* steal a Name:
 Lest all the Birds should come, and claim their own,
 And th' Cough be his, when her stoln Plumes are gone.
 What do you do? What will your Mind produce?
 From what sweet Beds of Thyme suck precious Juice?
 For you have Wit enough, your Sense is great,
 And not deform'dly rough, but fine and neat:
 Whether with poynant Tongue you plead a Cause,
 Defend the Innocent, and teach the Laws:
 Or chuse soft Numbers, and smooth Poetry,
 The chiefest Crown still justly waits on thee.

If you cou'd leave those Cares that num thy Mind,
 Shake off thy Fears, and leave the Clog behind,
 Then you wou'd live as Wisdom's Rules advise:
 This is the Work, the noble Study this;
 This rich and poor, shou'd make their greatest care,
 If we wou'd live secure, and free from fear,
 To honest Men, and to our Country dear.
 Pray write me whether, for I wish to know,
 You love *Numenius*, as you ought to do.
 Or if the former difference, clos'd in vain,
 Was never fully cur'd, but breaks again.
 But you in whatsoever part you live,
 Whether 'tis heat or rashness makes you strive,
 Both brave and hot, and oh! too dear, to prove
 How frail are all the bands of Brothers love:
 Where-e'er you now reside, return to *Rome*,
 I feed a Steer to offer when you come.

EPIST. IV.

*A familiar Complement to his Friend
 Albus Tibullus.*

A *Lbus*, the fairest Critick that I know,
 What shall I say that you are doing now?
 In *Pedan* Fields do you design to write,
 More great than *Cassius*, and with higher flight?

Or dost thou gavelly walk the healthy Wood,
 Considering what befits the Wise and Good?
 For you are not all Body void of Mind,
 The Gods have giv'n a Soul of Noble Kind;
 And Wealth and Skill enough to use thy Store:
 What cou'd a Nurse for her dear Child wish more,
 Than that he might be Sober whilst he Lives,
 And able to Express what he Conceives?
 Enjoy the Love of all, and Fame and Health,
 And cleanly Diet, with sufficient Wealth.
 While 'midst strong Hopes and Fears thy Time doth
 Think ev'ry rising Sun will be thy last; [waste,
 And so the grateful unexpected Hour
 Of Life prolong'd, when come, will please thee more,
 Then come and see me, now grown plump and fine,
 When you wou'd laugh at one of *Epicurus* Swine.

EPIST. V.

To his Friend TORQUATUS.

He invites his Friend to a small Collation.

If you can sit upon a paultry Seat,
 My Friend *Torquatus*, and endure to Eat
 A homely Dish, a Sallad all the Treat:
 Sir, I shall make a Feast, my Friends invite,
 And beg that you wou'd Sup with me to Night.

My

My Liquor flow'd from the *Minturnian* Vine,
In *Taurus* Consulship, 'tis common Wine ;
If you have better, let your Flasks be sent ;
Or let what I, the Lord, provide, content.
My Servants sweep and furnish ev'ry Room,
My Dishes all are cleans'd against you come :
Forbear thy wanton Hopes, and Toyl for Gain,
And *Moschus* Cause ; 'tis all but idle Pain.
To Morrow *Cesar's* Birth-day comes, to give
Release to Cares, and a small time to live.
Then we may sleep 'till Noon, and gay delight,
And merry Talk prolong the Summer's Night.
What is my Wealth, if I must always spare ?
He that lives Poor, to leave a wealthy Heir,
Is near a-kin to Mad. I'll Drink and Play,
Enjoy my self, and fling my Gold away.
I'll frolick (let the sparing be thought wise)
Content to be esteem'd a Fool for this :
What Wonders cannot Wine effect, 'tis free
Of Secrets, and turns Hope to Certainty ;
It pushes on the unarm'd Man to Wars,
It frees the troubled Mind from weighty Cares :
It teaches Arts, it teaches how to Think,
And what Man is not Eloquent in's Drink ?
And who tho' cramp'd in narrow Want's not free ?
Now I'll provide (pray leave that Task to me)
I'm willing, and I'm fit for such a Care,
Your Seats shall be as clean as any are ;

Your Napkins good, no spot shall foul the Cloth,
Whose sight might make you snuff your Nose, and
loath.

The Cups well scour'd, the modest Table grace,
The Dishes shine that you may see your Face.
None shall be there that shall have treach'rous Ears,
And carry o'er our Threshold what he hears:
And that thy Boon Companions may be fit,
Septimius too, and *Brutus* I'll invite:
And if no dearer Mifs, or better Feast,
Holds *Sabin*, he shall make another Guest:
I've Room enough, and each may bring his Friends,
But Sweat at Tables too much throng'd offends.
Pray send Me word what time you will be here,
How many Friends you'll bring; forget thy Care,
And whilst thy Clients throng about thy Hall,
Creep forth thro' the back Door, and bilk 'em all.

EPIST. VI.

*To his Friend Numicus, where he shews
the Method to gain true Happiness.*

TO admire nothing (as most are wont to do)
It is the only Method that I know,
To make Men Happy, and to keep 'em so.
Some view this glittering Sun, and glorious Stars,
And all the various Seasons free from Fears:

Well

Well then, those Gifts of Earth, the Gums and Gold,
Which sweet *Arabia* and the *Indies* hold,
Applause and Office, that mistaken good,
That great Preferment of the *Roman* Crowd;
When these are view'd with all their gawdy Show,
How calm shou'd be our Thoughts, how smooth our
Now those that fear their Opposites, admire [Brow
These Toys, as much as he that doth desire;
For both sides fear lest Things their Hopes deceive,
And both at sudden Disappointments grieve.
Whether one joy, or grieve, or hate, or love,
Or strive to shun, or eagerly approve,
'Tis all alike if the Event appears,
Or worse, or better, than he Hopes or Fears,
He stands amaz'd with fix'd and staring Eyes,
His Limbs and Soul grow stiff at the Surprise:
The Just will be Unjust, Wise void of Wit,
That seek e'en Virtue more than what is fit:
Now go, let Gold and Statues charm thine Eyes,
Go, and admire thy Gems and *Tyrian* Dyes:
Rejoice that when you speak Men gape and wait;
Go to the Court betimes, and come home late;
Lest *Mucius* reap a greater Crop of Corn,
For 'tis unfit, since not so nobly Born.
Rather let him be wonder'd at by you,
Than you by him, 'tis better of the two.
Whate'er's beneath the Ground Age brings to light,
And that will bury too, and hide the bright.

When

When *Appius* Way, and *Grippa's* Porch, shall know,
 And see thee famous, thou must walk below,
 As *Numa*, and as *Ancus* long ago.
 If vexing Pains thy Sides, or Kidneys seize,
 Then seek some present Cure for thy Disease.
 Wouldst thou live well? Who not? Then quickly
 And now since Virtue only this can give, [strive,
 Then leave thy false Delights, and that pursue:
 But if you think their wild Opinion true,
 (As heedless Minds the vainest Things approve)
 That Words make Virtue just as Trees a Grove.
 Then follow Wealth, make that thy chiefest Care,
 See none Forestal, and none Ingross the Fair,
 Or bate the Prices of thy precious Ware.
 Then get One thousand Talents, then one more,
 And then another, and then square the Store;
 For by this Empress Wealth is all bestow'd,
 A rich and honest Wife, and ev'ry Good,
 As Beauty, Friends, and Nobleness of Blood.
 The Rich and Mony'd Man hath ev'ry Grace,
 Perswasion in his Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face.
 The *Cappadocian* King is poor in Coin,
 Tho' rich in Slaves, let not his Way be thine.
Lucullus once desir'd to lend the Stage
 A thousand Suits, says, *How can I engage,*
So many Suits? And yet I'll quickly send,
I'll search my Store, and see what I can lend:

And

And freight writes word, *I have five thousand gold,
And they might take as many as they wou'd.*
That's an unfurnish'd House, that Master poor,
Which hath Things necessary, and no more,
And whose superfluous Plenty not deceives,
And 'scapes the Master's Eye, and profits Thieves.
If Wealth can make thee blest, and keep thee so,
Mind it the first and the last thing you do.
If Offices, and all their gawdy Pride,
Then buy a witty Slave to guard thy side;
To tell thee great Mens Names, and Nobles show,
And warn thee to bow Popularly low;
Sir, that's a Lord, and this, Sir's, such a One,
He bears the greatest Sway in all the Town:
Unless you cringe and get his Voice, despair,
His Vote disposes of the Consul's Chair:
Sir, as their Tears require, some Fathers call,
Some Sons, and pleasantly adopt them all.
If he lives well that eats well, come 'tis light,
Let's go, led by our ruling Appetite.
Let's Fish and Hunt as *Gargil* us'd to do,
Who ev'ry Morning bad his Servants go,
With Poles, and Nets, and Spears, and march along
The well-fill'd Market-place, and busie Throng.
That one of many Mules might carry home
A Boar, that he had bought, thro' gazing *Rome*.
Let's Bath, e'en whilst the undigested Load
Lyes crude, forgetting what is just and good :

Fit to be wax'd, *Ulysses* Mates outright,
 Who lov'd their Country less than base Delight.
 If nothing, as *Mimernus* strives to prove,
 Can e'er be pleasant without wanton Love;
 Then live in wanton Love, thy Sport pursue,
 Let that employ thy precious Time; Adieu.
 If you know better Rules than these, be free,
 Impart them, but if not, use these with me.

EPIST. VII.

1. *He excuseth himself for not waiting on Mecænas.* 2. *Commends his Generosity.* 3. *His moderate Desires.*

I IN five days time I promis'd you, my Lord,
 To be in Town-----

And yet all *August* past have broke my Word;

But, Sir, if you design that I shou'd live,

While now I fear I shall be sickly, give

That Pardon to me which you wou'd allow,

Suppose, my Lord, I were already so:

While *Autumn* burns, and Dog-stars Beams do rage,

While all Diseases that attend on Age

Are waiting now upon the aged Year,

While frequent Mourners in sad Pomp appear,

And careful Parents for their Children fear.

Q

When

When each Officious Visit surely kills,
 It raiseth Feavers and unseals our Wills;
 If Winter's sharp, and spreads the Fields with Snows,
 Down to the warm Sea side thy Poet goes,
 There study little, and take soft Repose.

And then when Spring returns, and Swallows come,
 I'll see you, if you please, my Lord, at *Rome*.

2. Your Kindness makes me rich, unlike to theirs
 Who thus invite their Guests to eat their Pears.

Come pray Sir eat, *Sir, I'm content with these;*

Then pray, Sir, take as many as you please:

Your little Boys will eat them, tho' but small,

Thanks, Sir, as much as if I took them all:

Then pray, Sir, take them, yet as you think fit,

But all the Pears you leave my Hogs must eat:

Fools only give what they do scorn and hate,

This Seed still hath, and still will bear ingrate:

But when the wise Men and the good bestow,

Tho' they true worth, from bare pretences know,

They tell you, you deserv'd it long ago.

If you wou'd have me still attend your Train,

Restore my Vigour and my Youth again:

My curl'd black Locks spread o'er my narrow Face,

Restore my merry Talk, and smiling Grace;

And make me fit again for Loves Design,

And i' mourn coy *Cynera* o'er a Glass of Wine.

A hungry Fox when pinch'd for want of Meat

Crept thro' a little hole to heaps of Wheat,

And there well fill'd he wou'd return again
Thro' the same chink; he strove, but strove in vain :

When lo the Weefel cry'd, *Absurd design,*

For, you were thin and lean when you got in,

And if you would get out be quite as thin.

Is this apply'd to me? I now restore

The Gifts that came from you, and ask no more.

The common People's sleep I do not praise,

Cause full my self and sure of happy Days.

Nor wou'd I sell my Freedom and my Ease,

Nor rich *Arabia*, or the richer Seas.

My Lord *Mecenas*, you do oft admire

and praise the Modesty of my Desire,

You King and Father I do oft confess,

When present, and when absent speak no less:

Now try if I can quietly resign

Whatever I have, be poor, and not repine:

Clemachus said well, a barren place

unfit for Horse, it yields no Grass;

Nor is it spread into a spacious Plain.

Wives take your Presents back again:

Mean Things do suit mean Men: Unmov'd I see

Great Pomp and State, they are no Charms to me.

Let unfrequented *Tyber*'s quiet ease,

The shady Plains, and soft *Tarentum* please.

Philip the famous Lawyer coming home,

And as he walk'd the tedious Streets of *Rome*;

Now old, complaining, from his House to Court
Did seem a tedious way, tho' once but short)

He saw a spruce neat Fellow of the Town
Paring his Nails hard by, and all alone.

Demetrius (he then waited on his Lord)

*Go quickly, run, enquire and bring me word,
Who that Man is, what Trade, and what Estate,
Who is his Patron, go, and tell me straight.*

He runs, comes back, and says; the Man by Name
Vulteius Mena spotless in his Fame,

By Trade a Cryer, his Estate but small,

Enough for Nature's Wants, and that's his All.

Now takes his Ease, and now his Game pursues,

Knows how to get him Wealth, and how to use,

His Friends, his Equals, and his House his own;

And when his Bus'ness and his Cares are gone,

He freely takes the Pleasures of the Town.

Well, I must talk with him, go straight invite,

Go tell him he must Sup with me to Night.

He went, but *Mena* scarce believes the Boy,

Silently wond'ring betwixt Fear and Joy:

At last pleads business: *What, am I deny'd?*

Yes he denies you out of Fear, or Pride:

Next Morning early *Philip* chanc'd to meet

Vulteius, selling Toys about the Street.

He comes up to him there, and kindly said,

Good-morrow, first. *Mena* excus'd his Trade,

The Clog that hindred that he did not wait

This Morning early at his Worship's Gate;

And lastly that he had not seen him first.
 Says *Philip*, if you'll Sup with me to Night,
 I will forgive you: *Sir, what you think fit:*
I'll wait on you; Then come at Three, he said:
 Before you come, now go, and mind your Trade.
 He came and Supp'd, and Talk'd, and, well content
 He thank'd his Worship, and away he went.
 When after this he was observ'd to wair,
 And often come to taste the treach'rous Bait.
 Each Morn a Client, and a Guest at Noon;
 One Feast, when no Court business cou'd be done,
 His Patron ask'd him to ride out a Town:
 He yields, and mounted on a stately Horse,
 He entertains him with a long Discourse;
 The *Sabine* healthy Air, and fruitful Field
 He praiseth; *Philip* saw his drift and smil'd,
 And so to end the Talk, and make more sport,
 He gives him, (and to cut the Story short)
 Lends him two hundred Pounds; and then perswades,
 To buy a Farm, and leave his former Trades;
 He takes the Counsel, buys, and leaves the Town
 Tuts off the modish *Spark*, and turns a *Clown*:
 Talks nothing but of Furrows, and of Vines,
 Improvement of his Land, and such Designs:
 He minds his Trees, and takes a World of Pain,
 Grows Grey upon his Cares, and thoughts of Gain
 But when his Sheep were lost he knew not how,
 His Goats Diseas'd, His Corn refus'd to grow,
 And lab'ring Oxen dy'd beneath the Plough:

Vex'd at the various loss, away he goes,
 At midnight, in a Rage, to *Philip's* House;
 When *Philip* saw him hastily appear,
 Deform'd and rough his Face, untrim'd his Hair;
 Mena, *says he, You spend your self with Care.*
 Good Patron, he cry'd out in wild affright,
 Pray call me *Wretch*, if you wou'd call me right;
 By thee, by all that's good, and all that's dear,
 By all you love, *my Lord*, and all you fear,
 I beg your Pity; ease my vexing Pain,
 And turn me to my former Life again.
 He that hath once perceiv'd the treach'rous Bait,
 And how his first excells his present State,
 Let him return unto his former Care,
 And follow what he left; 'tis just and fair,
 By our own Foot to measure what we are.

E P I S T. VIII.

To his Friend C E L S U S.

*He complains of the Sickness of his Mind,
and gives his Friend Advice.*

GO prithee, Muse, my loving Thoughts express
 And wish my *Celsus* Health and Happiness:
 And if by chance he asks thee how I do,
 Tell him I make a Noise, a gawdy show;

I promise mighty Things, I nobly strive;
 Yet say what ill, unpleasant Life I live:
 Not 'cause the Hail doth break my Vines, or heat
 My Corn, nor cause my Olives shrink with beat;
 Or Herbs grow sickly in my Foreign Plain;
 No, but because my Soul is vex'd with Pain,
 (The Body sound) it is a sharp Disease,
 And yet I can't endure to hear of Ease:
 I scorn at my Physician, hate my Friend,
 Because they strive to wake my drowsie Mind:
 What's good I hate, and what will hurt approve,
 Unsettled still, and as wild Fancies rove,
 At Tyber, Rome, at Rome I Tyber love.
 Then ask him how he doth with his Command,
 And how he pleaseth Claudius and his Band;
 If he says well, then first be sure rejoice,
 And after with a small instructive Voice
 Infuse this Precept at his list'ning Ear,
 We will bear you, as you your Fortune bear.

EPIST. IX.

*He Commends his Friend Septimus to
 Claudius Nero.*

I Think my Friend, my Dear *Septimus*, knew
 How great an Interest, Sir, I have in you;
 For he still asks and begs me as a Friend,
 He importunes me that I wou'd Commend,

And bring him to your Service; he is fit
 For Nero's Train and Love, who does admit
 None but good Men, and Men of Sense and Wit.
 He thinks me Intimate, my Interest good,
 And more than I my self e'er understood:
 I long deny'd, a thousand tricks I us'd,
 And urg'd a thousand things to be excus'd;
 But fearing I shou'd seem too shy, to own
 My Pow'r with you, kind to my self alone,
 And scandals of a worse fault prevent,
 I'm turn'd, my Lord, a modest Impudent,
 I boldly ask; now if you dare Commend
 My boldness in the Service of my Friend,
 Accept *Septimius*, let him fill your Train,
 I promise him a stout and honest Man.

EPIST. X.

To his Friend FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

1. Prefers the Country before the City.
2. The Covetous must be Slaves.

ALL Health I Lover of the Country send
 To *Fuscus*, the gay City's greatest Friend;
 Brothers in all things else, what one approves,
 Or flies, the other likewise hates or loves,
 We Nod together like old acquainted Doves.

And

And now we disagree in this alone,
 Our humours differ here; you love the Town,
 And I the pleasant Plains, and purling Flood,
 The Groves, and mossy Banks, and shady Wood.
 In short, I live, I Reign, since I'm retir'd,
 From that which you as much as Heav'n admir'd.
 "Like one at last from the Priests service fled,
 "Loathing the hony'd Cakes, I long for Bread:
 Do you a Life to Nature's Rules design,
 And seek some fit Foundation to begin,
 Some Basis where this happy Frame to raise?
 The quiet Country is the fittest place.
 Where is the Winter's Cold more mild than here?
 And when the Sun ascends, and burns the Year,
 Where does a more delightful Wind assuage
 The furious Dog-stars, or the Lions rage?
 Or where do envious Cares break fewer Dreams?
 Do Flowers shine less, or smell less sweet than Gems?
 Are Streams more pure than Leaden Pipes convey,
 Than those fair Springs that with their wanton play,
 And gentle murmurs, eat their easie Way?
 E'en midst our Palaces we plant a Grove,
 And Gardens dress; our Care shows what we love:
 That House is most esteem'd, he wisely builds
 That hath a Prospect to the open Fields.
 Strive to expel strong Nature, 'tis in vain,
 With doubled force she will return again,
 And conquering rise above the proud disdain.

Not those that drive a Trade in *Tyrian* Dyes,
Yet know not Counterfeits, nor how to prize;
More vexing and more certain Cheats pursue,
Than those that can't distinguish false from true.
Those whom the Smiles of Fate too much delight,
Their sudden Frowns more shake and more affright.
What you admire, you will be loath to lose;
Greatness and Fortune's gilded snares refuse:

" *An humble Roof, plain Bed, and humble Board,*
" More clear and more untainted sweets afford,
" Than all the Tumult of vain greatness brings,
" To Kings, or the swoln Favourites of Kings:

2. Both fed together, 'till with injur'ous force,
The stouter Deer expell'd the weaker Horse:
He beaten, flies to Man to right his Cause,
Begs help, and takes the Bridle in his Jaws.

Yet tho' he Conquer'd, tho' he rul'd the Plain,
He bore the Rider still, and felt the Rein.

Thus the mean Wretch, that fearing to be poor,
Doth sell his Liberty for meaner Ore:

Must bear a Lord, he must be still a Slave,
That cannot use the little Nature gave.

Him whom his Wealth doth not exactly fit,
Whose Stores too closely, or too loosely fit,
Like Shoes ill made and faulty, if too great
They overturn, and pinch him if too strait.

Content, *Aristius*, with thy present store,
Thou wilt live wisely and not wish for more;

And let me prithee feel thy sharp reproof,
If I shall strive for more than just enough.
Mony must rule, or must obey the Mind,
More fit for Service than for Rule design'd.
Behind *Vaccina's* Fane these Lines I drew;
Well pleas'd with ev'ry thing, but wanting you.

EPIST XI.

*To his Friend Bullatus, who had been
Travelling; That Happiness may be
had any where.*

Bullatus, how did pretty *Samos* show,
Chios and stately *Sardis*, let me know,
If they are such as Fame reports, or no?
Or can you find more pretty things at home?
Are all these Places mean compar'd to *Rome*?
Or else doth some *Attalian* City please,
Or *Lebedus*, where tir'd with boist'rous Seas,
And tedious Roads, you first sat down to Ease?
Now Desert *Lebedus* contains but few,
And less than *Gabii* or *Fidene* knew.
Yet there my days I with Content cou'd spend,
Forget, and be forgot by ev'ry Friend.
There safe at shore see Winds and Storms engage,
And smile from Land at distant *Neptune's* Rage:
But

But he that comes to *Rome* thro' Rain and Mice,
Wou'd not live always by a Kitchen Fire.

And he that's cold commends not Baths and Heat,
As if they made a happy Life compleat.

Nor 'cause Storms rofs shou'dst thou strait seek thy
And sell thy Ship beyond *Aegan* Seas.

Fair *Mytelene* will prove as great a good
To Men of sober Minds, as *Tyber's* Flood
To Swimmers, when cold Winds severely blow,
As Freeze in Summer, Silks in Frost and Snow.
While Fortune smiles, and gives thee happy days,
Obios at *Rome*, and absent *Samos* praise.

Take thankfully those hours the Gods shall give;
Use while you may, and be not slow to live.

For if 'tis Reason, and not change of Air,
That brings soft Rest, and frees our Souls from Care,
Those that beyond-Sea go shall sadly find,
They change their Climate only, not their Mind.
A busie Idleness destroys our Ease,

We Ride and Sail to seek for Happiness.

Yet what we seek with ev'ry Tide and Wind,

We can e'en here, or at *Utubra* find,

If we can have but a contented Mind.

EPIST. XII.

1. *Desires his Friend Iccius to be content.*
2. *Commends Pompey Grosphus to him.*
3. *Tells how the Affairs in Italy stand.*

IF You can use *Agrippa's* vast Estate,
 Which now you manage, 'tis the height of Fate,
 Not *Jove* himself cou'd give a greater store,
 Tho' grown profuse; my Friend complain no more,
 He that hath things for use is never poor.
 If thou hast cleanly Food and Cloaths enow,
 What more than this can kingly Wealth bestow?
 If at full Tables stor'd with dainy Meat
 You can contain, and Herbs and Mallows eat,
 Thus thou wilt live, if prodigal of her store,
 The Golden Streams of Fortune gild thee o'er:
 'Cause Money cannot Nature's stamp deface,
 And all things you below true Virtue place:
 Why shou'd we wonder, is it strange to find,
Democritus grown poorer, while his Mind
 Was gone abroad, and left his Limbs behind?
 While you thro' clogs of Gain can nobly climb,
 And midst dull Avarice think on things Sublime?
 What bounds the raging Sea, what rules the Year,
 Whether by their own force the Planets err,

Or

Or some superior Guide; what spreads the Night?
 What hides the Moon? What fills her Face with Light?
 What disagreeing Seeds of Things can make,
 The *Stoicks* or *Empedocles* mistake.

What-ever Life you live, or Fishes dress'd,
 Or Leeks and Onions kill'd do make your Feast;
 2. Be kind, let *Pompey Grosphus* be your Guest.

What he shall ask (he'll ask but little) grant,
 Friends are in small Esteem where good Men want.

3. But now to tell how *Rome's* Affairs do stand,
Cantabria yields to stout *Agrippa's* Hand;

Armenia, *Claudius Nero's* Courage feels,

The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæsar* kneels:

And golden Plenty with a bounteous Hand,

Rich Harvests freely scatters o'er our Land.

E P I S T. XIII.

To his Friend Vinnius Afella, about presenting his Books to Cæsar.

AS I advis'd you oft before you went,
 I beg thee *Vinnius* now my Books present
 To *Cæsar*, Seal'd; when vexing Cares are fled,
 If well, if merry, if he asks to read:
 Left over-busie in thy kind Designs,
 You chuse ill Hours, and make him hate my Lines.

But

But if the Pack shall pinch thee throw it down,
 Refuse to bear it, and the weight disown,
 Rather than having past the tedious Road,
 Thy Saddle shake, and strive to cast the Load;
 And thus make good thy Father's ancient Name,
 Be *Ass* indeed, a publick Talk and Shame:
 With all thy strength o'er Lakes and Mountains
 run,

And when those Streights are past you reach the [Town,
 Take heed, and what you bring disclose to none:
 Be shy, and cautious, nor my Books proclaim,
 Nor bear them as a *Rustick* wou'd a Lamb:
 Under thy Arm, as if thy Hands were full,
 As drunken *Pythia* carries pilfer'd Wooll:
 As when invited to his Landlord's House,
 A Country Tenant bears his Hat and Shoes:
 Proclaim not that you sweat those Lines to bear,
 Which will detain Great *Cesar's* Eyes and Ear;
 Make all the haste my eager Wish requires,
 Farewell, take heed you Answer my Desires.

EPIST. XIV.

*To his Steward, that he prefers the Coun-
 try before the City, and why.*

YOU Steward of my Woods and pleasant Plain,
 Which when I reach, I am my self again:
 Con-

Contemn'd by you, tho' it hath kept alone,
 Five ancient Dwellers, and is often known,
 To send five Senators to *Baria's* Town.
 Come, now 'tis time, let's see which of the two,
 I from my Mind, or from my Pastures you,
 Can pluck Thorns best, and which is better Till'd,
 And which is better, *Horace*, or his Field:
 Tho' *Lamia's* Piety, and mournful Care,
 That weeps his Brother's Fate, detains me here:
 Yet still my Mind's abroad, my Soul doth strive
 To break the Bars, and get free Room to live.
 I praise the Country, you the happy Town:
 He that loves others States dislikes his own:
 We blame the Places, both deceiv'd and Fools,
 'Tis undeserv'd, the fault is in our Souls.
 Our Souls that are their own Companions still,
 And groan beneath their Native load of Ill:
 In Town your Wishes beg'd the Fields and Plain,
 A Farmer now you ask the Town again.
 I constant to my self part griev'd from home,
 When hated Business forces me to *Rome*.
 We two do very different Things admire,
 We widely disagree in our desire.
 What you call lonely Melancholy Seats,
 A Man of my Opinion, as he hates
 What you think fair, accounts them fine Retreats.
 The Oily Ord'naries, the Stews do move
 Thy Wishes for the Town, they raise thy Love.

And

And 'cause my little Farm doth bear no Vine,
But Frankincense, I see thy wild Design:
No neighb'ring Tavern there to sell thee Wine;
No wanton Songstresses there to please thy Sense,
And raise thy heavy Limbs into a Dance:
Yet thou dost Labour, thou dost Toyl and Sow,
And break thy Fields, that never felt the Plough:
Yet you take Care, you wash my bleating Flocks,
And gather Boughs to feed my wearied Ox.
And if the River run above the Bound,
Swoln big with Rain, you raise a stronger Mound,
And teach it to forbear the Meadow Ground.
Now why these things so differently appear
To us, and what divides our Fancies, hear;
That lov'd all the Frolicks of the Town,
Curl'd powder'd Locks, a fine and gawdy Gown:
That pleas'd coy *Cynera* without a price,
That lov'd Debauch, and courted ev'ry Vice,
Now like short Suppers, and at civil Hours,
And Sleep by purling Streams, on Banks of Flow'rs.
Once to be wild is no such foul disgrace,
But 'tis so still to run the frantick Race:
There on my Joys no Squint-ey'd Envious wait,
None frowns, none looks askew, no secret hate,
With venom'd Tooth doth bite. My Neighbours
To see me busy at my little Toil. [Unile,
But you had rather be remov'd to Town,
That way your Mind and eager Wishes run:

The

The City Slaves, the while the Country love,
 And envy thee, thy Garden and thy Grove:
 The Ox the Saddle asks, the Ass the Plough,
 Let All (that's best) pursue the Arts they know.

E P I S T. XV.

*To his Friend Vala, inquiring what he can
 have in the place whither he designs to
 retire for his Health.*

D E A R *Vala* prithee quickly send me Word,
 What *Velia*, what *Salernum* can afford;
 How hot the Winter; If the Air be good; [Road
 What manner'd Men live there; And what's the
 (True, my Physician tells me I may use
 The *Bajan* Baths, but those their help refuse,
 Because in Winter cooler Streams I chuse.
 That I should leave their Groves, their Sulphurous
 Stream,
 So fam'd for curing knotty Gouts, contemn;
 The whole Town mourns, and curses the Disease,
 That makes us seek the *Clusian* Springs for Ease:
 That makes us leave her Groves, her warmer Seat,
 For unfrequented *Gaby's* cool Retreat.
 To change my Station now I must begin,
 And force my Horse beyond my usual Inn:
 So ho, where now, the angry Riders say,
 And stiffly pull the Rein, that's not the way,

I'm not for *Bay* or *Cume*: and then they sooth,
 But bridled Horses Ears are in their Mouth)
 Which yields the most, and which the sweetest Grain;
 Whether they set out Tubs to catch the Rain,
 Or else have constant Springs, their Water clear,
 For I don't like the Wine they fancy there:
 (True, when at home, then any Drink will please,
 But when I go abroad to take my Ease,
 Enjoy Seas Warmth, my Thoughts from Cares relieve,
 My Liquor must be good, if I won'd live:
 Such as will fill my Veins with gen'rous fire,
 Bring certain Hopes of Health, and Thoughts inspire
 Such as may make my wanton Wishes rise,
 And show me young and grateful to my Mifs :)
 Where most Hares run, most Bores infest the Plains,
 Which Sea most Oysters, which most Fish contains,
 That while I live I may be plump and gay;
 You write me Word, I'll credit what you say:
Menius when all his little Lands were gone,
 All loosely spent, and he a Man o'th' Town;
 A Bully, at no certain Board he din'd,
 No House to lodge, but rail'd at Foe and Friend;
 A bitter Rogue to jeer, and sharp to feign,
 Severe to scandalize; the very Bane
 And Ruin of the Shambles; what he got
 He swallow'd; all went down his greedy Throat.
 He when his Cheats not answer'd his Desires,
 When little came from Fops, and bubb'd Squires,
 Wou'd

Wou'd feed on Guts, and on the vilest Meat,
 Swallowing as much as three large Bears could eat,
 And sober he, while thus he hardly far'd,
 Wou'd have, forsooth, the Spend-thrifts Bellies star'd;
 Yet the same *Menius* when his gains were more,
 And on his Gut he wasted all his Store,
 Turn'd all to Smoak and Ashes, us'd to cry,
 No Wonder, Faith, to see that Men feed high,
 When not the World a fairer Sight can show,
 Than the large pickled Belly of a Sow.
 I'm just like him, when poor, Oh how I love
 The safe and little Store, and how approve!
 When rich, then those are blest, and only those,
 Whose stately House their hidden Treasure shows,
 None live so well, none take such soft Repose.

E P I S T. XVI.

1. *To his Friend Quintus, a Description
 of his little Farm.* 2. *Advice concerning
 a happy Life.*

I. **A**SK me not, *Quintus*, what my Farm doth [yield]
 Whether 'tis Hay or Corn that crowns my
 Field;
 Elms cloath'd with Vines, or Fruit, or Olives thick
 I'll tell you what it is, and how it lies.
 A Ridge of Hills a shady Vale divides
 And takes the Suns kind Rays on both her Sides

The right Hand opens to the rising Day,
 The left Hand gently takes the setting Ray;
 You like the Clime: If ev'ry Hedge that grows
 Doth blush in Cornells, or doth mourn in Sloes,
 If Beechen Groves and fruitful Oaks afford
 Meat for my Cattle, Shades for me their Lord,
 You'd think *Tarentum's* pleasant Fields remove
 To wait on me, and spread a shady Grove.
 A pleasant Spring, almost a River flows,
 Not *Heber's* Streams the *Thracian* Fields inclose
 With Waves more cool and clear; the Waters spread
 To purge the Stomach good, and cleanse the Head.
 These pleasant (nay 'tis true) these sweet Retreats,
 Preserve my Health amidst the Summers Heats.
 2. And you live well, if what *Fame* says be true,
 For all admire, and *Rome* doth boast of you.
 She calls you happy, but, my Friend, I fear
 You more believe what others say you are,
 Than what you know your self!
 Esteem none happy but the Wise and Good;
 Nor when you're flatter'd by the heedless Crowd
 That you look well, dissemble thy Disease,
 Sit down to feast, and give it time to seize,
 Until it shakes, and thou canst eat no more:
 'Tis foolish Shame to hide a fest'ring Sore.
 Suppose one speaks of Wars and noble Fights,
 And with these Words thy empty Ears delights:

Jove

Jove who for you, and for the People Cares,
 Leaves still in doubt whose Safety most prefers,
 The People-yours, or else the People's yon,
 Dost see this Praise is only *Cæsar's* due:

Yet when they call thee Good, canst thou agree?
 Canst thou consent that That belongs to thee?
 For you and I both love the Crowd shou'd say
 That we are good, but what that gives to Day,
 To MORROW if it please it takes away:

As when it Offices on Fools bestows,
 They call them back, and scorn the Man they chose:
 Lay down, 'tis ours, they cry; I lay it down
 Poornaked Wretch, and griev'd depart, and frown:
 The same Crowd calls me *Thief*, they pass a Vote
 That I'm *unchast*, or cut my *Father's* Throat;
 And with false Scandals bite me; must I fear,
 Must I look pale for this? Or shed a Tear?
 False Honours please, and false Reports disgrace
 And Trouble, whom? The vicious and the base:
 Who then is Good? Why he that keeps the Laws,
 And ancient Rites; whose Word secures a Cause:
 Who reconciles his Neighbours, free from Strife,
 And seems to lead a fair and honest Life:
 Yet all his Neighbours know him base within,
 His Out-side's fair, his In-side's black with Sin.
 Suppose my Slave shou'd say, I neither fly,
 Nor steal: Well, thou hast thy Reward, say I,

Thou art not scourg'd, I never kill'd a Man,
 Well, thou shalt not be hang'd, or torn with Pain,
 I am thrifty, honest, good, and wise,
 Hellus cannot grant it, nay denies:
 The crafty Foxes dread the secret Snare,
 The Kite and Hawk, altho' the Bait be fair,
 They never stoop where they suspect a Gin;
 The Good for Virtues's sake abhor a Sin.
 His fear of Punishment restrains thy Will,
 Give Leave, how eagerly wou'dst thou be ill?
 Suppose you steal few Grains from stores of Wheat,
 The Loss, 'tis true, is less, the Crime's as great:
 The Man that's honest in the People's Eyes,
 When-e'er he kills a costly Sacrifice,
 A Pig or Bull, and while his Vows are good,
 Hello, Janus hear, he prays aloud.
 He murmurs softly, to be heard afraid,
 And, Good Laverna hear me, grant me Aid
 For such a Cheat, let all believe me Good,
 Let me seem just and honest to the Crowd,
 And o'er my Cheats and Forgeries spread a Cloud. }
 How are the Covetous than Slaves more free,
 That basely stoop for ev'ry Pin they see,
 Can't imagine. He that still doth crave
 Must fear, and he that fears must be a Slave:
 He hath lost his Arms, and basely fled,
 Left Virtues Camp, and all her Laws betray'd;

That's

That's eager to be rich, that strives for more,
 Goes on, and dies beneath the weighty Store:
 Forbear to kill the Captive thou canst sell,
 His Work will bring thee Gain, he'll serve thee well:
 Whether he Tills thy Field, or feeds thy Sheep,
 Or Sails, and Winters in the raging Deep:
 A Man that's Good and Wise will boldly say,
Well Pentheus King of Thebes, Why this Delay?
Pray what must I expect? What must I fear,
What undeserv'd must I be forc'd to bear?
 I'll take away thy Goods: *My Flocks, my Land,*
Ton may, 'tis subject all to your Command:
 I'll chain and rob thee of thy Liberty,
Ah, God, when-e'er I please, will set me free:
 I think I know what these his Words design,
 I'll die, of things Death is the utmost Line.

EPIST. XVII.

*Adviseeth his Friend Scæva to chuse, and
 how to behave himself in the Great
 Mens Acquaintance.*

THOU' Scæva thou hast Wit enough to chuse
 The Great Mens Favour, and art skill'd to rouze
 Yet hear what thy unskilful Friend can say,
 As if one blind pretends to show the way;
 Yet see a while if what is fairly shown
 Be good, and such as you may make your own:

If you delight in Ease, and quiet Joys,
If rattling Coaches, and the Tavern's Noise
Disturbs thee, *Scava*, then refuse the Charms
Of Greatness, live upon thy little Farms;
“ For Pleasures do not follow only Wealth:
“ Nor lives he ill, that lives and dies by stealth:
But if you love to aim at nobler Ends,
And wou'd be able to assist your Friends,
Live well thy self, and better thy Estate,
Now thou art dry, go soak upon the Fat:
If *Aristippus* patiently cou'd Dine
On Herbs, he wou'd the Courts of Kings decline:
If he that censures me knew how to use
The Courts of Kings, he wou'd his Herbs refuse:
Now which of these you think is best, declare;
Or else, my Junior you, with Patience hear
Why *Aristippus* Humour's best; for thus
He bob'd the *Cynick*, as the Story goes:
I for my self, to please the People you
Break Jests; my way's the better of the two:
I make my Court, am free from fear or force;
To carry me the King provides a Horse,
While you beg scraps; and tho' you boast you live,
And nothing want, are less than those that give:
All Fortune fitted *Aristippus* well,
Aiming at greater, pleas'd with what befall:
But for the *Cynick*, I shou'd think it strange,
If he cou'd look but comely in a Change:

R

The

The one will not expect a Purple Coat,
 But howsoever cloath'd, he walks about,
 Thro' Court and Town, and with a decent Art,
 In either Habit neatly acts his Part:
 But Purple, or a Gown of Cloth of Gold,
 The other hates, and he will die with Cold,
 Unless you will his tatter'd Rags restore;
 Go give him Rags, and let the Fool be poor:
 To War, and Triumphs near *Jove's* glorious Throne,
 'Tis all Divine, 'tis *Cæsar's* work alone:
 To please the Great is not the smallest Praise,
 Not all can go to *Corinth* now-a-days;
 He never strives that doth despair to gain,
 Well, doth he bravely act that doth obtain?
 Yet here, or no where, we may hope to find
 What we desire: By one the weight's declin'd,
 Too great for his small Strength, and little Mind:
 Another ventures, takes, and bears the same,
 Or Virtue is a Show, an empty Name,
 Or he that tries, walks right to Wealth and Fame.
 The Man that's silent, nor proclaims his Want,
 Gets more than him that makes a loud Complaint.
 It differs whether fairly you receive,
 Or rudely snatch the things the Great can give,
 Yet that's the chiefest measure how to live:
 My Mother's poor, my Farm's too mean to sell,
 And yet not yields enough to keep me well,

My Neice a Portion wants, my Fortune's low;
 He that says thus, he cries aloud, *Bestow*;
 And when he hath it, others rise and say,
 Divide the Booty, we will share the Prey;
 But cou'd the talking Crow in quiet eat,
 His Envy had been less, but more his Meat:
 A small Retainer in a Noble's Train
 To fair *Surrentum*, that doth still complain,
The Road is bad, it Rains, 'tis very Cold;
My Chest is rifled, and I've lost my Gold;
 Does like the Jilting Whores that often mourn,
Alas me! my Garter's lost, my Hood is torn,
 Until at last, unheeding the Complaint,
 We give no credit to their real want:
 A Man that hath been once abus'd grows shy,
 He views a Cripple with an heedless Eye;
 Nor lends a helping Hand, altho' he swears
By Isis, soft'ning ev'ry Oath with Tears,
Believe me I'm no Cheat, and sadly cries,
Cruel, help the Lame: The Crowd replies,
 To seek a Stranger to believe thy Lyes.

EPIST. XVIII.

To his Friend LOLLIVS.

Advice to his Friend how to behave himself, and get the Love of all.

FREE Lollivs, if I rightly hit thy Mind,
 You will be always such as you pretend,
 Not prove a *Flatterer*, and profess a *Friend*:
 For *Friends* and faithless *Flatterers* differ more,
 Than a chaste *Matron* and a common *Whore*.
 But stay my Friend, there is another Vice
 Just opposite, and almost worse than this:
 A Clownish Roughness, and unkindly close,
 Unfriendly, stiff, and peevishly morose;
 Which doth commend her self and strive to please,
 With blackish Teeth, stretch'd Skin and Rustick dress.
 It prides its self, and wou'd be thought to be
 Clean perfect Virtue, and meer Liberty.
Virtue doth Vice, as two Extreames, divide,
Drawn up from both, and leans to neither Side.
 This headlong to obey at ev'ry Feast,
 To please the great Ones jeers the meaner Guest,
 The rich Man's Nod doth so severely dread,
 Corrects himself, and takes up what he said,
 As if you heard a trembling School-boy say
 His Part, or the Rehearsal of a Play.
 That strives for Trifles, and for Toys contends,
 He is in earnest, what he says, defends:

That I shou'd not be trusted right or wrong,
 Or be debarr'd the freedom of my Tongue;
 And not bawl what I please! To part with this
 I think another Life too mean a price.
 The Question is, Pray what? Why which can boast
 Or *Docilis* or *Castor's* knowing most,
 Or whether thro' *Numicum* been't as good
 To fair *Brundisium*, as the *Appian Road*:
 Whom costly wenching, or a gawdy Whore,
 Or whom the Race, whom Dice makes quickly poor:
 Or who's a Fop, and who perfumes his Hair,
 Or's finer dress'd than his Estate will bear;
 Who for meer thirst of Gold doth gather store,
 And who out of pure fear of being poor:
 Thy rich Friend better stor'd in all Defects
 And Vice than Thee, or hates Thee or corrects,
 And as good Mothers he will oft advise,
 I wish you'd be more *Virtuous* and more *Wise*
 Than I my self am now, I vow I do;
 And saith, to speak the truth, most times 'tis so.
 My Wealth will bear my Folly (cease to strive
 With me) Sir, you have scarce enough to live;
 Contrast your Vices, Sir, forbear to vie
 You must not take so great a range as I.
 The Man *Eutrapelus* wou'd have undone
 He streight presented with a gawdy Gown,
 That he grown happy in his fine Attire,
 Might take new Hopes and raise his Wishes higher,

Forego his honest Trade for easie Vice,
Sleep on till Noon, and follow Whores and Dice,
Take Mony up, till he hath spent his All,
And drives a Cart for Bread, or rots in Jail:
Pry not thro' Secrets; what thou learn'st conceal
Tho' Wine and Anger rack thee to reveal:
Praise not thine own, or scorn thy Friends delight
Nor, when he'd have thee hunt, keep home and write
Thus *Zethus* once with his *Amphion* Grove,
Twin Brothers, till at last they join'd their Love;
The softer Harp grew mute, he left his Quill,
Amphion yielded to his Brother's Will:
Humour the great Ones, quick Obedience yield
To slight Commands, and when he takes the Field
With Nets, or Hawks, or Hounds, no Sport refuse
Shake off thy lazy and ill-humour'd Muse:
That thou may'st eat at Night what thou hast Caught
And sup with them; for this the Ancients taught
And this the *Romans* use, 'tis free from shame,
'Tis good for Life, and Health, and gets thee Fame
Since thou art well in Health, art strong to wound
And fight the Bore, or to out-run the Hound,
None with more Art than you can cast a Spear,
You know when you within the Lists appear
The Crouds all clap; Nay e'en your tender Age
Endur'd the Wars, and fierce *Cantabrian* Rage,
Your Captain he, the brave and the Divine,
Who brought our Ensigns from the *Parthian* Shrine

Redeem'd our Fame, and what-e'er Land remains
Resolves to make it feel the *Roman* Chains.

But lest you part, and no Excuse can show,

Altho' I must confess what-e'er you do

Is fit, and decent, and becoming you :

Sometimes you toy at home, your Boats divide,

A Squadron stands drawn up on either side :

By your direction fir'd with martial Rage

As in the *Asian* fight, the Boys engage,

With Soldiers Fury, and with Soldiers Art;

You one, your Brother leads the other part :

Your Lake's rough *Aavia's* Flood, 'till one's o'er-
thrown,

And sudden Victory dorth the other Crown :

He that thinks you agree with his design,

Will clap with both his Hands, and favour thine.

But to advise you, if you want Advice,

Take heed of whom you speak, and what it is,

Take heed to whom, avoid the busy Men,

Fly the inquisitive, they'll talk agen,

And tell what you have said, a leaky Ear

Can never hold what it shall chance to hear,

'Twill run all out, and what you once let fall

It flies, and 'tis impossible to recall ;

If thy great Friend keeps handsome Maid or Boy,

Be not in Love, and eager to enjoy,

Lest he bestow that little gift to please,

Or else deny, and heighten thy Disease.

Praise none 'till well approv'd on sober Thoughts,
 Lest after you shou'd blush for others Faults.
 You prais'd a Rascal, there you chanc'd to err,
 Then don't defend him when his Crimes appear:
 But one approv'd when Scandals press, defend,
 Let him on thee, and on thy Fame depend.
 Whom Envy bites, for thou may'st plainly see
 The danger will at last come o'er to thee:
 For you're in danger when the next's on fire,
 And Flames neglected often blaze the higher.
 To Court the Great-ones, and to sooth their Pride,
 Seems a sweet task to those that never try'd;
 But those that have, know well that Danger's near,
 It is a ticklish point, and mix'd with fear.
 Do you endeavour while you cut the Main,
 That no cross Storm shou'd toss thee back again,
 The Active hate the Dull, the Sad Jocosé,
 The Dull the Active, Merry the Morose;
 Stout Jolly Topers scorn the Sober Afs,
 They hate those Fellows that refuse their Glafs;
 Altho' they beg, altho' they swear they dread
 The nightly Fumes, furr'd Mouth, and aching Head:
 Put off all Clouds and Darkeness from thy Brow,
 Be Jolly, Gay, and Mirth and Humour show,
 For modest Men are oft thought cloudy Souls,
 And Men of little Talk, ill-natur'd Fools:
 In ev'ry state of Life be sure of this,
 Read o'er thy moral Books, consult the wise,

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How thou may'st live, how spend thine Age in Peace,
Left Avarice, still poor, disturb thine Ease;
Or Fears shou'd shake, or Cares thy Mind abuse,
Or ardent hope for things of little use.

If Arts do Virtue breed, or Nature send,
What lessens Cares, what makes thy self thy Friend,
What calms thee, Honour, or admired Wealth;
Or close Retirement, and a life by stealth.

When I, my Friend, do go to take Repose,
At cold *Mandela*, where *Digentia* flows;
Mandela my belov'd, but little Town,

With Cold and Frost all gray and wrinkled grown:
For what do you imagine that I care?

What think, what make the subject of my Pray'r?

Let me have what I have, or somewhat less,

'Twill still be great enough for Happiness;

And that I may, if Heav'n more Years will give,

Live to my self the time I have to live:

Estate in Books, and Food to serve a Year,

Left I shou'd wavering hang 'twixt hope and fear.

And this is all for which Mankind shou'd pray,

And beg of *Jove*, who gives and takes away;

Let him but Life, and mod'rate Plenty find,

And I'll provide my self an happy Mind.

E P I S T. XIX.

To M E C Æ N A S.

1. *Of Poetry.* 2. *His own Excellencies.*
3. *Why not lik'd.*

1. **M**Y Lord, if what *Cratinus* says be right,
Those Verses cannot live, those Lines
delight,
Which Water-drinkers Pen; in vain they Write.
For e'er since *Bacchus* did, in wild design,
With *Fauns* and *Satyrs* half-mad *Poets* join,
The Muses ev'ry Morning smelt of Wine:
From *Homer's* Praise his love of Wine appears,
And *Ennius* never dar'd to write of Wars
'Till heated well; let sober *Dotards* chuse
The Plodding Law, but never tempt a Muse;
This Law once made, the *Poets* strait begin,
They drunk all Night, all day they smelt of Wine:
Suppose a Man the coursest Gown should wear,
No Shoes, his Forehead rough, his Look severe,
And Ape great *Cato* in his Form and Dress;
Must he his Virtues and his Mind expresse?
While dull *Hyarbit* wish'd, and vainly strove,
To speak as smoothly, and as aptly move

As sweet *Timagenes*, and reach his Arts,
He over-strain'd himself, and broke his Parts:

Examples Vice can imitate deceive:

Shou'd I by Chance, or a Disease, be pale,
The Sots wou'd drink their bloodless Cummin all.
Base Imitators, Slaves to others Wills,
How oft you move my Frowns, how oft my Smiles?

2. I trod new Paths, to others Feet unknown;

He that first ventures, lead the others on:

I first the *Romans* keen *Iambicks* taught,

In numerous smoothness, and in height of thought,

I match'd *Archilocus*, I shou'd the Age

His Numbers, but forbore his murd'ring Rage.

But lest you say that I fall short of Fame,

Because my Number's his, my Verse the same;

The *Saphick* sweetens all his bitter Vein,

And grave *Alcaick* smooths his rougher strain:

The Subject's different; different the Designs,

And tho' thro' all a virtuous freedom shines,

With no black Lines I daub, no envious breath

Doth soil Mens fame, or Rhyme a Spouse to death.

This Verse ne'er heard by Latin Ears before,

I first discover'd from the *Grecian* Store;

And this delights me now that I am known,

And read for these Inventions of my own.

3. Now wou'd you know why our ungrateful *Rome*,

Doth praise my Poems when with me at home,

But

But flout abroad; I'll freely tell the Cause:
 I do not beg the empty Crowd's Applause:
 I do not often treat, nor do I send
 My old cast Suits, and bribe them to commend.
 I do not crowd to hear our Fops rehearse,
 Nor do I praise, and clap our Nobles Verse:
 I cannot run to ev'ry Pedant Fool,
 And beg that he would read my Book in's School:
 Hence springs my Wo; now if I say I fear,
 To bring dull Lines t'a crowded Theatre,
 And vaunt my Trifles, firaît, *You jeer, you cry,*
And keep your Verse alone for Cæsar's Eye:
And proud you think that you alone can write
Sweet hony Lines, fine in your own Conceit:
 A tart Reply to this I fear to give,
 Lest his sharp Nails shou'd scratch me while I strive.
 I do not like the Place, I freely say,
 Forbear a while, let's take another day;
 For Jest Dislike, Dislike Contention bears,
 Contention Hate, and Hate breeds dreadful Wars.



The Conclusion to his Book.

I Know you long to visit ev'ry Stall,
 You wou'd be neatly bound, and set to Sale;
 The bars, that please the modest, trouble you,
 And you commend, and court the publick View,
 And mourn that you are hid, and seen by few. }
 Go to the Publick then, go where you strive,
 Tho' thou wert not thus bred, or taught to live:
 There shall be no Return when once thou'rt gone,
 And thou wilt cry, Ah me! What have I done!
 What have I beg'd! When one shall call thee dull,
 And squeeze thee when his Belly's quickly full.
 But now unless fond Rage besets my Mind,
 Unless mere Hatred to thy Faults does blind,
 I prophesie, and I am sure 'tis true;
 You shall be lik'd and prais'd at *Rome* while new;
 But when thou shalt be soil'd by ev'ry Hand,
 Then slighted, and to common Use prophan'd;
 To bind up Letters, and be torn, be tost,
 And fly to other Countries ev'ry Post.
 Then I who have advis'd in vain, shall smile,
 As he that drove his Ass t'a craggy Hill: }
 For who wou'd save a thing against its Will?
 At last in Schools thou shalt be thumb'd by Boys;
 And there grow foolish, old, and deaf with Noise.
 But when at Evening many come to read,
 Tell them that I was meanly born and bred,

My Father poor, of small Estate possess,
And that I stretch'd my Wings beyond my Nest.
But as you cut me short in Wealth, increase
My Virtues, tell them I the greatest please,
A little Man, and studious of my Ease.
And pettish too, I can be angry soon,
My Passion's quickly rais'd, but quickly gone.
Grown gray before my time, I hate the Cold,
And seek the Warmth; and if they ask how old,
Tell them, now *Lollus* shares the Consul's Pow'r
With *Lepidus*, that I am forty four.

The End of the First Book of Epistles.



EPISTLES

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPIST. I. To AUGUSTUS.

A Discourse of Poetry.

WHEN you alone sustain the weighty Cares
 Of all the World, and manage Peace and
 The *Roman* State by Virtue's Rules amend, [Wars,
 Adorn with Manners, and with Arms defend,
 To write a long Discourse, and waste your Time,
 Against the publick good, wou'd be a Crime:
 The ancient *Heroes*, though the blest Abodes
 Receiv'd when dead, exalted into Gods,
 Yet while they liv'd with Men, and while bestow'd
 The greatest Cares, and did the greatest Good,
 Built Towns, made Laws, and brought delightful Ease,
 And civiliz'd the Rational Savages;
 Complain'd that they ingrateful Masters serv'd,
 And met far less Rewards than they deserv'd:

He

He that kill'd *Hydra*, He design'd by Fate
To quell the Monsters rais'd by *Juno's* Hate;
Tho' He, the mighty He, had all ways try'd,
Found Envy vanquisht only when he dy'd:
For those are hated that excel the rest,
Altho' when dead they are belov'd, and blest;
The vigorous Ray torments the feeble Sight,
Yet when the Sun is set, we praise the Light:
To thee, great *Cesar*, now we Altars give,
We vow and swear by thee now whilst alive:
For never yet the Gods kind Hands bestow'd,
Nor ever will, a Prince so great, so good:
That she prefers, that she esteems thee more
Than all the *Heroes* she enjoy'd before,
Than all that she hath bred, or *Greece* can boast,
In this, 'tis true, thy *Rome* is wise and just;
But not in other things; the *ancient* Plays,
And *Foreign* Poets only she can praise;
The *Present*, or Contempt, or Hate receive,
'Tis Crime enough that they are yet alive:
Thus *Old-Loves* do admire the ancient Laws,
The *Sabines* Leagues have their deserv'd Applause;
On musty Leaves at awful distance look,
Age makes it Rev'rend, and exalts the Book:
Give him the *Bards* old Songs, Oh rare! divine!
I swear 'tis good, a Muse sang ev'ry Line:
But if because the oldest are the best
Among the *Greeks*, the same unequal Test

Must try the *Latines* too; in short, No doubt
Plumes have nought hard within, nor *Nuts* without:
 We sit on Fortune's Top, we sing, we write,
 And wrestle better than the *Greeks* can Fight.
 If length of *Time* will better *Verse* like Wine,
 Give it a brisker Taste, and make it fine;
 Come tell me then, I would be gladly show'd,
 How many Years will make a *Poem* good:
 One Poet writ an *Hundred* Years ago,
 What, is he *Old*, and therefore *Fam'd*, or no?
 Or is he *New*, and therefore *Bald* appears?
 Let's fix upon a certain Term of Years,
 He's good that liv'd an *hundred* Years ago,
 Another wants but *One*, is he so too?
 Or is he *New*, and *Damn'd* for that alone?
 Well, he's good too, and *Old* that wants but one.
 And thus I'll argue on, and bate one more,
 And so by one and one waste all the Store:
 And so confute him, who esteems by Years,
 A *Poem's* Goodness from the Date it bears.
 Who nor admires, nor yet approves a Line
 But what is *Old*, and Death hath made divine.
Ennius, the lofty *Ennius*, and the Wife,
 That second *Homer*, in our Criticks Eyes,
 Is loose in's Poems, and correct in few,
 Nor takes he care to prove his Dreams were true.
 He shows so little of great *Homer's* Soul.
 " *Nevius* is learn'd by Heart, and dearly fold,
 " So sacred is his Book, because 'tis old.

When *Accius* and *Pacuvius* are compar'd,
Both are esteem'd, both meet with great Reward;
Pacuvius all the Criticks Voices gains
For Learning, *Accius* for his lofty Strains.
Afraninus shows us soft *Menander's* Flame,
And *Plautus* Rivals *Epicharmus* Fame:
Cecilius grave, and *Terence* full of Art,
These *Rome* admires, and these she learns by Heart.
These are the Worthies of her Theater,
These she applauds with Heart, and crowds to hear:
These she esteems the Glories of the Stage,
And counts from *Livy's* to our present Age.
The Critick *Mobile* will be meddling still, [ill:]
Sometime's their Judgment's good, and sometimes
Thus when they praise the *Old*, and when prefer,
Beyond compare to all the *New*, they err:
But when they grant the Ancient's Books and Plays
Are often dull, and uncorrect in Phrase,
Their Words unfit, or else their main Design,
Their Judgment's rational, and jumps with mine:
I do not damn old *Livy's* Rhimes as dull,
For which I often smarted when at School;
But that he shou'd be thought correct, sublime,
And far before the *Poems* of our Time;
That one poor *Chance-good* Line or two at most,
The only thing that all his Books can boast,
Not only shou'd atone for what's amiss,
But recommend the whole; I'm vex'd at this.

Hate a Fop should scorn a *faultless* Page,
 Because 'tis *New*, nor yet approv'd by Age:
 And then admiring all the ancient Plays,
 Not only pardon their Defects, but Praise.
 Shou'd I but doubt if *Atta's* Plays are good,
 Our *Old-Loves* straight wou'd cry The Youngster's
 He's impudent, nor thinks those Plays exact, ^{[Proud;}
 Which *Roscins*, and grave *Aesop* us'd to act:
 Because they judge by their own Appetites,
 And think nought sweet, but what their taste delights;
 Or to stoop to their *Juniors* Rules disdain,
 Or else to think what once they learnt was vain, }
 And only fit to be forgot again;
 Those that applaud the Songs of former Times,
 The dotish *Bayds* old Verse, or *Monkish* Rhimes:
 Who wou'd be thought to have a sharper Eye, }
 And in those Poems numerous Graces spy,
 In which they see no more fine things than I; }
 'Tis not to praise the *Old*, but scorn, abuse,
 And hate *New* Books, and damn the *Modern* Muse.
 Had *Greece* done thus, had she still scorn'd the *New*,
 What had been *Old*, what worthy publick View?
 When Wars were done, and *Greece* dissolv'd in Peace,
 When Fortune taught them how to live at Ease,
 They wrestled, painted, sung, these Arts they lov'd,
 These they did much admire, and these improv'd;
 In ev'ry Picture vulgar Eyes cou'd find
 The Face exact, and almost saw the Mind;

Then

Then Racing, Vaulting then, the Plays and Stage,
 Each took their turn to please the wanton Age;
 Like *Boys* at Nurse, they eagerly desir'd,
 But straight were cloy'd, and left what they admir'd
 For what disgusts our Fancies, what doth please,
 But may be chang'd? these are the Fruits of Ease, }
 This happy Fortune bears, this springs from Peace. }
 'Twas heretofore a Credit, here at *Rome*,
 To mind a Shop all Day, and keep at home:
 Attend ones *Client*, and promote his Cause,
 Inform his Ignorance, and teach the Laws;
 To make good Debts, and drive a gainful Trade,
 And know what Int'rest may be justly paid:
 Instruct the *Young*, and hear the *Old* Debate,
 What will increase, what ruin an Estate:
 This Humour's chang'd, now Reigns a *New* Delight,
 All must be *Authors* now, and all must write:
 All strive to get the Bays, and all Rehearse,
 They dine, they sup in *Rhime*, and drink in Verse.
 E'en I that swear I never try'd a *Muse*,
 E'en I'm forsworn, my Deeds my Words accuse;
 My Quill is scribbling too; before 'tis Light
 I call for Paper, Pen, and Ink, and write.

He that's no *Pilot* is afraid to fail, }
 Urge him to guide a Ship, you shan't prevail; }
 And only *Doctors* will pretend to heal.
 By *Smiths* alone, are Locks and Staples made,
 And none pretend but Artists in the Trade.

But now for *Poetry* we all are fit,
 And skilful, or unskilful, all must write;
 And yet this *Madness* thousand Goods commend,
 A thousand Virtues on a Muse attend;
 A *Poet's* seldom given to Avarice,
 Safe and secure within himself he lyes.
 He minds and loves his *Rhimes*, and those alone;
 Tell him his Goods are burnt, his Slaves are gone,
 Or his Fields lost; he laughs, nor strives to cheat
 His Ward, or Friend, a Stranger to Deceit:
 He's thrifty, feasts upon a Dish of Pease,
 And lives content with Household-Bread and Cheese:
 Unfit for War, yet they are good in Peace.
 (For great things by the help of small increase) }
 Instruct our Looseness, and inform our Ease.
 They teach our Boys to hate all Words Obscene,
 To follow gen'rous Rules, and speak like Men.
 And then slide gently down with virtuous Rules
 Into the tender Breast, and form their Souls;
 Restrain their Envy, and correct their Rage, }
 Tell them what's good, instruct their tender Age
 With fit Examples, and their Grievs assuage.
 How wou'd our sacred Songs and Hymns be made,
 And how our Pray'rs as high as Heav'n convey'd;
 Did not the Muses *Poets* Fancies raise,
 To teach us how to pray, and how to praise?
 In Verse the fawning *Quire* her Plagues bewails,
 And begs a speedy Comfort, and prevails;

Good

Good Weather, happy Years, and much Encrease;
Their Pray'rs are streight way heard, all smile in Peace.
The Year is rich, the Fields with Plenty flow,
Verse softens Gods above, and Gods below.
The ancient Swains, those temp'rate happy Swains,
Contented Sov'reigns of their little Plains,
When all their Corn was hous'd wou'd make a Feast,
Unbend their Minds, and lay them down to rest;
Their Cares dissolv'd into a happy Thought,
And Minds enjoy'd the rest their Labour fought.
A Pig on *Tellus'* Altars left his Blood,
And Milk from large brown Bowls to *Sylvan* flow'd:
Their Wife, their Neighbours, and their prating Boys
Were call'd, all tasted of the Country Joys: [Sport,
They drank, they danc'd, they sang, made wanton
Enjoy'd their selves, for Life they knew was short.
Hence grew the Liberty of the looser Muse,
Hence they grew Scurrilous, and wou'd abuse;
Hence those loose Dialogues at Marriage Feasts,
Yet still they were but Mirth, and Country Jest.
At last they shew'd their Teeth, and sharply bit,
And *Railery* usurp'd the Place of *Wit*.
Good Persons were abus'd, and suffer'd Wrong,
They loudly talk'd, no Law to curb their Tongue:
The wounded griev'd, the Smart provok'd their Hate,
And all *untoucht* bewail'd the *Common* Fate,
Till Laws commanded to regard Mens Fame,
Severely lash the Vice, but spare the Name.

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 383

Fear made them civil, and design to write
 With Modesty; speak well, and to delight:
Greece conquer'd did the Conqueror o'ercome,
 Polish'd the rude, and sent her Arts to *Rome*:
 The former Roughness flow'd in smother Rhimes,
 And good facetious *Humour* pleas'd the Times:
 Yet they continu'd long, and still we find,
 Some little Marks of the old Rustick Mind,
 Some of the scurrilous Humour left behind. }
 Twas long before *Rome* read the *Gracian* Plays,
 For Cares took up her Nights, and Wars her Days:
 Till *Carthage* ruin'd she grew soft in Peace,
 And then inquir'd what weighty *Sophocles*,
 What *Eschylus*, what *Thespis* taught the Age,
 What Good, what Profit did commend the Stage.
 And then they turn'd their Plays, their Thoughts were
 By Nature great, and fit for Tragedy. [high,
 But to review, to blot what once was writ,
 Oh that was mean, it was a shame to Wit:
 The *Comic* then was thought the easier way,
 Because 'tis common Humour makes the Play;
 Yet 'tis the hardest, for the faults appear
 So Monstrous, and the *Criticks* so severe, }
 That e'en their greatest Mercy cannot spare.
Plautus, 'tis true, observes the Rules of Art,
 His well drawn Figures suit with ev'ry part;
 He Paints an Am'rous Fop, a Jilting Jade,
 A careful Father, or designing Bawd:

But

But *Dorfen* rudely draws his Parasites,
 How loose his Lines, how uncorrect he writes!
 He writes for Gold, and if his Pocket's cram'd,
 He cares not, let the Play be Clap'd or Damn'd:
 But he that writes to have Applause for Wit,
 If unconcern'd the grave Spectator sit,
 He dies; but if attentive, then he's proud,
They like my Fancy, and my Plays are good:
 So small, and so contemn'd a thing will raise,
 Or damp Men's eager Thoughts that write for Praise:
 I like not this, and I forswear the Stage,
 If clap'd I must be Proud, if damn'd must Rage.
 And who wou'd be so bold to write, that knew
 The *Judging Men of Honour* are but few;
 The *Vulgar* Thousands, who might hiss the Play?
 And if our *Nobles* should dislike their way,
 Wou'd huff, and swear, and quarrel straight, and
 Or leave the Stage to see a *Puppet* fight; } *fight*
 Or else the *Bears*, for that's the Crowds delight
 But now our *Nobles* too are Fops and Vain,
 Neglect the Sense, but love the Painted Scene;
 Four Hours are spent in Show to please the fight,
 A tedious Battel, and at last a Flight;
 Then Kings in Chains, and to reward their Toil,
Corinthian Statues, and a world of Spoil.
 Wou'd not *Democritus*, if now alive,
 Split here, wou'd he these Fooleries forgive?

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 385

And if the *Vulgar* with a wild amaze,
Neglect the Actors, and forsake the Plays,
And on an *Elephant* or a *Panther* gaze :
Sure he wou'd look, and in the gaping Crowd,
Find better *Humour* than the *Actor* shou'd.
Besides, he needs must think they write in vain,
And teach deaf Asses, prodigal of their Pain :
For who can judge, or who can hear the Wit,
When noise and strange confusion fills the Pit ?
As when the Winds dash Waves against the Shoar,
Or lash the Woods, and all the Monsters Roar ;
So great the shout, when rich and strangely dress'd
The Player comes, they clap his gawdy Vest.
Well hath the Actor spoken? *Not a Line* :
Why then d'ye clap? *Oh, Sir, his Cloaths are fine.*
But lest you think that I who write no Plays,
Or envy their Design, or poorly Praise ;
I fairly grant those *Poets* Wit that Rule
My Passions as they please, disturb my Soul ;
And then by a short turn my Thoughts relieve :
Whose lively Fiction makes me laugh, or grieve.
Whose well-wrought Scenes nat'ral and just appear ;
I see the place, and fancy I am there :
But those that hate and fly the cens'ring Stage,
Let Write to please the Readers of the Age,
Make them, great *Cesar*, to improve their Vein,
Review their *Poems* o'er and o'er again ;

If you wou'd have 'em live, be great in Praise,
And by just Study strive to win the Bays.

We Poets often damn our selves, that dare,
(As I have done) when you are full of Care,
To offer Verse; or when we oft repine,
If a good Friend finds but one faulty Line.
Or when rehearsing we with Sighs complain,
My Fancy's not perceiv'd, I write in vain;
And then unask'd repeat it o'er again.

Or when we think, when once our Fame is known,
We straightway shall be sent for up to Town;
Enjoy a Pension, or a piece of Land,

And write new Poems By the King's Command.

And yet, Great Sir, 'tis worth your while to know
What, *Cæsar*, future times must think of you.

And who must be Disposer of your Fame,
Who tell to distant Worlds your glorious Name:
By whom your Life, by whom your Wars, be writ,
Actions too Sacred for a Common Wit.

Cherillus the *Pellæan* Youth approv'd,

Him he rewarded well, and him he lov'd.

His dull uneven Verse, by great good Fate,
Got him his Favour, and a fair Estate.

Tho' just as Ink when touch'd still leaves a stain,
Dull Rhimes besmear, and noble Acts prophane:
Yet he the same that bought dull Rhimes so dear,
In meaner things did take a greater care,

Let none but learn'd Apelles paint my Face,
 Lyfippus only must Design't in Brass;
 Thus spake his Laws; in this I grant he shou'd
 His Skill sufficient, and his Judgment good.
 But when for Verse, he chose so mean a thing,
 How poor his Judgment? How below a King?

But *Virgil*, *Varius*, and the learned few,
 That are applauded, and belov'd by you;
 Declare your Skill is great, your Judgment true.
 The Honours you bestow do raise your Fames;
 They gratefully reflect upon your Name,
 And kindly praise the Author whence they came;
 Nor can ones Face be with more Art design'd
 In Brass, than in a Poem Thoughts and Mind:
 E'en I desire to leave the humble Plain,
 I wou'd be high, and write a lofty strain.
 I wish I cou'd describe your Wars, and how
 How Barb'rous Nations tear, and how they bow.
 How you have raz'd their Towns, their Ocean stain'd
 With Blood, and with strong Tow'rs bound up
 their Land.

How War's Exil'd, and Peace and Plenty reign,
 And *Janus* temple once more shut again:
 How mean, and how submissive *Parthians* come,
 How under thee they fear and honour *Rome*.
 All this I wou'd, but Oh I want the Wit,
 Your Deeds must be by some high *Genius* writ,

Whose lofty Soul, histow'ring Thoughts can raise,
 As high as you have done, and take the Bays,
 'Tis Treason, Sir, to give you meaner Praise.
 I know my weakness, and I must refuse
 A Task too weighty for my tender Muse:
 A sordid Commendation hurts our Friend,
 And those that meanly Praise, do discommend:
 For what's derided by the Cens'ring Crowd,
 Is thought on more than what is Just and Good:
 I hate those Obligations that disgrace:
 I am not fond to have an ugly Face
 Design'd for me expos'd to publick View:
 Nor Prais'd in dull Verse, tho' the Praise be true.
 I wou'd not lie at ev'ry Grocer's Door,
 To wrap *Tobacco*, or do something more.
 I wou'd not have a Verse that bears my Name
 Lye under Pies; 'tis an ill way to Fame.



EPIST

EPIST. II.

To his Friend JULIUS FLORUS.

1. He makes an Excuse for not sending the Odes he promis'd.
2. Why he wrote no more.
3. The Faults of the Poets.
4. Directions for Writing.
5. He designs graver Studies.
6. Against Covetousness.
7. The uncertainty of every thing.

[Brave,

DEAR Florus, Nero's Friend, the Great, the
 Suppose one come to sell a Clownish Slave,
 And speak thee thus, This Boy is neatly made,
 He's sound from Head to Foot, a pretty Lad.
 For Twenty Pound he's yours, the Bargain's fair,
 He'll serve, and fit your Humour to a Hair:
 He's yet soft Clay, he'll take a Stamp with ease,
 And you may form him, Sir, to what you please.
 He speaks some Greek, and at a Drinking Match
 He'll bear the Bob, and Sing a merry Catch.
 To praise too much like a design appears,
 When he extols that wou'd put off his Waves:
 I'm not in Want, I am in Debt to none,
 What'er I have, tho' little, is my own;

Few, Sir, wou'd tell you this, and tell you true,
Nor I my self to any one but you;

This Boy was a little one, he stay'd at play,
And when he fear'd the Last he run away:

But if you like him now his Faults are told.

The Dealing's fair, and he may take your Gold,
And ne'er he thought a Cheat for what he sold.
You bought a faulty Rogue, he told you so,
And yet you vex him, and unjustly sue.

At parting, Sir, I said I was unfit,

Grown lazy, impotent, and slow to write:
Left for not Writing you shou'd chide, accuse
My Silence as unkind, and scorn my Mûse;
Ah what did that avail to set me free!

Yet if you sue me, Sir, the Law's for me.

But you complain beside, you say, my Lord,
I promis'd you some Odes, yet break my Word.

Thro' thousand Dangers and a World of Pain,

2. Lucullus Soldier, who had strove to gain,

A little Mony, what with Care he kept,

Once tir'd, lost ev'ry Penny as he slept.

Thence he a very Wolf and angry grown

Both with himself and Foe, rush'd boldly on,

And with his Teeth as 'twere o'erthrew a Tower,

Tho' strong and well provided with a Guard;

This got him Credit, and a large Reward;

Soon after when they were to storm a Town

The Captain chose out him, and edg'd him on

With such Affection, such warm Words he prest
 As might inflame the coldest Coward's Breast:
Go where thy Virtue calls, go Conqueror go,
Thy Friends shall give Rewards, and Spoils thy Foe.
 But crafty he reply'd, No Town I'll force,
 No Sir, he'll venture that hath lost his Purse.
 Rome bred me first, she taught me Grammar Rules,
 And all the little Authors read in Schools.
 A little more than this learn'd Athens shew'd,
 And taught me how to sep'rate Bad from Good;
 The Academick Sect possess my Youth,
 And 'midst their pleasant Shades I sought for Truth.
 But rough times drove me from my blest Retreat,
 And tost me thro' the Troubles of the Great.
 Tho' rude in Arms, and tho' well learn'd in Fears,
 The Tide yet bore me on to Civil Wars. (down,
 When those had clip'd my Wings and brought me
 My small Farm lost, and all my Mony gone;
 Those with my Shield I left by shameful Flight;
 Bold Poverty first set me on to write.
 But now I have enough to keep off Want,
 (That is as much as Heav'n it self can grant)
 What *Hecbore* cou'd cure my wild Disease,
 Shou'd I prefer a *Muse* before my *Ease*?
 On me each circling Year does make a Prey,
 It steals my Humour, and my Mirth away.
 And now at last wou'd steal my *Poems* too
 From my Embrace; what wou'd you have me do?

Besides not all admire, not all approve
 One sort ; you *Odes*, *Iambics* others Love,
 Others in keenest *Satyrs* Rage delight ;
 Sharp Salt alone can raise their Appetite :
 Merhinks I've three invited to a Feast,
 A different Palate too, to ev'ry Guest.
 What shall, what shall I not provide ? What you
 Commend and eat, disgusts the other two.
 Besides, do'st think that I can mind a Song
 While here at *Rome*, 'midst all the Noise and Throng
 Of diff'rent Cares ? One begs me pass my Word
 For him, then I must wait upon my Lord,
 To hear his Verses, and I must be gone,
 Leave all my other Work and Cares alone,
 And march from one to t'other end o'th' Town. }

" *But, Sir, there's room, the Street is clean and still,*

" *And you may walk and think on what you will.*

Yes, here a Waggon bears a logg of Wood
 Or weighty Stone, and groans beneath the Load.
 Sad Funerals here are justling with a Dray,
 And there the sweaty Carman bawls for way.
 Here a Mad Dog, and there a Sow doth fright,
 Go now 'midst this, and tosty Verses write.
 Each Writer hates the Town, and Woods approves,
 Right Son of *Bacchus* pleas'd with Shades and Groves.
 Yet 'midst these Tumults you wou'd have me try
 To trace the narrow steps of Poetry.

The Man that takes learn'd *Athen*s close Retreat,
 Who by himself doth study to be great;
 When he hath study'd seven full tedious Years,
 Grown old and grey upon his Books and Cares;
 Yet after all this time and pains bestow'd,
 Grows a meer Stock, and's laugh'd at by the Crowd.
 Then 'midst the Waves and Tempests of the Town,
 Where Cares do toss and vexing Business drown,
 Can I compose my Thoughts, can I aspire,
 And join fit Words to tune the *Roman* Lyre?

3. Two Brothers liv'd at *Rome*, a *Lawyer* one,
 And one a *Rhetor*, noted both in Town,
 Vain-glorious both, and studious of a Name,
 They blew their Trumpets to each other's Fame.

They one another did extreemly please;
 And are not *Poets*, Sir, as mad as these?

I *Odes*, and one writes *Elegy*; Divine,
 A curious Work, polish'd by all the *Nine*.

See how we strut, and what a Port we bear,
 With what high Scorn look o'er the Theater,
 The other *Poets* sneak and scarce appear.

But if you've leasure stand aside, and know
 Why we admire and praise each other so,
 Why wreath the Crown, and why the Bays bestow.

We quarrel, and with equal Fortune fight,
 True *Samnites*, draw the lingring War till Night.

Then straight in his Opinion I'm Divine
Alcans; well, and what is he in mine?

Callimachus, or wou'd he more? *Mimnermus* Fame
 He gets, and glories in his borrow'd Name.
 A thousand things I suffer, to assuage
 The waspish Poets, and to cool their Rage;
 Because I write my self, I plead their Cause,
 I smooth, and humbly beg the Crowds Applause;
 But when grown sober I shake off my Muse,
 I'm deaf, and unless hir'd to hear, refuse:
 Dull Rhimes are laugh'd at, yet we ne'er give o'ers
 Our Writers smile, and e'en themselves adore,
 If you are slow to clap they swear 'tis Spite,
 And praise themselves what happy they have writ.
 4. But he that hath a curious Piece design'd,
 When he begins must take a *Censor's* Mind,
 Severe and honest, and what Words appear
 Too light and trivial, or too weak to bear
 The weighty Sense, nor worth the Readers care,
 Shake off; tho' stubborn, they are loath to move,
 And tho' we fancy dearly, tho' we love.
 Good words, now grown obscure, bring gently forth
 Relieve them from the dark, and show their Worth
 Us'd by the Antients, tho' consum'd by Rage
 Of eating Time, and grown deform'd with Age:
 And take new words begot by Parent use,
 Prune the Luxuriant, and correct the Loose.
 Pure, flowing, as a River rolls along,
 And bring new Plenty to the *Roman* Tongue;

Reform, and cut superfluous Branches off;
 Strengthen the weaker Words, and smoothe the rough:
 Now pain'd, now eas'd, as one that must put on
 Now wanton Satyrs, now a heavy Clown:
 Now I had rather be a little Wit,
 So my dull Verse my own dear self Delight,
 Than know my Faults, be vex'd, and die with spight. }
 An *Agave* Gentleman, as Stories say,
 Did always fancy that he saw a Play,
 The Actors Dress, and well wrought Scenes appear,
 And clap'd and smil'd in th' empty Theater.
 In all things else he shew'd a sober Mind,
 A loving Neighbour, and an honest Friend;
 Kind to his Wife, and gen'rous to his Slave,
 Nor when he saw the Barrel broach'd wou'd rave,
 Wou'd shun an open Well, and dang'rous Pits,
 And seem a perfect Man, and in his Wits.
 Him when his tender Friends with Cost and Pains
 Had cur'd, and Physick gently purg'd his Brains,
 He cry'd, *Ah me! my Friends, I am undone,*
You've ruin'd me, now all my Pleasure's gone;
You have destroy'd, while you design'd to save,
I've lost the pleasant'st Cheat that Man cou'd have.
 5. 'Tis time now to be wise, forsake my Toys,
 And leave my Verses, proper Sport for Boys,
 Not follow Words, and num'rous Songs contrive,
 But seek fit Measures, and true Rules to Live.

6. If what you drink shou'd make your heats increase,
Wou'd you not tell the *Doctor* your Disease?
Now when the more you have, you crave the more,
When Floods of Store, shall make you thirst for Store
Won't you confess, and this Distemper own?
All this I use to think on when alone.
Suppose you had a Wound, and one had shou'd
An Herb, which you apply'd but found no good,
Wou'd you be fond of this, increase your Pain,
And use the fruitless Remedy again?
Thus when you hear on whom kind Heav'n bestows
Great heaps of Wealth, they streight their folly lose.
And yet you cannot find your self more wise,
Because more rich, you'll follow their Advice.
Cou'd Wealth with God-like Prudence Minds Inspire,
Cure them of vexing Fear, and fond Desire,
Then you shou'd blush, if all the World cou'd show
A sober Man, more covetous than you.
If that's our own, which pow'riful *Coin* procures,
And *Use*, as Lawyers say, makes something ours;
The Field that feeds thee's thine; rich *Oxus* ploughs,
His Servant that Manures his Land, and Sows,
And breaks the fruitful Clod, that must afford
Good Corn to thee, confesses thee his Lord:
One pays his Mony, and receives again,
Eggs, Pullets, Grapes, or else a Flask of Wine.
And thus by these degrees the Farm he buys,
Bought at three thousand Pound, or higher price.

Well then what difference is it, whether now
 You pay for what you have, or did it long ago?
 Those Purchasers that *Veijs* Fields have gain'd,
 And large *Aricia's* Plains, tho' rich in Land,
 Yet even now buy ev'ry Herb they eat,
 They buy each stick of Wood to boil their Meat.
 Altho' they think not so, and call the Grounds
 Their own, which yonder friendly Poplar bounds.
 As if that cou'd be thine, that call'd thy own,
 Which ev'ry Moment's hurry'd up and down,
 And now to this, and now to'r'other thrown,
 Which Mony, Fraud or Flattery command,
 And snatch from one, to fill another's Hand:
 So since perpetual Use to none's allow'd,
 But Heir crowds Heir, as in a rowling Flood
 Wave urges Wave, ah what doth it avail,
 To join large Groves to Grove, and Vale to Vale,
 If Death with equal Hand, strikes Great and Small,
 Death unrelenting, and that never spares,
 Not to be brib'd with Gold, or won by Tears?
 Gold, Jewels, Statues, Marble, Ivory,
 Paint, Cloth of Gold, and Suits of precious Dye,
 Gay Purple, Silver, some are wont to crave,
 Yet cannot get, and some don't care to have.
 Why of two Twins, the one his Pleasure loves,
 Prefers his Sports to *Herod's* fragrant Groves;
 The other rich, and greedy of his Gain,
 With Fire and Iron tames his woody Plain,

He

He drives the heavy Plough from Morn till Night,
 His Labour's Pleasure, and his Pain Delight:
 That *Genius* only knows, that's wont to wait
 On birth-day Stars, the guider of our Fate,
 Our Nature's God, that doth his Influence shed,
 Easy to any Shape, or good or bad:
 When Natures wants require, I will be free,
 Nor care what my bold Heir will think of me,
 I'll use my little Heap, tho' he be griev'd,
 Because I leave no more than I receiv'd:
 Yet I the same wou'd know, what difference lies
 Between free spending, and loose squandering Vice,
 And how far Thrift's remov'd from Avarice.
 For sure it differs much to waste our Store,
 And to spend freely, and not strive for more:
 And as i' th' five days Feast, of old, the Boy,
 Take the short Sweets, and as in haste enjoy.
 I am not rich, nor do I gape for more,
 But let me not be scandalously poor,
 And let my Ship be great, or be it small,
 If I the same, the very I can sail.

EPIST.

EPIST. III.

To the Pisones, on the Art of Poetry.

Suppose a Painter shou'd a Canvas spread,
To draw a Piece, and paint a Woman's Head,
Then a Mare's Neck; and then from different things,
Take different Parts, and cover all with Wings:
Then a Fish Tail; pursue his senseless Thought,
And mix the whole Creation in a Draught,
And all these Parts in strange proportion join;
Wou'd you not laugh to see this wild Design?

Believe me, *Sirs*, that Book is like this Piece,
Where ev'ry Part so strangely disagrees.
Like sick *Mens Dreams*, there's neither Head nor Tail,
But strange Confusion, shapeless Monsters all.

Poets and Painters equally may dare,
In bold Attempts they claim an equal share,
And may do any thing: All this we know,
This freedom too, we mutually allow;
And yet this leave can give no just Pretence
To fight the steady Rules of Common Sense,
And join quite *Opposites*, the Wild and Tame;
The Snake and Dove, the Lion and the Lamb.

Next great Beginnings, and in high Designs,
Some scatter here and there few gawdy Lines,

Which

Which glister finely, when a *Grove's* their Theme,
 A *pleasant Wood*, or else a *purling Stream*:
 How with the *Flood*, their Fancies *smoothly* flow!
 How *variously* they paint the Heav'nly Bow!
 But now perhaps none of these Theams agree,
 Perhaps thou hast some Skill to paint a Tree,
 But what of that? What will this Art perform?
 Wert thou to draw a Shipwrack, or a Storm,
 Describe a *Mariner*, how with panting Breath,
 He blows the Floods, and keeps out entering Death;
 While with *one Hand* despairing Life he saves,
 The *other* grasps his Riches on the Waves?
 When you a mighty *Bust* resolv'd to cast,
 Why doth it dwindle to a *Pint* at last?

In short, in all you write let *Art* controul,
 And keep the same just Tenor thro' the whole.

But, Sirs, most *Poets* now are finely caught,
 By show of *Right* deluded to a Fault:
 By striving to be *short, obscure* they grow;
 And when they wou'd be *smooth*, they sink too low;
 Their *Spirits* fail: And some that wou'd be high,
 Streight *swell*; and when they shou'd but walk, they fly:
 While some *too cautious* fear the Winds will roar,
 And Waters *rofs*; nor dare to leave the Shoar.
 Another's *flaring Fancy* wildly roves,
 And placeth Bores in Floods, and Trouts in Groves:
 Thus, if it wants just *Art*, a cautious Fear
 Of Erring is a certain way to Err.

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 401

That *Graver* yonder in th' *Emilian* Square,
Can hit the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But he's a Sor, unhappy in his Art;
Because he cannot fashion ev'ry Part,
And make the whole compleat; shou'd I compose,
I'd rather freely chuse an ugly Nose
With two black Eyes, black Hair exactly trim,
To make me more deform'd, than be like him.

You *Writers* try the Vigour of your Muse,
And what her strength will bear, and what refuse,
And after that an equal Subject chuse.

For he that does this well, and chuses right,
His *Method* will be clear, his *Words* be fit.
In this, or I mistake, consists the Grace,
And Force of *Method*, to assign a Place,
For what must now, what by and by be said,
What for the present time must be delay'd; [slight,
What Thoughts you must improve, what Notion
If you will aim at Praise in all you write.

Be *cautions* in your Words, invent but few,
We're puzzled rather, than we're pleas'd with new:
Yet 'twill be Art, and 'twill procure thee Praise,
If well apply'd, and in a handsome Phrase,
You make *new* Words seem *easy*, plain, and known,
We all will clap, and cry 'Twas bravely done.
But if you wou'd *unheard* of things express;
And cloath new Notions in a *Modern* Dress;

Invent *new* Words, we can *indulge* a *Muse*,
 Until the *Licence* rise to an *Abuse*:
 And those are best, that do but gently fall,
 Just vary'd from the *Greek* Original:
 Why *Varius* shou'd, or *Virgil*, be deny'd,
 What *Plautus*, and *Cecilius*, wisely did:
 And for what reason shou'd the *Fops* resent,
 If I but *few*, and *modestly* invent?
 When *Cat's* *Stile* and *Ennius* lofty Song,
 With various store enrich'd our *Mother* Tongue,
 'Twas still allow'd, and 'twill be still allow'd,
 To make new Words plain to be understood.
 As *Leaves* on *Trees* do with the turning Year,
 The former fall, and others will appear;
 Just so it is in *Words*, one Word will rise,
 Look green, and flourish, when another Dies.
 All We, and Ours, are in a changing State,
 Just *Nature's* Debt, and must be paid to Fate.
 Great *Cesar's* *Mole*, that braves the furious Tides,
 Where now secure from Storms his Navy rides:
 E'en that *drain'd Lake*, where former Ages row'd,
 A great *unfruitful Waste*, tho' now 'tis plough'd,
 Bears Corn, and sends the Neighb'ring Cities Food.
 Those new *Canals*, that bound fierce *Tiber's* Force
 That teach the Streams to take a better Course,
 And spare the Plough-man's Hopes; e'en these
 must waste;
 Then how can feeble Words pretend to last?

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 403

Some Words that have, or else will feel decay,
Shall be restor'd, and come again in play;
And Words now fam'd, shall not be fancy'd long,
They shall not please the Ear, or move the Tongue:
As Use shall these approve, and those condemn,
Use the sole Rule of Speech, and Judge Supreme.

How we shou'd write of Battels, Wars and Kings,
And suit with mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
First *Homer* shou'd, and by Example taught,
He wrote as nobly, as his *Heroes* fought:
In Verses long and short, Grief first appear'd,
In those they mourn'd past Ills, and future fear'd:
But soon these lines with Mirth and Joy were fill'd,
And told when Fortune, or a Mistress smil'd:
But who these Measures was the first that wrote,
The *Criticks* doubt, and cannot end the doubt.

Archilochus was arm'd, by injur'd Rage,
With keen *Iambicks*, he did first engage
With that sharp Foot, and left it to the Stage;
For 'tis a sounding Foot, and full of Force,
And fit, as made on purpose, for Discourse.

In *Lyrick* Numbers Gods and Hero's sound,
The swiftest Horse is prais'd, or Wrestler crown'd:
Feasts, Wine, and open Mirth, or Myrtle Shades,
The Cares of Love, or Tears of sighing Maids.

Unless all Matters I exactly hit,
What just Pretence have I to be a Wit?

What

What claim have I to the *Poetick* Name?
 What fair Pretensions to put in for Fame?
 Or why shou'd I conceal my want of Skill,
 Absurdly modest, and be foolish still,
 Rather than show my Want, demand Supplies
 From richer *Parts*, and so at last be Wise?

A *Comick* Story hates a *Tragick* Stile,
Bombast spoils *Humour*, and distorts a *Smile*:
 And *Tragical* *Thyestes* barb'rous Feast,
 Scorns *Mean* and *Common* Words, and hates a Jest;
 Let ev'ry *Subject* have what fits it best:
 Yet *Comedy* may be allow'd to rise,
 And rattle in a *Passion* or *Surprize*:
 And *Tragedy* in humble Words must weep,
 The Stile must *suppliant* seem, and seem to creep:
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
 Must leave their *Flights*, and give their *Bombast* o'er;
 If they wou'd keep their well-pleas'd *Audience* long,
 And raise their just *Resentments* for their Wrong.
 'Tis not enough, that *Plays* are neatly wrought,
 Exactly form'd, and of an even Plot,
 They must be *taking* too, *Surprise* and *Seize*,
 And force our *Souls* which way the *Writers* please.
 We laugh, or weep, as we see *others* do,
 Our *Souls* agree, and take their *Passions* too:
 My Grief with *others* just *Proportion* bears,
 To make me weep, you must be first in Tears:

Then

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 405

Then *Telephus* I can believe thy Moan,
 And think thy Miseries are all my own:
 But if thy part be *ill*, or *acted ill*,
 Unheeding thy Complaint, I sleep or smile.
Sad Words suit well with *Grief*, with *Joy* the *loose*,
Grave the *Severe*, and *Merry* the *Jocose*:
 'Tis *Nature* still that doth the Change begin,
 She fashions, and she forms our Souls within,
 To all the Changes, and the Turns of Fate;
 Now screws our Minds to an unusual height,
 And swells us into Rage; or bending low,
 She cramps our Souls with dull contracting Woe;
 She makes us stoop beneath a weighty Wrong,
 Then tells the various Passions with the Tongue:
 Now if his *Speech* doth not his *Fortune* fit,
 He will be hift by Gallery, Box and Pit.
 You must take care, and use quite different Words,
 When *Servants* speak, or their commanding *Lords*,
 When *grave old Men*, or *head-strong Youths* discourse,
 When *state/y Matrons*, or a *busy Nurse*;
 A *cheating Tradesman*, or a *labouring Clown*,
 A *Greek*, or *Asian*, bred at *Court* or *Town*.

Keep to old Tales, or if you must have new,
 Feign things coherent, that may look like true:
 If you would draw * *Achilles* in Disgrace,
 Then draw *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was:
 Impatient, fierce, inexorable, proud,
 His Sword his Law, his own right Hand his God.

* *I read, Scripta; in honoratum, &c.*

Medea must be furious, she must rave:
 Crafty *Ixion* a designing Knave;
 In a wandring Cow, and *Ino* sad:
 And poor *Orestes* melancholy Mad.
 But if you'll leave those Paths where most have gone,
 And dare to make a *Person* of your own,
 Take care you still the same Proportions strike,
 Let all the Parts agree, and be alike.

Unusual Subjects, Sir, 'tis hard to hit,
 It asks no common Pains, nor common Wit;
 Rather on Subjects known your Mind employ,
 And take, from *Homer*, some old Tales of *Troy*,
 And bring those usual things again in view,
 Than venture on a Subject wholly new:
 Yet you may make these common Theams your own,
 Unless you treat of things too fully known;
 Show the same *Humours*, and that usual *State*,
 Or Word for Word too faithfully translate;
 Or else your Pattern so confin'dly chuse,
 That you are still condemn'd to follow close,
 Or break all decent Measures to be loose.

First, strain no higher than your Voice will hold,
 Nor as that * *Cyclick* Writer did of old,

* Scriptor *Cyclicus* is not, as usually thought, Scriptor *Circumforaneus*, but the same with what the Greeks call'd *Kyklos*, of whom see *Langbain* in his *Narration* on *Longinus*,

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 407

*Begin my mighty Muse, and boldly dare,
I'll sing great Priam's Fate, and noble War.*

What did he worth a Gape so large produce?
The Trav'ling Mountain yields a silly Mouse.
Much better Homer, who doth all things well,
Muse tell the Man, for you can surely tell,
Who, Troy once fall'n, to many Countries went,
And strictly view'd the Men, and Government.

As one that knows the Laws of Writing right,
He makes *Light* follow *Smoke*, not *Smoke* the *Light*;
For straight, how fierce *Charybdis* rolls along!
How *Scylla* roars thro' all his wondrous Song!
Nor doth he, that he might seem deeply read,
Begin the fam'd Return of *Diomed*,

From *Meleager's* Death; nor dives as far,
As *Leda's* Eggs,

For the beginning of the *Trojan* War:
He always hastens on to the Events,
And still the middle of the Tale presents,
As 'twere the first; then draws the Reader on,
'Till the whole story is exactly known,
And what he can't improve he lets alone.

And so joins Lies and Truth, that ev'ry part agrees,
And seem no Fiction, but a real Piece.

But, Sir, observe: (Shame waits on the Neglect,)
This I, and all, as well as I, expect,
If you wou'd have a judging Audience stay,
Be pleas'd, and clap, and sit out all the Play:

Observe

Observe what *Humour* in each *Age* appears,
 Then draw your fit, and lively, Characters,
 And suit their *changing* Minds, and *changing* Years.
 A *Boy* that just speaks plain, and goes alone,
 Loves childish Play-mates, he is angry soon,
 And pleas'd as soon; and both for nothing still,
 Changing his *Humour*, various is his Will:
 A *Youth* just loosen'd from his Tutor's Care,
 Leaves off his Books, and follows Hounds and Hare;
 The Horse is his Delight, or Cards and Dice,
 Rough to Reproof, and easie bent to Vice:
 Inconstant, eager, haughty, fierce and proud;
 A very slow Provider for his good,
 And prodigal of his Coin, and of his Blood.
 The *full grown Man* doth aim at different ends,
 He betters his Estate, and gets him Friends;
 He courts gay *Honour*, and he fears to do,
 What he must alter on a second View:
 An *Old Man's* Character is hit with Ease,
 For he is pettish, and all one Disease:
 Still covetous, and still he gripes for more,
 And yet he fears to use his *present* Store:
 Slow, long in Hope, still eager to live on,
 And fond of no Man's Judgement but his own:
 On *Youths* gay Frolicks peevishly severe,
 And oh when he was *young*, what Times they were!
 The *Flow* of Life brings in a wealthy Store,
 The *Ebb* draws back, what-e'er was brought before
 And leaves a barren Sand, and naked Shore.

And therefore when you represent a *Youth*,
Lest you draw Lines, that fit a *Man* of growth;
Observe the just *decorum* of the Stage,
And show those *Humours* still that *suit* the Age:
For otherwise 'twill seem as fond and wild,
As 'tis to clap a Beard upon a Child.

Whate'er a Play can comprehend, is *shown*
Upon the open Stage, or *told* alone;
Things only *told*, tho' of the same Degree,
Do raise our Passions less than what we *see*:
For the *Spectator* takes in ev'ry Part,
The Eye's the faithfull'st Servant to the Heart:
Yet do not ev'ry Part too freely shew,
Some bear the telling, better than the view:
Things *wild* or *cruel* do displease the Eyes,
And yet when only *told*, the same surprise;
Medea must not draw her murd'ring Knife,
And on the Stage attempt her Childrens Life:
Nor *Progne* fly transform'd into a Fowl,
Nor *Hecuba*, turn'd Bitch, begin to howl:
Nor *Cadmus* there his snaky Folds advance,
I hate such wild improbable Romance.

The Play that you design shou'd often please,
Must have *five Acts*, and neither more nor less;
No *God* appear to mend an ill-wrought Scene,
Unless some *weighty Cause* shall force him in:

To *crowd* the Stage, is odious and absurd,
Let no *fourth* Actor strive to speak a word.

The *Chorus* must supply an Actor's place,
And take his Part, this gives a nat'ral Grace;
Lest any thing between the *Acts* shou'd seem,
Not fitly suited to the *common* Theme:
Let him commend the Good, and Friends, and Ease,
Praise wholesome Justice, and love open Peace:
Tame Passion, all Mens Thoughts to *Virtue* win,
And cherish those that are afraid to Sin:
Extenuate Faults, and pray to *mighty* God,
That Fate wou'd *raise* the *Poor*, and *sink* the *Proud*.

The *Pipe* of old, was not as large as now,
Nor gather'd all the Breath a Man cou'd blow:
It's hollow, small, and fill'd with feeble Wind,
It cheer'd the Audience, with the *Chorus* join'd;
Not made of Brass, nor like the *Trumpet* loud,
With *pleasing* Airs it fill'd the *little* Crowd:
For then this new Delight was known to few,
And you cou'd *number* those that came to view.
No *wanton* *Luxury* did taint the Stage,

But that was mean, and modest as the Age. [Hand]

But when strange Nations felt our Conqu'ring
When *Rome* enlarg'd the bounds of her Command,
When *statelier* Walls she did begin to raise,
And Mirth, and Wine, and Sport imploy'd our Days,
The *modish* *Luxury* spread o'er the Plays:

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 411

For what cou'd please so mix'd, ill match'd a
 Crowd, [and Rude,
 Where Cit and Clown were mix'd, the Learn'd
 As senseless as the Ox with which he plough'd:
 Hence did our Musick, and our Songs increase,
 Our Dance was artful, noble was our Dress:
 Our Harps improv'd, and lofty Eloquence,
 In high strong Lines convey'd unusual Sense:
 And pithy Sentences short Truth fore-show'd,
 As clear and useful as the *Delphian* God.

The Men that first did strive in Tragedies,
 When a *mean* Goat was all the Conqu'rors Prize;
 Brought *Satyrs* naked in, or loosely dress'd,
 And though still grave, wou'd venture at a Jest.
 This was the Bait to bribe the Crowd to stay,
 When Drunk and Wanton, and sit out the Play.

Yet *Satyrs* shou'd observe this decent Rule,
 And so turn serious things to Ridicule;
 As not to bring a God, or Hero, down,
 Or make a Person grac'd with Robe and Crown,
 Talk common Talk, and sink into a Clown:
 Or while he doth affect a lofty height,
 Fly up in bombast, and soar out of sight.

For Tragedy too high to stoop to Jest,
 (As *Matrons* dancing at a solemn Feast,
 Keep decent Steps) still different will appear,
 From wanton *Satyrs*, modestly severe:

Yet bitter Words, and domineering Phrase,
 Is not the thing that I in *Satyrs* praise:

Nor wou'd I have the Difference drawn too far,
 And free the *Satyrs* from the *Tragicks* Care;
 They must not make *all Persons* talk alike,
 The *City Vallet*, and the *Country Dick*;
 The *Chamber-maid* grown impudently bold,
 When she has bob'd the *Lecher* of his Gold:
 The down-right Farmer, and the dowdy Sor,
 Or else the brisk Companion o'er his Pot.
 I'll take a *Common Theam*, and yet excel,
 Tho' any Man may hope to write as well;
 Yet let him try, and he shall sweat in vain,
 Idle his Labour, fruitless prove the Pain:
 So great the force of *Art* and *Method* seems,
 So much we may improve the *Common Theams*.

Be sure you never make a *Satyr* sport,
 And talk, and dance, and jest, as bred at Court;
 But let him speak, as if in Woods he spoke,
 And lately taken from his *Mother Oak*:
 Yet never make him wantonly Absurd,
 Nor let him sily drop one *bawdy* Word:
 For all our *Nobles* hate such *filthy* Wit,
 They scorn to bear such Words, the choice Delight
 Of *sottish Tradesmen*, and the *foolish Cirt*.

A Foot, one long, one short, *Iambus* nam'd;
 Of which those Measures, those so justly fam'd,
 Call'd *Trimeter Iambick* Lines, are fram'd;
 When just six Feet, and when thro' all the Song,
 The self same Measure's kept, one short, one long:

This

BOOK II. EPISTLES. 413

This Foot to make the *Cadence* more severe,
 And with a *graver* touch salute the Ear,
 Receding somewhat from her *nat'ral* right,
 The graver *Spondy* kindly did admit,
 Yet so as to forbid it to be put,
 Or in the *fourth*, or in the *second* Foot:
 Yet this is seldom seen in the Sublime,
 High *Accius* Verse, or *Ennius* noble Rhime:
 And yet in this some show their want of Skill,
 And make their Verses *scandalously* Ill:
 And while their *sounding* Rhimes transgress this Rule,
 The wretched *Actor's* hift, and thought a Fool.

It is not ev'ry Judge knows what's amiss,
Rome's too indulgent to her Sons in this:
 What then? Shall I be loose? Neglect my Rules,
 In hopes to find my Judges senseless Fools?
 To beg an *Alms* which they can chuse to grant,
 Shall I submit to *voluntary* Want?

Or rather think, that all my Faults will spy,
 And safe within mine own Perfection lye,
 Nor need that Pardon which they can deny?
 For make the best on't, I avoid the Shame,
 I'm not discover'd, yet deserve no Fame.

Read o'er the *Greeks* by Day, digest at Night,
 For those are *Standards*, and just *Rules* of Wit.

'Tis true, as I have heard, the *former* times
 Clapt *Plantus* wanton and uneven Rhimes;

With too much *Patience* both, (to say no more
And call it *folly*) those our *Fathers* bore.

Some think this harsh, but 'tis approv'd by you,
Learn'd Sir, and I am sure the *Censure's* true,
If you and I know what is just and fit,
Are skill'd in *Cadence*, and distinguish right,
Between a bawdy Clench and genteel Wit.

Thespis, the first that did surprize the Age
With *Tragedy*, ne'er trod a decent Stage:
But in a Waggon drove his Plays about,
And show'd mean antick Tricks to please the Rout;
His Songs uneven, rude in ev'ry Part,
His Actors smutt'd, and the Scene a Cart.

Next *Æschylus* did greater Art express,
He built a Stage, and taught them how to dress;
In decent Motions he his Parts convey'd,
And made them look as great, as those they play'd.

Next these, *Old Comedy* did please the Age,
But soon their *Liberty* was turn'd to *Rage*;
Such *Rage*, as *Civil Pow'r* was forc'd to tame,
And by good *Laws* secure Mens injur'd Fame.

Thus was the *Chorus* lost, their railing Muse
Grew silent, when forbidden to abuse.

Our *Latin Poets*, eager after Praise,
Have boldly ventur'd, and deserv'd the Bays:
They left those Paths, where all the *Greeks* have gone,
And dar'd to show some Actions of their own:
And wou'd our *Poets* be inur'd to pain,
And what they once have form'd, file o'er again;

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Let it lie by them, and revise with Care,
Our *Rome* would be as fam'd, for *Wit* as *Way*.

Sirs, damn those Rhimes that hasty Minds do give,
E'er *Time* and *Care* have form'd them fit to live;
Let many a Day, and many a Blot confine,
And many a Nail be par'd o'er ev'ry Line.

Because *Democritus* once fondly taught,
(Who ever heard he had one Sober Thought?)

That naked Nature with a frantick Start,
Wou'd Rhime more luckily than feeble Art;
And did allow none leave to taste a drop
Of *Helicon*, unless a crazy Fop :

The *foppish* Humour now o'er most prevails,
And few will shave their Beards, or pair their Nails;
They shun Converse, and fly to Solitude,
Seem frantick Sots, and are design'dly rude:

For if they go but nasty, if they gain
The Reputation of a crazy Brain,
Streight *Poets* too, they must be thought by all;
Oh *Blockhead* I that purge at Spring and Fall !
For else perhaps I had been fam'd for Rhimes,
And been the greatest *Poet* of the Times :

But I had rather keep that Sense I have,
Than to be thought a Poet, Rhime and Rave :

I'll play the *Whetstone*, useles and unfit
To cut my self, I'll sharpen others Wit,
Unwriting I will teach them how to write :

What gives them Matter, what exalts their Thoughts,
And what are Ornaments, and what are Faults?

Of Writing well these are the chiefest Springs,
To know the *Nature*, and the *Use* of things:
Right judging *Morals* will the Subject show,
And when the Subject's found, Words freely flow:
He that can tell what *Care* our injur'd Fame,
And what our *Mothers*, what our *Sisters* claim;
With what *degrees* of Zeal we shou'd defend,
Our *Country*, *Fathers*, *Brothers*, or a *Friend*;
What Suits a *Senator's*, what a *Judge's* Care,
What *Soldier's*, what a *Leader's* in the War:
Secure of Honour he may boldly write,
For he is sure to draw the *Image* right.

'Tis my Advice, let ev'ry *Painter* place
The *Life* before him, that will hit the Face:
So let a Writer look o'er Men, to see
What various Thoughts to various Kinds agree;
And thence the different *Images* derive,
And make the fit Expressions seem to live:
A *Play* exactly drawn, tho' often rough,
Without the Dress of *Art* to set it off,
Takes People more, and more Delight affords,
Than noisy Trifles, and meer empty Words.

The *Muses* lov'd the *Greeks*, and blest with Sense,
They freely gave them Wit, and Eloquence;
In those they did *Heroick* Fancies raise,
For they were covetous of nought but Praise;

But as for us, our *Roman* Youths are bred
 To *Trades*, to cast *Account*, to *Write* and *Read*:
 Come hither, Child, (suppose 'tis *Albine's* Son)
 Hold up thy Head; take five from forty one,
 And what remains? *just thirty six*: well done.
 Add seven, what makes it then? *just forty eight*:
 Ah thou must be a Man of an Estate!
 And when this Care for Gain all Thoughts controuls,
 When this base Rust hath crusted o'er their Souls:
 Ne'er think that such will reach a noble Height;
 These Clogs must check, these Weights retard their
 Poets wou'd profit, or delight alone, [flight.
 Or join both *Profit* and *Delight* in one:
 Let all your Rules be short, laid plainly down;
 That *docile* Minds may comprehend them soon,
 And *faithful* Memories retain with ease;
 Short Precepts profit much, as well as please:
 For when we fill the narrow Mind too full,
 It runs again out of the o'er-charg'd Soul.

Befure what-ever pleasant Tales you tell,
 Be so like Truth; that they may serve as well:
 And do not *Lamias* eating Children feign,
 Then show them whole, and make them live again:
 Our *grave Men* scorn the loose and meer jocosé;
 Our *Youth* despise the stiff and the morose:
 But he's the Man, he with a *Genius* writes
 That takes them both, and profits and delights:

That

That in one Line instructs and pleases all;
 That Book will easily be set to Sale,
 See distant Countries, spread the Author's Name,
 And send him down a Theam to future Fame.

Yet there are Faults, and Men may sometimes err;
 And I'll forgive, I'll not be too severe.

An *Artist* always can't command his Harp,
 But when he strikes a *Flat*, he hears a *Sharp*:
 The greatest *Archers* sometimes miss the Whites:
 If num'rous *Graces* shine in what he writes,
 I'll not condemn tho' some few Faults appear,
 Which common Frailty leaves, or want of Care:
 But if tho' warn'd he still repeats the same,
 Who can endure, and who forbear to blame?
 Just as that *Fidler* must be call'd a Sot,

That always errs upon the self-same Note:
 So he that makes a Book one copious Fault,
 As *Cherilus*, the greatest Dunce that ever wrote,
 In whom if e'er I see two Lines of Wit,
 I smile, and wonder at the lucky Hit:
 But fret to find the mighty *Homer* dream,
 Forget himself a-while, and loose his Theam:
 Yet if the Work be long, Sleep may surprize,
 And a short Nod creep o'er the watchfull'st Eyes.

Poems like *Pictures*, some when near Delight,
 At Distance some, some ask the clearest Light;
 And some the Shade: some *Pictures* please when near
 And some when old: some bear a transient View;

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Some bid the Men of Skill severely pry,
Some please but once, some always please the Eye.

But you, dear Sir, tho' you yourself are wise,
Tho' by your Father's Care, and kind Advice,
Secure from Faults, yet pray believe me this: }
In other things a *Mean* may be allow'd,
Not *Best* may still be *tolerable* good:

A *Common Lawyer*, though he cannot plead
Like smooth *Messala*, nor's so deeply read
As learn'd *Cassellius*, yet the Man may please,
Yet he may be in vogue, and get his Fees:
But now the Laws of God and Man deny
A middle State, and *Mean* in Poetry,
For as at Treats, or as at noble Feasts,
Bad Perfumes, and bad Songs displease the Guests;
Because the Feast did not depend on these;
So *Poetry*, a thing design'd to please,
Compos'd for mere Delight, must needs be still
Or very good, or scandalously ill.

He that's unskilful will not toss a Ball,
Nor run, nor wrestle, for he fears the Fall;
He justly fears to meet deserv'd Disgrace,
And that the *Ring* will hiss the baffled As:
But ev'ry one can *Rhime*, he's fit for that;
Why not? I'm sure he hath a good Estate,
And that may give him just Pretence to write,
It makes a Poet, as it dubs a Knight.

But you, Sir, know yourself, will wisely chuse,
And still consult the *Genius* of your Muse;

And yet when-e'er you write, let ev'ry Line
 Pass thro' your *Fathers*, *Mecca's* Ears, or *mine*;
 Keep it long by you, and improve it still,
 For then you may correct what-e'er you will:
 But nought can be recall'd when once 'tis gone,
 It grows the *Publick's*, 'tis no more your own.

Fame says, inspired *Orpheus* first began
 To sing *God's* Laws, and make 'em known to Man;
 Their Fierceness soften'd shew'd them wholesome
 And frighted all from lawless Lust and Blood; [*Food*]
 And therefore Fame hath told, his charming Lute
 Could tame a Lion, and correct a Brute.

Amphion too, (as Story goes) cou'd call
 Obedient Stones to make the *Theban* Wall;
 He led them as he pleas'd, the Rocks obey'd,
 And danc'd in order to the Tunes he play'd:
 'Twas then the Work of *Verse* to make Men wise,
 To lead to Virtue, and to fright from Vice:
 To make the Savage, pious, kind and just;
 To curb wild Rage, and bind unlawful Lust;
 To build Societies, and Force confine,
 This was the noble, this the first Design:
 This was their Aim, for this they run'd their Lute
 And hence the *Poets* got their first Repute.
 Next *Homer* and *Tyrteus* did boldly dare
 To whet brave Minds, and lead the Stout to War
 In *Verse* their *Oracles* the *Gods* did give,
 In *Verse* we were instructed how to live:

Verse recommends us to the Ears of Kings,
and easeth Minds when clog'd with serious things;
and therefore, Sir, *Verse* may deserve your care,
Which *Gods* inspire, and *Kings* delight to hear.

Now some Dispute to which the greatest part
A *Poem* owes, to *Nature*, or to *Art*;

But faith, to speak my Thoughts, I hardly know,
What *Witless Art*, or *Artless Wit* can do:

Each by it self is vain I'm sure, but join'd
Their force is strong, each proves the others Friend.

The Man that is resolv'd the Prize to gain,
Doth often run, and take a world of pain;

Fear Heat and Cold, his growing Strength improve,
Nor taste the Joys of Wine, nor Sweets of Love?

The good *Musician* too that's fam'd for Song,

Hath con'd his Tune, and fear'd his Master long:

But among *Poets* 'tis enough to say,

Faith I can write an admirable Play,

For take the hindmost, I am foremost still,

And tho' 'tis great, conceal his want of Skill.

As *Tradesmen* call in Folks to buy their Ware,

Good *Pennyworths*, the best in all the Fair;

So wealthy *Poets* when they read their Plays,

Get Flatterers in, for they are paid for Praise:

And faith a Man that has a good Estate,

That can oblige a Friend, and nobly Treat,

Be Surety for the *Poor*, his Cause defend,

Shall never know a *Flatterer* from a Friend:

If you have been, or promis'd to be kind
 To any one, while Joy perverts his Mind,
 Ask not his Judgment, for he'll streight consent,
 And cry 'tis good, 'tis rare, 'tis Excellent;
 Grow pale, and weep, and stamp at ev'ry Line,
Oh Lord! 'tis more than Man, 'tis all Divine!

As *Hired Mourners* at the Grave will howl,
 Much more than those that grieve with all their Soul,
 Thus *Friends* appear less mov'd than *Counterfeits*,
 And *Flatterers* out-do, and show their Cheats:
 Kings (thus says *Story*) that of old design'd
 To raise a *Fav'rite* to a *Bosom Friend*,
 Did ply him hard with Wine, unmask'd his Thoughts,
 And saw him Naked, and with all his Faults:
 So when you write, take heed what Friend you have,
 And fear the Smiles of a designing Knave.

Let good *Quintilius* all your Lines revise,
 And he will freely say, Mend this and this;
Sir, I have often try'd, and try'd again,
I'm sure I can't do better, 'tis in vain:

Then blot out ev'ry Word, or try once more,
 And file these ill-turn'd Verses o'er and o'er:
 But if you seem in Love with your own Thought,
 More eager to defend, than mend, your Fault,
 He says no more, but lets the Fop go on,
 And Rival-free admire his lovely own.
 An honest Judge will blame each idle Line,
 And tell you, you must make the Cloudy Shine;

Show you what Words are harsh, blot out the rough,
 And cut the useless gawdy Painting off:
 Look thro' your Faults with an impartial Eye,
 And tell you what you must correct, and why:
 Critique indeed, nor say, *shall I displease*
My honest Friend for such small Toys as these?
 These Toys will once to serious Mischiefs fall,
 When he is laught at, when he's jeer'd by all:
 For more than Mad or Poxt, Men hate the Dull,
 And swiftly fly the senseless Rhiming Fool,
 And fear to touch him; Men of Sense retire,
 The Boys abuse, and only Fools admire:
 Suppose he, fir'd with his *Poetick* flame,
 Just as a *Fowler* eager on his Game,
 Doth fall into a Pit, and bawls aloud,
 And calls for Pity to the laughing Crowd;
 He may bawl on, for all will stand and flout,
 And not one lend an hand to help him out;
 But yet if any should; what, was't Design,
 Or else meer Chance, pray Sir, that threw him in;
 I'll tell my Reasons, and in short relate
 A poor *Sicilian Poet's* wretched Fate:
Empedocles must needs be thought a God,
 And therefore in a melancholly Mood,
 Leap'd into *Aetna's* Flames: let Poets have
 The Privilege to hang, and none to save;
 For 'tis no greater Cruelty to kill,
 Than 'tis to save a Man, against his Will:

Nor

Nor was it *Chance* the heedless Fool betray'd,
 Nor the strange Efforts of a *crazy* Head:
 For draw him out, restore his Life again,
 He would not be content to be a Man,
 He would be eager to be thought Divine,
 And gladly burn, in Hopes to gain a Shrine:
 Now 'tis not known for what Notorious Crime,
 These brainless Fellows are condemn'd to Rhime;
 Whether they piss'd upon their Father's Grave,
 Or robb'd a Shrine; 'tis certain that they rave;
 And like wild Bears if once they break their Den,
 And can get loose, worry all sorts of Men;
 Their killing Rhymes they *barb'rously* obtrude,
 And make all fly, the Learn'd, as well as Rude:
 But then to those they seize, they still rehearse,
 And murder the poor Wretches with their Verse;
 They Rhime and Kill, a cursed murd'ring Brood,
 Like *Leeches*, sucking still, 'till full of Blood.



 FINIS.

